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The "Half-Moon" on the Hudson 1609
From a painting by L. W. Seavey

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The
Hudson
River

From
Ocean to
Source

Historical—Legendary—Picturesque

By

Edgar Mayhew Bacon

Author of “Chronicles of Tarrytown,” etc.

With 100 Illustrations, and with Sectional Map
of the Hudson River

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press

1902

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Preface

IN treating of the history and traditions, the men and the manners of the valley of the Hudson River, the author has undertaken to present in one coherent work the gist of many volumes and to add such hitherto unpublished material as he has been able to discover.

From the nature of this book it has not been possible to make the historical narrative continuous, but in treating of separate localities the main events connected with each have been grouped, the method of arrangement being topical rather than consecutive. A reference to the index may in many cases dispel an impression that some important event or person has been neglected or forgotten because its place in a chronological sequence has of necessity been disregarded.

In commencing the story with the arrival of Henry Hudson, the claims of Verrazani and other early navigators have been ignored, not because history disowns them, but for the reason that the record of the river, so far as it is clearly written, commences with the *Half Moon* and the first Dutch settlers.

In collecting and producing illustrations for this work great care has been taken to illustrate the text and not merely to make a picture-book, but the beauty

as well as the fitness of the many engravings with which it has been embellished is a source of satisfaction to both the author and the publishers, who present them without misgiving.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge with hearty appreciation the courtesy of many friends who have aided the writer in his search for material. Among others, Mr. M. H. Bright, the Directors of the Lenox Library, and Mr. Joel Benton have the author's sincere acknowledgment for memoranda and the use of rare pictures. To Mr. Francis Whiting Halsey, especially, he is indebted for a manuscript journal of a voyage up the Hudson in the year 1769. This, it is believed, has never before been printed.

The Hudson River is offered to the public with a consciousness of the vastness of the subject and the impossibility of treating it exhaustively in a single volume.

The author will ask his archæological readers kindly to bear in mind that for no town in the land would the antiquaries be found in accord concerning all points of local history. Whoever writes the history of a single village, whether on the Hudson or elsewhere, must expect the honest criticism of some who do not agree with his conclusions. He can only claim to have made a careful study of the very interesting records of the communities of the Hudson River Valley, and may hope that his narrative and conclusions may be found in substantial accord with the accepted authorities.

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THE HUDSON RIVER FROM OCEAN TO
SOURCE



The Hudson River

Chapter I

Introductory

IN a document that for nearly two centuries and a half has lain safely tucked away among the royal archives of The Hague, there is what the directors of the West India Company called "a brief and clear account of the situation of New Netherland."

"This district or country [we read], which is right fruitful and salubrious, was first discovered and found in the year 1609, by the Netherlanders, as its name implies, at their own cost, by means of one Hendrick Hudson, skipper and merchant, in the ship *Halve Maene* sailing in the service of the incorporated East India Company; for the natives or Indians, on his first coming there, regarded the ship with mighty won-

der and looked upon it as a sea monster, declaring that such a ship or people had never before been there."

In writing a book upon the Hudson River, it is hardly possible to avoid a repetition of historic statements already more or less familiar to the reader. The voyage of Henry Hudson, English navigator in the service of the Dutch East India Company, to find a passage through polar seas to the shores of farthest Ind; the happy accident which led him into the mouth of the river that was afterwards to bear his name and to perpetuate his memory; and the wonder of the Indians of Manhattan when the *Half Moon* anchored at last, are the details of a more than thrice-told tale.

There is no doubt that in Hudson's mind the "Groot Riviere" he had found was the long-sought passage to open seas beyond. With Columbus, Verrazani, Cabot, and a host of others who have followed an *ignis fatuus* through widening zones, the object of their expectations "a furlong still before," the skipper of the *Half Moon* looked for a speedy realisation of his dreams. It was not until the "green, pleasant shores" of Manhattan were far astern, and the lessening tides and fresher volume of the river confronted him with unanswerable argument, that his faith began to waver. Yes, even then, we read, his heart was sore at finding the head of navigation in the river, near the present site of Albany. He dispatched his mate with a boat's crew, to make sure of the disappointing fact, and not till this expedition returned, after a journey of eight or



LANDING OF HUDSON

340

nine leagues, did he finally abandon the enterprise in that direction and prepare to descend the river.

Hudson ascended the stream in eleven days. He recorded his impressions and adventures, especially with regard to the Indians, in a report which he fortunately succeeded in forwarding to his employers in Holland, while he himself, after re-crossing the Atlantic, was forcibly detained in England.



PORTRAIT OF HUDSON

We shall have occasion in the course of this work to refer again to this initial voyage up the river.

In the year following Hudson's discovery, the Holland merchants, acting on the principle that one should not refuse a penny because it happens not to be a pound, conceived the idea that while waiting to open a new way to China and Japan it might be profitable to secure an exclusive grant to trade in the country that was thrust upon them. A chronicle of the time relates that

in that year, 1610, they sent a ship thither and obtained afterwards, from the High and Mighty Lords States-General, a grant to resort and trade exclusively in these parts, to which end they likewise, in the year 1615, built on the North River, about the Island Manhattans, a redoubt or little fort, wherein was left a small garrison, some people usually remaining there to carry on trade with the natives or Indians. This was continued and

maintained until their High Mightinesses did, in the year 1622, include this country of New Netherland in the charter of the West India Company.

It was much easier for Henry Hudson to sail past the lower end of Manhattan Island in 1609 than it is now for the historian to follow his example. The associations of ten generations, the hardships and the triumphs of early settlers, the pageants, the frivolities, the disasters, and the achievement of an almost unparalleled history, cluster here. Yet to write of these things fully would be to compile an encyclopedic history of New York City, which is by no means our present purpose, and if the reader questions the omission of this or that detail from the succeeding pages of this narrative, we can only plead the limitations of time and space.

The river at the time of Hudson's voyage must have presented a scene of strange and solemn beauty. The sweeping verdure of a nearly unbroken forest on the one bank, and precipitous, wild, pine-clad rocks on the other, bordered a land of mysterious possibilities and unguessed extent. Early writers have noticed particularly the prevalent abundance of the wild grapes that in their season filled the air with spicy perfume. Yet the forests were not uninhabited, for from every covert, every little cove or bay along the shores, the canoes of the Indians put out to intercept or at least to approach the "yacht" of the voyager. The names of tribes and sub-tribes have in large part been pre-



EARLY VIEW OF WEEHAWKEN



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served in local names, some of which are in familiar use until this day.

The Indian name for the Palisades is said to have been Weh-awk-en; awk, the middle syllable, meaning "rocks that resemble trees." If this is the correct etymology and application of the name, we may wonder how it happened to slip its moorings and drop down with the tide to the present Weehawken, where it has remained since the Dutch first gained possession of the banks of the lower Hudson. An etymology, like a horse, may be a vain thing for safety and carries our faith on many a break-neck journey into the land of speculation.

There is, however, for those who have sufficient patience and enthusiasm, a delightful study in those old Indian names that cover the Hudson and its tributary waters with polysyllabic strangeness. The Rev. Charles E. Allison says of the Algonquin tongue, in which these names had their birth, that it "was agglutinative. The wild men of the rapid water settlement strung words together in an extended compound."

In their language the region now known as Westchester County became Laaphawachking, which meant the place where beads are strung. The Hudson had several names, one of the most familiar being Shatemuc. The junction of the Spuyten Duyvil creek with the Hudson was called Shoraskappock. A brook at Dobbs Ferry was the Wisquaqua, and another the Wecquashqueck. The Nepperhan River sought the Hudson—

and still does so—at the place that was once called Nappeckamack, and is now Yonkers. Another Yonkers stream was Amackassin. The name of the Nepperhan seems to have been spelled with variations by the none-too-careful Dutch orthographers: its meaning was “rapid water.” Shorackhappock was the bluff on the north side of Spuyten Duyvil creek, near



THE MOUTH OF SPUYTEN DUYVIL CREEK IN EARLY DAYS

its mouth, where a Mohegan “castle” is said to have stood, the latter being called Nipnichsen. The Spuyten Duyvil water was named Papuinemen. The Indians, themselves loaded with the unpronounceable name of Meckquaskich, called a river between hills, that ran near Alipcon (shady place), now Tarrytown, Pocantico or Pockhantes. Besightsick was Sunnyside brook, Ossin-ing—“stone upon stone,” appropriate prophecy of present State buildings—was Sing Sing at a later day, though very recently the inhabitants have again restored the Indian name.

Sackhoes was the site of Peekskill and Senasqua of Croton Point meadow. Kitchawan signified a swift

and strong current and was the name by which the Croton River was known to the red men who hunted game on its banks or drew the fish from its waters.

It is to the credit of the Dutch settlers that they obtained their lands from the Indians by purchase. It is a threadbare story that Peter Minuit bought the island of Manhattan for a sum about equivalent to twenty-four dollars; taking into account the relative values of land and money at that time and place, the purchase may be regarded as equitable.

The oldest Indian deed to Westchester property that is now preserved is that covering a tract included in the town of Kingsbridge. All of the great manors and patroonships along the river were acquired by purchase and afterwards confirmed by grants.

The earliest settlements on the Hudson River were, naturally, those surrounding the several forts that afforded protection from the neighbouring savages. Albany claims the first of these, a palisaded enclosure antedating even that upon Manhattan Island. At the extreme ends of the navigable river, nearly a fortnight apart in ordinary weather and absolutely shut off from communication after the winter ice and snow appeared, they became each the centre of dependent communities. The settlements from New Amsterdam, or Manhattan, extended northward to Kitchawan, and those of Rensselaerwyk (or Albany) included the more southerly posts of Kingston, Esopus, and Rondout. While it is true that other posts sprang up between,

yet the greater part of the river shore was for many years practically untouched by the whites.

In relation to the purchase of Manhattan there is one old document, written in 1634, that concludes with a burst that has the ring of prophecy: "Further, not only were the above named forts enlarged and renewed, but the said company purchased from the Indians, who were the indubitable owners thereof, the island of Manhattes, situated at the entrance of said river, *and there laid the foundations of a city.*" Whoever the forgotten framer of that paragraph, he wrote, as his contemporaries builded, better than he knew.

Noting the orthography of the name Manhattes, as given above, it is interesting to find that there are forty-two spellings of the word used in old manuscripts.

In that abounding wilderness which bordered what has become the main artery of the Empire State, the forests not only afforded a shelter for a large Indian population, but a hiding-place for numberless wild animals, among which an old document of the year 1645 includes

lions, but they are few; bears, of which there are many; elks, a great number of deer, some of which are entirely white and others wholly black, but the latter are very rare. The Indians say that the white deer have a great retinue of other deer by which they are highly esteemed, beloved, and honoured, and that it is quite contrary with those that are black. There are, besides, divers other wild animals in the interior, but these are unknown to Christians.

After the account here quoted of the black and white deer, we are inclined to wonder whether it was knowledge or invention that failed. Certainly one may be more indulgent to the flocks of flamingoes with which Campbell brightened his picture of the Wyoming valley.

Allusion has been made to the primitive settlements that sprang up in the neighbourhood of the principal forts. Near the bouweries of New Amsterdam and those of Rensselaerwyk, there were others where the fields of rye, wheat, maize, and barley began to grow in the forest clearings, and these in time centred about the orchards and gardens of manor lords whose state and power were baronial.

A very early and shockingly mendacious map, a very geographical nightmare, that is preserved in Holland, scatters a number of place names, without a clue to distance, along the Mauritius (now Hudson) River. Albany is discoverable under one of its several aliases, as Nassou. Kinderhook—spelled Kinderhoeck—is about where it should be, and Hinnieboeck suggests Rhinebeck. Esopus has unaccountably slipped down the river, and is surrounded by forests belonging to the Waronawanka Indians. Then we find Blinkersbergh and Vischershoeck (or letters to that effect) in the country of the Pachami. Finally the familiar bend of “Havestro” and “Tappans” is reached, after which another half a dozen miles lands the bewildered voyager in the Manhattes.

It is not important that this erratic stream is in the main as fabulous as that which flowed through the caverns of Xanadu, or that the map-maker has limned another, not less marvellous (which may be the Mississippi or the Yukon, for anything that we know to the contrary), that parallels it a few miles to the westward. What is really important is that some one who constructed a map less than a decade after the discovery of the river should have known the names of Nassau, Kinderhook, Esopus, and Tappan, and should have placed them in their approximate order on the shores of a river making a line of cleavage through the wilderness.

Those little settlements were the nuclei from which cultivation spread into the forest lands. Year after year the corn and the wheat followed the receding pine and chestnut; year after year the "herbes" and the simples attended the broader crops; and flowers that bloomed for the delight of the eye and the comfort of the soul lifted their faces within the walls of the home acre.

Industry and thrift were the genii that achieved these things in time, but industry and thrift were not enough to keep the new plantations from being sometimes reabsorbed by the surrounding wilderness. There were periods of unrest among the forest dwellers, and the pitiful stories of massacre and ruin were multiplied.

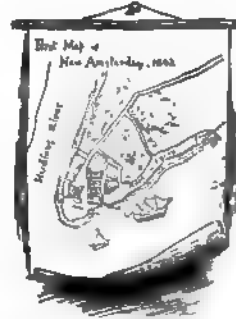
One Siebout Claessen, house carpenter, burgher, and

inhabitant of New Netherland, in a protest or petition, most respectfully represents that he,

having married Susanna Janss, at the time widow of Aert Teunissen, her previous husband, who had entered into a contract with Director Kieft to *lease a certain bouwerie named Hoboquin*, situate in Pavonia on the west side of the North River, . . . fenced the lands, cleared the fields, and erected a suitable brew house which is yet standing there, and brought thither eight and twenty head of large cattle, etc. . . . together with many of his own fruit trees. And thus considerable value was added to the bouwerie . . . until the year 1643, when the cruel, unnatural, and very destructive war broke out, and his twenty-eight large cattle and horses were killed . . . dwelling house, barns, and stacks of seed burnt, the brew house alone remaining.

Another sufferer points out that the piles of ashes from the burnt houses, barns, barracks, and other buildings more than sufficiently demonstrated the ordinary care that was bestowed upon the country—God help it!—particularly during the war. “We respectfully request your honours to institute a rigid inquiry into this matter; how many first-class bouweries and plantations were abandoned in the war by our Dutch and English, whose houses were burnt as has been stated.”

It may well be believed that, except within the stockades at Manhattan or under the protection of the fort at Rensselaerwyk, few ornamental gardens were per-



EARLIEST MAP OF
THE CITY

manently established until after the animosity of the Indians became a thing of the past.

In one old paper has been preserved a striking picture of colonial hardships:

The season came for driving out the cattle, which obliged many to desire peace. On the other hand, the Indians seeing also that it was time to plant maize, were not less solicitous for a cessation of hostilities; so, after some negotiation, peace was concluded in May, A 1643, rather in consequence of the importunity of some, than of the opinion entertained by others, that it would be durable.

The Indians kept still after this peace, associating daily with our people; yea, even the greatest chiefs came to visit the Director. Meanwhile Pacham, a crafty man, ran through all the villages urging the Indians to a general massacre. Thereupon it happened that certain Indians called Wappingers, dwelling sixteen leagues up the river, with whom we never had the least trouble, seized a boat coming from Fort Orange, wherein were only two men, and full four hundred beavers. This great booty stimulated others to follow the example; so that they seized two boats more, intending to overhaul the fourth also; from which they were driven, with loss of six Indians. Nine Christians, including two women, were murdered in these two barks; one woman and two children, remaining prisoners. The rest of the Indians, as soon as their maize was ripe, followed this example; and through semblance of selling beavers, killed an old man and woman, leaving another man with five wounds, who, however, fled to the fort, in a boat, with a little child in his arms, which, in the first outbreak, had lost father and mother, and now grandfather and grandmother; being thus twice rescued, through God's merciful blessing, from the hands of the Indians; first, when two years old. Nothing was now heard but murders; most of which were committed under pretence of coming to put Christians on their guard.

Finally, the Indians took the field and attacked the bouweries at Pavonia. Two ships of war and a privateer were here

at the time, and saved considerable cattle and grain. Probably it was not possible to prevent the destruction of four bouweries on Pavonia which were burnt; not by open violence, but by stealthy creeping through the bush with fire in hand, and in this way igniting the roofs which are all either of reed or straw; one covered with plank was preserved at the time.

Whoever will wade through the mass of Dutch documents brought to the light of day through the industry of John Romeyn Brodhead may find an old paper called "A Representation of the New Netherlands, etc." It is a report written for their High Mightinesses, the States-General, forty years after the discovery of the Hudson. In it there is a statement that

all fruits which will grow in Netherland will also thrive in New Netherland, without requiring as much care as must be given in the former. All garden fruits succeed likewise very well there, but are drier, sweeter, and better flavoured than in Netherland. As a proof of this we may properly instance melons and citrons or watermelons, which readily grow, in New Netherland, in the fields, if the briars and weeds be only kept from them, whereas in Netherland they require particular attention in gardens.

The same optimistic writer says in regard to the varieties of grapes to be found in New Netherland:

Some are white, some blue, some very fleshy and fit only to make raisins of; some again juicy, some very large, others on the contrary small; their juice is very pleasant and some of it white like French or Rhenish wines; that of others again very deep red, like Tent; some even paler. The vines run up far into the trees and are shaded by their leaves so that the grapes are slow in ripening and a little sour, but were cultivation and knowledge applied here doubtless as fine wines could be made here as in any other wine-growing countries.

Either this writer, or another of his tribe, was overjoyed to report that "*indigo silvestris* grows spontaneously here without any human aid or cultivation." Experiments with this plant were made in the extensive gardens of Rensselaerwyk and promised great things. We find added to that report a statement that madder would "undoubtedly" thrive well; "even better than in Zealand in regard to the land and other circumstances."

O, those old gardens and plantations, in which were planted wheat and apple trees, madder and indigo and great expectations; that yielded now a crop of fruit and now a harvest of disappointment! Those early comers into the American Wonderland planted more than their gardens by the shores of Hudson's River. The succeeding pages will be in part a record of their struggle and their achievement.

Chapter II

Two Cities on One Site

THERE are two wonderful cities at the mouth of the Hudson River. One is insistent, almost overwhelming in its presentation of present-day achievement. Its sky-line is a boldly serrated ridge of stupendous masonry, softened here and there by the smoke from a hundred thousand chimneys. Its shore-line is broken into leagues of wharves that harbour an almost unbroken fleet of vessels. From a thousand miles of streets the aura of its multitudinous life seems to rise, and the hum of its traffic and the murmur of its striving never ceases.

On the river the scene changes in detail, but not in character. The boats cross and recross each other's courses like mammoth shuttles, weaving a pattern of a marvellous tapestry, and the eye is bewildered in trying to follow their intricate paths or wearies with their unresting procession.

Hidden by this metropolis of to-day, of which the eye takes cognisance, there is a quaint little city, visible only to the imagination, contracted, unalterable, and peopled with ghosts.

It is the city of the Knickerbockers, where the apocryphal burghers that Irving created were supposed to have puffed lazily upon their long pipes till the smoke obscured Communipaw, on the opposite shore. It is the city that hid behind palisades for fear of Indian neighbours; that fretted and prospered under Dutch and English governors; that in place of stock exchanges and produce exchanges raised live stock and farm produce: the little city that entertained the first representative Congress in the Colonies and inaugurated the first President of the new Republic.

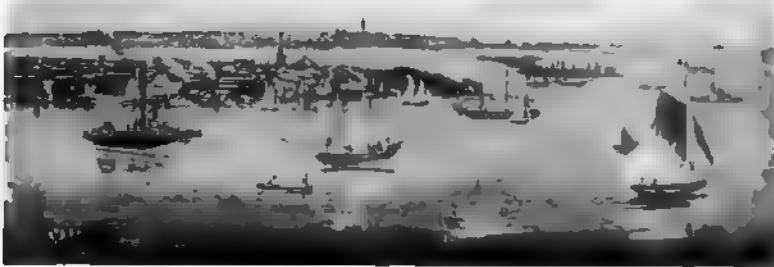
Fort Amsterdam, at first a very rude affair of logs, but no doubt a sufficient defence against the simple weapons of the savages, was remodelled and rebuilt almost as many times as the little city had new governors. For this reason the earlier descriptions and pict-



A BIT OF OLD NEW YORK

ures of this miniature outpost in the wilderness did not agree. What was at first designated a fort was, in fact, nothing more than a stockade or palisade, enclosing not only the official buildings but private dwellings of the settlers. For many years the church in which the early Dutch domines exhorted their flocks fostered its spiritual courage behind that temporal bulwark, and no doubt the many-breeked worshippers slept more comfortably in the knowledge that the hewn timber of their fence was strong, and the matchlocks of the guard ready for all comers.

The names by which the fort was known, judging by the old records, changed almost as frequently as its size or dimensions. From Amsterdam it was altered by the English to James, and then by the Dutch again to William Hendrick, finally returning to James. At



BEFORE THE DAY OF SKYSCRAPERS

the time of the War for American Independence it had become Fort George.

A detailed description of the fort was given by Governor Dongan (English) about 1685. He says:

At New York there is a fortification of four Bastions built formerly against the Indians of dry stone & earth with Sods as a Breastwork well and pleasantly situated for the defence of the Harbor on a point made by Hudsons River on the one side and by the sound on the other. It has Thirty nine Guns, two Mortar-pieces, thirty Barils of Powder five hundred Ball some Bomb Shells and Grenados, small arms for three hundred men, one flanker, the face of the North Bastion & three points of Bastions & a Courtin has been done & are rebuilt by mee with Lime and Mortar and all the rest of the Fort Pinnd and Rough Cast with Lime since my coming here.

And the most of the Guns I found dismounted and some of them continue to bee soe which I hope to have mounted soe soon as the mills can sawe.

I am forced to renew all the batterys with three inch plank & have spoke for new planks for the purpose.

. . . The Ground that the fort stands upon & that belongs to it contains in quantity about two acres or thereabouts, about which I have instead of Palisados put a fence of Pales which is more lasting.

To this he adds a word about the human wall, upon which more reliance was to be placed than in rotten planks and dismantled guns.

In this country there is a Woman yet alive from whose Loyns there are upward of three hundred and sixty persons now living. The men that are here have generally strong and lusty bodies.

In the face of such a statement as the foregoing the historian is dumb, willing in future to look without question at any extravagance in census enumeration.

Old Captain John Buckhout, of Sleepy Hollow, who with his wife Sarah could count two hundred and forty children and grandchildren,—a statement graven large upon his tombstone,—has long been thought to hold the record as an ancestor, but his claim vanishes, his merits are insignificant, beside the “Woman yet alive” of Governor Dongan’s report.

The Albany fort was described by Dongan as being made of pine trees fifteen feet high, and fitted with batteries, etc., yet all very rotten, and he strongly recommends the substitution of masonry for timber at this important post.

From Dutch to English, then back again from English to Dutch, and finally once more into English hands, the embryo metropolis passed: but one looks in vain for records of carnage or of heroism. The transfers were made apparently without undue excitement on either side. A report to the Dutch Lords relates how one of these events came about.

HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS.

One Andries Michielsen, having been placed by Captain Binckes, the Commander of a squadron of four ships and one sloop-of-war, on board a prize of about fifty tons burthen, taken by the aforesaid Commander near Guadeloupe, in the Caribbean Islands, to bring her here, was forced, by leakage and insecurity of the ship, to run through the Channel, where he had the misfortune to be captured by the English of Bevesier. He presented himself to-day before our Board, and verbally reported that, after the abovenamed Captain Binckes, reinforced by Captain Cornelius Evertsen’s squadron had, together, burnt in the River of Virginia five English ships laden with tobacco, and

captured six others, without having been able to effect anything further there, they had sailed for New Netherland, and became masters of the principal fortress situate on the Island Manhates, on the 9th of August ultimo; that also, before his departure on the nineteenth ditto, when he was dispatched with letters hither, he had heard that they had reduced another fort, situate some thirty leagues inland. The English had, some days before his departure, been removed elsewhere in four ships, viz., three belonging to this Board and one of Zealand, the remainder staid at anchor before the Island Manates.

Only by a resolute exercise of the imagination can we expunge from our vision the artificial cañons and mézas that have arisen at the bidding of the architect, and restore again even the modest town that the historian Smith pictured in 1757.

What a century and a half have wrought of change and growth may best be appreciated by reading the description he wrote when Domine Ritzemer dispensed unadulterated Calvinism to his flock, when the Dutch farmers "in the small village of Harlem, pleasantly situated" on the north-western part of New York Island, cultivated produce for the city markets, and the oyster beds within view of the Battery afforded one of the principal sources of food for the poorer people.

At that date, almost midway in its history (if we reckon history by years), New York is described as a city of

about two thousand five hundred buildings. It is a mile in length, and not above half that in breadth. Such is its figure, its centre of business and the situation of the houses, that the mean cartage from one point to another does not exceed above

one quarter of a mile, than which nothing can be more advantageous to a trading city.

It is thought to be as healthy a spot as any in the world. The east and south parts, in general, are low, but the rest is situated on a dry, elevated soil. The streets are irregular, but being paved with round pebbles, are clean and lined with well built brick houses, many of which are covered with tiled roofs.

Upon the southwest point stands the fort, which is a square with four bastions. Within the walls is the house in which our governors usually reside; and opposite to it brick barracks, built, formerly, for the independent companies. The Governor's house is in height three stories and fronts to the west; having from the second story a fine prospect of the bay and the Jersey shore. There was formerly a chapel, but this was burned down in the negro conspiracy of the spring of 1741. According to Governor Burnet's observations this fort stands in the latitude of 40° 43' N.

The following description, by a foreign writer of that day, gives a vivid picture of the social life of New York when fashion still lingered around the Bowling Green:

The first society of New York associate together in a style of elegance and splendor little inferior to Europeans. Their houses are furnished with everything that is useful, agreeable, or ornamental; and many of them are fitted up in the tasteful magnificence of modern luxury. Many have elegant equipages. The dress of the gentlemen is plain, elegant, and fashionable, and corresponds in every respect with the English costume. The ladies in general seem more partial to the light, various, and dashing drapery of the Parisian belles, than to the elegant and becoming attire of our London beauties, who improve upon the French fashions. The winter is passed in a round of entertainments and amusements. The servants are mostly negroes or mulattoes; some free and others slaves. Marriages are conducted in the most splendid style, and form a most important part of the winter's entertainments. For three days after the marriage ceremony the newly married couple see company in great state.

It is a sort of levee. Sometimes the night concludes with a concert and ball.

Of all the comings and goings, the arrivals and the departures that form the kaleidoscopic story of old New York, and are associated particularly with the Battery, none has been more significant than the evacuation and embarkation of the British forces in 1783. For two years the peace negotiations had been going forward, and since Yorktown nothing decisive had occurred. When at last, in March, the news reached America that Great Britain had acknowledged the absolute independence of the American States, there was a mighty thanksgiving that reached from the general commanding the army to the poorest private in the ranks, and included all classes of citizens, save those whose hearts were with the cause of royalty.

New York, which had been in British hands since 1776, had been the stronghold and base of operations for their cause. During that time it had been almost abandoned and had again filled up; it had suffered hardship and endured privation; a fire had devastated a large part of its stores and dwellings; the people were heartily tired of war even when gilded by the gaiety of a garrison city.

Now at last the negotiations had been brought to a termination satisfactory to the Continental sympathisers, and Washington, having disbanded most of his army, waited up the river for the beaten foe to depart.

Washington met Carleton at the Livingston house in Dobbs Ferry, and received his assurance of a speedy departure, but it seemed as though the garrison was very loath to leave the ground it had occupied so long, and delay after delay occurred. There was a shortage of transports, owing probably to the fact that a great many loyalists wished to leave the city, incited either by fear or disgust.

Washington moved first from Newburgh to West Point, then, leisurely, down the river till he reached McGowan's Pass, within the present Central Park, where he waited with the little force retained for the formal occupancy of the city. General Henry Knox, who was with the Commander-in-chief, was there to take a conspicuous part in the ceremonious entrance.

When the American troops, having marched through the length of New York, halted in Broadway, near Wall Street, and two companies were sent forward to take formal possession of the fort, with instruction to hoist the American flag and fire a salute of thirteen guns, many of the boats full of retiring British troops were still near the Battery wall. The shores were crowded with citizens, assembled to witness the embarkation. It has been remarked as a noteworthy fact that there seems to have been no disturbance, no taunts or jeers, such as might naturally have been expected on the part of such a mixed assembly of spectators. On the contrary, everything was orderly and,

to use a phrase unhappily somewhat obsolete, "was conducted with propriety."

The British ships hung in the offing and received their barges as they came up; then, without further ceremony, sailed away and took with them the last shadowy vestige of royal claim to the land where they had struggled so long for supremacy.

There is one bit of comedy associated with the British evacuation of New York. The retiring garrison, either with the connivance of their officers or as a piece of unauthorised waggy, left their flag flying in front of the fort. When the Americans, in accordance with orders, tried to pull it down to hoist the American colours in its place, they found that it had been securely nailed to the pole, the halliards cut, and the staff well slushed with grease.

It was a dilemma awkward on one side as it was amusing on the other. We may imagine the departing soldiers waiting a short distance from the shore to watch the frantic efforts of their successors to exchange the flags.

A flag was fastened to a stick by the Americans, and while this makeshift was flying several guns of the salute were actually fired; but the British ensign was still waving overhead, and the American's pot of ointment was polluted by this very obtrusive fly.

At the nick of time there came a young soldier, John Van Arsdale by name, late of the Continental army, and it was his good fortune to succeed where others

had failed. Disdaining to attempt to scale the greased pole unaided, as others had done, he called for a hammer and nails. With pieces of board he fixed cross-pieces to the flagpole, making a ladder by which he ascended and finally tore down the obnoxious bunting.



THE HOUSE THAT WAS BUILT FOR WASHINGTON

Chapter III

New Buildings and Old

AT the end of the eighteenth century there were a large number of historic houses clustering about the old fort. The names of some of the most notable New Yorkers were associated with them, and the reign of social leaders long celebrated for courtly and unstinted hospitality gave distinction to a neighbourhood now occupied by steamship offices and noisy with a jargon of foreign tongues.

It was here that was situated the great house built for the first President of the United States and his successors. It was never occupied by Washington, as before its completion he had removed with the government to Philadelphia; but it became the residence of Governor George Clinton, and after him of John Jay, whose wife led the beauty and fashion of the little metropolis. Several weddings of note were performed at this old mansion, which in its day was the most magnificent in the city.

Mrs. Lamb says:

The newspapers in November, 1796, chronicle a marriage and reception of this character at the governor's mansion as fol-

lows: "Married on the 3d at his Excellency's John Jay, Governor, Government House, John Livingston, of the Manor of Livingston, to Mrs. Catharine Ridley, daughter of the late Governor William Livingston." The bride was Mrs. Jay's accomplished and piquant sister, Kitty Livingston, who in 1787 became the wife of Matthew Ridley, of Baltimore, and after brief wedded happiness was left a widow.

The fort and battery, that, to the discomfiture of all good Continentals, were held by the British troops, and which, to the immense satisfaction of the elect, they evacuated in 1783, were in large part within the line of the present elevated railway, and never very far beyond it. The extension of the Battery Park to the south and west of the ancient water-front has finally resulted in a symmetrical wall that coincides with the front of Castle Garden, though the earlier pictures of that famous landmark represent it as an isolated structure. Even as late as 1852 boats could approach it on three sides.

The ground once occupied by the old fort now holds the new Custom House. At the lower end of Broadway is a group of splendid buildings, among them the Standard Oil, Welles, Bowling Green, Columbia, etc. Opposite the Green, at what is now No. 1 Broadway, was a lot belonging at one time to Arent Schuyler, brother of Peter Schuyler, the first Mayor of Albany. It afterwards came into the possession of Archibald Kennedy, who built a house with a handsome broad front and spacious rooms. Next door to the Kennedy house was that of John Watts, whose daughter

Kennedy married. These two mansions were connected by a bridge and staircase. The grounds ran down to the water's edge, and were laid out after the approved English fashion of the day, with stately terraces and parterres of flowers. Kennedy was the son of the Hon. Archibald Kennedy, Receiver General under British rule, and he afterwards became by inheritance the eleventh Earl of Cassalis. His son, born in the old house at No. 1, was afterwards Marquis of Ailsa.

The Kennedy house was famous for the magnificence of the entertainments given there. A parlor fifty feet long, with a banqueting hall of equal size and grand appointments, made this old mansion one of the notable ones of the Colony.

Afterwards the Washington Hotel occupied the place of the Kennedy house, and now the Field Building, erected by Cyrus W. Field, lifts its bulk on that historic site.

Before the War for Independence Lieutenant-Governor James de Lancey owned a large and handsome house on Broadway. This was another of the well-known homes of New York, where the wealth and fashion of the day used to enjoy a hospitality that was princely, and the fame of which was not confined to one side of the Atlantic. It was the favourite meeting-place for British officers during the war, and was the scene of the great ball given on May 7, 1789, in honour of Washington's Inauguration.

John Peter de Lancey sold the property to a



THE STATE ISLAND FERRY AND BARGE OFFICE (ABOUT 1835)

syndicate composed of Philip Livingston, Gulian Verplanck, Moses Rogers, and others, in trust for subscribers to the "Tontine hotel and assembly room." The price paid was six thousand pounds, New York currency. This company pulled down the de Lancey house and built in its stead the City Hotel, that long occupied a large place in New York's local history. It was for years the only large hotel in the city and was the scene of many brilliant social events. In 1849 it made place for a row of stores, which in turn disappeared when the present Boreel Building took their place.

Old Jan Jansen Damen had, in 1646, a farmhouse in the waggon road between Pine and Cedar Streets. It was a little back from Broadway, and is described as an exceedingly comfortable stone house. This was then outside of the city. It was at this house that Governor Kieft spent much of his time, and Stuyvesant became a frequent guest. Now the Equitable Building covers the place where Damen sat on his *stoep* and enjoyed his garden and listened to the hum of bees in the apple blossoms,—covers house, garden, orchard, and all, to the extent of nearly an acre of ground.

The old Middle Dutch Church in time disappeared from Nassau Street, as even churches do in New York, and on the 18th of October, 1882, the Mutual Life Insurance Company purchased the site for six hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

There is not one of the great buildings that tower

even above the ordinary chimneys of the city, and challenge the eye of the traveller upon the river, that has not sunk its foundations deep into the associations of an historic past. Beneath and within the looming walls are traditions and memories; the tragedies, the romances, and the comedies of that older day.

Every year, the "tale of bricks is doubled" in Manhattan, and the huge buildings that stretch from the Battery northward multiply. In all that vast collection of iron and masonry there are a few individual masses that are symmetrical, but these are lost in the great aggregation. Separate structures have been shot into the air as though impelled by some terrific volcanic agency, but there is no hint of any idea of relationship between them; they suggest rather the accidental huddling of more or less unrelated and even incon-



PEAKS OF THE MANHATTAN RANGE

gruous elements. The saw-tooth sky-line thus produced does not add an element of beauty to the aspect of the city as seen from the river: on the contrary, the ragged, irregular procession of domes, pyramids, cones, spires, and bricks-on-end give an impression of wealth, power, aggressiveness,—of almost anything under heaven except taste and relationship. In all this monster collection of buildings there is no suggestion of any community of interest. Every sky-scraper proclaims, as far as it can be seen, that it does not recognise any other sky-scraper except as a possible rival to be overtopped by the addition of several more stories or a cupola or two.

It will seem to many people like heresy to affirm that New York from any point of view lacks beauty; but it is sometimes a melancholy duty to cherish a heresy,



THE CITY THAT HIDES MANHATTAN

or even, upon occasion, to proclaim it. As a matter of opinion we hold that there are in the world several cities containing a fraction of the population and enterprise and wealth of New York that are much more impressive in a perspective view. There are cities, and even small towns, that present themselves to the imagination as units and are in their degree satisfying to that sane something within us that demands balance and proportion in art. They are at once comprehensive and comprehensible. But Manhattan is without a plan. Each building is a unit, sufficient unto itself, and the city is chaos.

It is aside from the purpose of this book, and more fitting for a philosophical treatise, to suggest that there is something in the life and activity of the metropolis that conforms to its architectural sky-line.

But mere size is impressive in its way, after all. The eye sweeps that line of jagged towers and dizzy pinnacles in search of food to satisfy the craving for the marvellous which is perhaps no more a modern than it was an ancient failing.

We own to a feeling of exultation when we discover that the Park Row Building (that looks like the London Tower elongated) is three hundred and eighty—or is it ninety?—feet high, and that the Manhattan Life does not touch it by forty feet or more, though this in turn overtops the Cable, St. Paul, American Surety, Tract Society, World, Empire, Gillender, and all other three-hundred-footers, as they do such trumpery affairs as

the Produce Exchange, Bowling Green, Equitable, etc. There is old Trinity spire, that we used to think was in danger of tearing the silver lining from the clouds with its heavenward-pointing tip. How dwarfed and insignificant it seems now among all its tall worldly neighbours! And yet, with the rush of a thousand thronging associations, how the eye seeks and dwells upon it, recognising in it a significance deeper and stronger than is suggested by all the iron mills and stone quarries of the land.

However we may take exception to the superficial outline of the lower city, it would hardly be possible for one not born blind to be insensible to the glorious wealth of colour that commonly compensates for all other defects. What hues of cream and rose are there, with strong Venetian tones to balance dark masses of slaty blue; what gleams of yellow, and amber lights, and tints of green! Here a dome of gold and there a cloud of opalescent steam, catch the sunlight; and hundreds of smoke-jets soften and blend the warm, rich shades that meet and melt in purple mystery.

But best of all is the marvellous transformation when night comes, and the chimneys are down, and the sky-line fades away. There are no drawbacks or incongruities then; but the corruscation of uncounted lights—flashing galaxies, not of stars, but of constellations and firmaments of stars—render the scene one of indescribable beauty. Below the zone of white brilliants there is that other, of coloured shore lights,

fountains of emerald and ruby that overflow and paint the unresting wave-rims with serpentine hieroglyphs.

There are few displays of illumination in the world that will compare with that which New York exhibits every night, and whoever has not seen it from the river has missed one of the delights of life.

A tour of the west shore of Manhattan Island naturally commences at the Barge Office, at the extreme lower end of the city. This was built by the city for the use of the Emigration Commissioners, when Castle Garden, which had been previously leased as a landing station for immigrants, was resigned. The Barge Office was first used for the reception of cabin passengers from ocean vessels, then became our immigrant station, and is now used by the customs inspectors.



THE BARGE OFFICE AND THE BAY

Chapter IV

Festivals and Pageants

C ASTLE GARDEN was formerly called Castle Clinton. The site was granted by the Corporation of New York City to the United States Government in May, 1807, and a fortification was built soon afterwards, but owing to bad engineering the foundations of the structure were not strong enough to support the weight even of what at that day was considered as heavy ordnance, and in March, 1822, the fort and ground were reconveyed to the city.

For many years the building was used for the reception of distinguished strangers, for fêtes and festivals, concerts, operas, and public meetings of various kinds. Here the annual fairs of the American Institute were held until the year 1855, when the Commissioners of Emigration secured the premises by lease as a landing-place for immigrants.

Within a few years the long-familiar spectacle of a motley throng of poor foreigners, clad in strange garbs, and speaking more tongues than Babel ever knew, has become a thing of the past. The last change in the varied history of Castle Garden was its conversion into a great free aquarium, where every day thousands of visitors find their recreation.

Of all the various tides in the affairs of this notable fort (whose aspect and name have been warlike, but whose record has all been suggestive of the piping times of peace), none has led more immediately to fortune, as well as fame, than Jenny Lind's first concert on September 11, 1850. An account of this event was published in the *New York Herald* of the following morning with this commencement:

The long-looked-for event has come off. Jenny Lind has sung in Castle Garden to an audience of five thousand persons. . . . Never did a mortal in this city, or perhaps any other, receive such homage as the sovereign of song received from the sovereign people.

Among the advertisements of the day preceding the concert the following notice appeared:

CASTLE GARDEN.—FIRST
APPEARANCE OF M^LLE.
JENNY LIND, on Wednesday eve-
ning, September 11, 1850.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Overture—"Oberon." C. M. V.
Weber.

Aria—"Sorgete."
(Maometto secondo) Rossini.
Sung by Sig. Belletti.

Scena and Cavatina—"Casta Diva."
(Norma) Bellini.
M^Lle Jenny Lind.

Grand Duet for two Piano Fortes.
Thalberg.

Messrs. Benedict and Hoffman.
Duet—"Per Piacer."

(Il Turco in Italia) Rossini.
M^Lle Jenny Lind and Sig. Belletti.

PART II.

Overture—"Crusaders." (First
time in America) Benedict.
Trio Concertante for Voice and two
Flutes . . . (Camp of Silesia) . .
Meyerbeer.

Composed expressly for M^Lle Jenny
Lind.

M^Lle Jenny Lind.

Flutes—Messrs. Kyle and Siede.

Aria Buffa—"Largo al factotum."
(Barbiere) Rossini.
Sig. Belletti.

Swedish Melody—"Herdsman's
Song" (known as the Echo Song)
Sung by M^Lle Jenny Lind.

Greeting to America—Prize Com-
position, by Bayard Taylor, Esq.
Benedict—Composed expressly for
this occasion.

M^Lle Jenny Lind.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.



GOVERNOR'S ISLAND FROM BATTERY PARK

NY

43



Great excitement was caused by the auction sale of a choice of seats, Mr. Genin, the hatter, securing the first place on the opening night for what was then considered the very large sum of \$225. A contemporary report pictures the scene at the Garden:

At four o'clock Jenny Lind arrived at the Garden, in order to pass quietly and unobserved through the crowd. She dressed there instead of at the hotel. At five o'clock the gates were thrown open, and from that time until eight o'clock there was a continuous tide of human beings passing into the capacious building. The numbers from the country were very considerable. They were from New Haven, Newport, Albany, Newark and various other cities; and when all were seated, it was indeed a splendid sight. The ladies' dresses were very magnificent, and such as the great mass of women in no other country in the world can afford to wear. The fair sex were not as numerous as might be expected, the gentlemen outnumbering them considerably; but those who were present seemed to enjoy the concert in the highest degree. It is very probable that many ladies were kept away for the first night by the fear of being crushed; but when they find that their apprehensions were groundless, they will doubtless take the Castle by storm to-morrow night.

The river, we read, was thronged with boats that stayed throughout the performance, and in many cases were manned and occupied by those to whom the newspapers of the time referred as "the rougher element."

Jenny Lind's share of the proceeds from the first concert was in the neighbourhood of ten thousand dollars, an enormous sum for a singer of that day to receive for a single performance. It added greatly to the popular appreciation of the "Casta Diva" that she bestowed this sum upon various charitable and public

institutions in New York City. In the bestowment of the largest sum, three thousand dollars, upon the (then volunteer) fire department fund, may perhaps be detected the fine advertising instinct of her manager, Mr. P. T. Barnum.

Many notable pageants and many distinguished names are associated with Castle Garden. Here, more than once, the people of the city have welcomed a celebrated guest with all the enthusiasm that in later days we have seen evinced for an American or a German admiral.

The accounts given of the landing of Lafayette and his reception at Castle Garden, in August, 1824, show how far from being a new thing it is for the average Manhattanite to express his feelings vehemently when a reception is in progress. The 15th was Sunday, and the visitor was escorted from his ship to the Vice-President's house, Staten Island. But on Monday New York went mad. All business was suspended; the people were thronging every point of vantage, even the housetops, and the streets were filled with an expectant multitude.

The animated scenes attending his landing at Castle Garden, upon a carpeted stairway, under a magnificent arch, richly decorated with flags and wreaths of laurel, while groups of escorting vessels, alive with ladies and gentlemen, and adorned in the most fanciful manner, circled about; and the prolonged shouts of hosts of people, and the roar of cannon echoed far away over the waters, together with the parade in Broadway, the reception at City Hall, the speeches, the banquet, and the illumination—are

all more familiar to the public of to-day than many other features of the historic visit. Lafayette spent Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in shaking hands and sight-seeing in New York, and on Friday, August 20, left for Providence and Boston.

New York had occupied itself in the interval between General Lafayette's departure for Boston and his return in preparing for a celebration that should make all previous celebrations pale their ineffectual fires. It was to take place at Castle Garden on the 14th of September, and was under the immediate supervision of Generals Mapes, Morton, Fleming, and Benedict, and Colonel W. H. Maxwell, Colonel King, Mr. Colden, and Mr. Lynch. The sedate *Evening Post* even broke into expressions of rapture at the result.

We hazard nothing [it affirmed] in saying that it was the most magnificent *fête* given under cover in the world. . . . It was a festival that realises all that we read of in the Persian tales or Arabian Nights, which dazzled the eye and bewildered the imagination, and which produced so many powerful combinations, by magnificent preparations, as to set description almost at defiance. We never saw ladies more brilliantly dressed—everything that fashion and elegance could devise was used on the occasion. Their head-dresses were principally of flowers, with ornamented combs, and some with plumes of ostrich feathers. White and black lace dresses over satin were mostly worn, with a profusion of steel ornaments and neck chains of gold and silver, suspended to which were beautiful gold and silver badge medals, bearing a likeness of Lafayette, manufactured for the occasion. The gentlemen had suspended from the button-holes of their coats a similar likeness, and, with the ladies, had the same stamped on their gloves. A belt or sash, with a likeness of the general, and entwined with a chaplet of roses, also formed part of the dress of the ladies. Foreigners who were present

admitted they had never seen anything equal to this *fête* in the several countries from which they came—the blaze of light and beauty, the decorations of the military officers, the combination of rich colours which met the eye at every glance, the brilliant circle of fashion in the galleries, everything in the range of sight being inexpressibly beautiful, and doing great credit and honour to the managers and all engaged in this novel spectacle. The guests numbered several thousand, but there was abundant room for the dancing, which commenced at an early hour, and was kept up until about three o'clock in the morning.

Lafayette proceeded up the Hudson almost immediately, making but few stops on his way to Albany. One of these pauses was at Hudson, where a great reception was given in his honour. To have met and conversed with the celebrated visitor was an honour which many a budding beauty of that day treasured till threescore and ten—one, indeed, long past fourscore, told the present writer of her life-long regret that she had allowed the denial of a new gown to stand in the way of her going, and described the costumes of her friends, which included white gloves with the portrait of Lafayette painted upon the backs.

The year following Lafayette's visit brought another event to be written large in the chronicles of Castle Garden.

One of the brightest of the spectacular displays that New York witnessed in the first half of the nineteenth century was that connected with the completion of the Erie Canal, 1825. A fleet as large as had ever assembled before the city up to that time thronged the river, and the vessels were decorated with bunting and

streamers till it seemed as if they could hold no more. This gorgeous concourse of vessels formed a circle about the canal-boat—the *first* canal-boat—from Lake Erie. In circumference this marine pageant is said to have measured three miles and to have preserved a solemnity of deportment quite in contrast to that noisy hilarity that distinguished the fleet which at a later day sailed down to assist at the unveiling of the statue of Liberty, upon Bedloe's Island.

Upon the canal-boat that formed the centre of the circle on the earlier occasion here described was a keg with gilded hoops, filled to the bung-hole with water from Lake Erie. With all the dignity which the occasion demanded and the manners of the day prescribed, De Witt Clinton, who was present with his wife and retinue, poured the water overboard to mingle with that of the Atlantic Ocean. It was a pretty bit of symbolism, possible to people bred to the formalities of a somewhat artificial life, and no doubt carried out with becoming gravity. Medals were then distributed to the honoured guests of the occasion, after which we may surmise that dignity unbent and a somewhat more rampant Americanism reigned. We are told that a lady who was present wrote at a late hour that night:

We met all the world and his wife; military heroes, noble statesmen, artificial and natural characters, the audacious, the clownish, the polished and refined; but we were squeezed to death and heartily tired.

Fifty-one gold medals were struck in commemora-

tion of this event, and were sent in red morocco cases to monarchs and celebrated subjects all over the world.

Among the latest and in many respects unequalled among the naval parades in the history of the world was that which swept majestically past the Battery and Castle Garden on the fourth day of the Columbian celebration in October, 1892. There were four nations represented in the parade, and they sent each a contingent of warships that when massed together formed a fleet the like of which perhaps has never been seen.

One of the best descriptions of this magnificent display was that published in the *Magazine of American History* for November of that year:

The advance guard of the marine procession was a broad line of some twenty-one tugs, stretching half across the mile-wide Hudson with an almost perfect alignment, as if a file of soldiers on parade; they were manned by white-uniformed volunteers. Among the craft that followed the saucy-looking tugs, was conspicuous the torpedo boat *Cushing*, on which was Commander Kane, and tiny steam yachts darted back and forth like winged birds, apparently distributing orders for the chief—a singular contrast to the Indian canoes that for centuries monopolized these waters. They bore the aides of the commander, among whom were General S. V. R. Cruger, James W. Beekman, Woodbury Kane, Archibald Rogers, Irving Grinnell, and many other well-known gentlemen. The great steamer *Howard Carroll*, bearing a host of notables—a burden of eminence not easily described—seemed to parade all by herself in lordly grandeur. Then came three large steamers sailing abreast, the *Sam Sloan*, *Matteawan*, and *Mohawk*, on which was the Committee of One

Hundred and their invited guests. An interval of open water was given for the gigantic war vessels of America, Spain, Italy, and France, a column of stately men-of-war, the chief attraction in the pageant. They moved in three Indian files, the foreigners flanked by the white-hulled vessels of America. On their decks and bridges and in their lookouts were drawn up the various crews, looking like statues at a distance, so impassively did they hold their respective stations. Our flagship *Philadelphia*, of the White Squadron, was on the right, with her high white hull, and her two yellow smokestacks. The trim despatch vessel *Dolphin* followed in her wake, and the long, low, dynamite projector *Vesuvius*, looking like a torpedo boat enlarged, brought up the rear. The place of honor in the centre was given to the French flagship *Arethuse*, the largest of the foreign contingent, with her triple row of portholes and towering masts, effective for display, and behind her came her mate, the rakish white *Huzzard*. The Italian flagship, *Bausan*, is a big, black, stately ship of modern type, which was regarded on all sides with special admiration. The little Spanish cruiser *Infanta Isabel* proudly carried the colors of Columbus. On the left was the United States monitor *Miantonomoh*, our coast defender, which looks very much like a floating derrick, and bears promise of deadly work if it should be called into use. She was followed by the graceful *Atlanta*, one of our earliest group of steel vessels, and the little yacht-like *Blake*.

Behind this majestic craft came the immense flotilla of merchant vessels, steamers, yachts, excursion boats, and fire-boats that lent spectacular interest to the scene by spouting great streams of water into the air as they sailed—streams that have force enough to knock down brick walls.

From the start to the finish there was no place where the pageant made such an impressive display as between the shores of the incomparable Hudson. It was a picture of the civilization of the nineteenth century, too vast for a painter and inexpressible in words. From the vessels in the procession the spectacle was even more remarkable. No other city in the world has such a stretch of water-front as New York, and the space was all taken. The tops of the tall buildings were crowded with spectators, also the masts of vessels at anchor, the roofs of cars and boats, and

every foot of shore along the whole route. Staten Island and New Jersey were not beholden to New York for a view, but occupied their own roofs and side-hills. Riverside Park, which is three miles long, afforded a continuous bluff that was thoroughly appreciated by thousands and thousands of sight-seers, while the handsome mansions on the park drive were generously thrown open to invited guests. When the war-ships came in front of Grant's tomb they anchored while the great procession of civic boats passed by, and at every masthead floated the American ensign with all the colors of other nations, denoting that the foreign vessels were taking part in a ceremonial that was American and national. The vessel which closed the procession was the *Vamoose*, restraining her speed like a greyhound in leash. It was altogether a great display, and one of which New York may ever be justly proud. "The queen of the western waves sat by her waters in glory and in light all day, proud of the past and hopeful of the future."

Space fails in which to print even a list of the notable water parades that have passed Manhattan Island. How many were the thousands of people that risked annihilation to catch even a glimpse of the warships that had made history under the guns of Spanish forts and aided in the destruction of the Spanish navy! Through what heat of sun, or bitterness of wind, or cheerless, driving rain, have not the population of New York stood, hour after hour, to see a fleet of marine monsters, with bunting streaming and yards manned, sweep by in glorious procession!

As a race we appreciate spectacles: we love the gleam of metal, the concourse of people, the rolling of drums, and the fanfare of trumpets. We love a parade, and we fall into paroxysms of patriotism when a hero appears. We have only one limit: we do not wish our

enthusiasms to be remembered against us. When we tell a hero that he is a demigod and can have the Presidency of the United States for the asking, we resent being taken too seriously.



A TOW GOING OUT TO SEA

Chapter V

Along the Manhattan Shore

IT may not be a generally appreciated fact that Manhattan Island is the very home of modesty. From the earliest times the habit of New York has been rather to do things than to talk about them after they are done. The shore-line that stretches northward from the Battery has been the scene of exploits enough to inspire a volume of epics or to make the lasting reputation of a dozen ordinary cities.

The traditions of the river shore are marked usually by a simple directness that suggests the Chronicles of the Hebrews. They fill here and there a few lines of an old journal, or are parenthetically referred to in some manual of obsolete events. So and so did such and such a deed, and there was an end of it.

We have a sample of such tales in the following veracious narrative: Previous to 1812, a riverman, or some one connected with one of the markets along-shore, was impressed by the captain of a British vessel. The people of the neighbourhood, roused by this high-handed proceeding, seized a boat belonging to the said captain, broke it up, and burned it. They then com-



THE NARROWS, NEW YORK BAY

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pelled the captain to release his prisoner. From that day Shanghai-ing fell into disrepute along the North River.

At Cruger's Dock occurred one of the deeds which in any other city under the sun would have been celebrated in song and woven into story, but which in New York was allowed to go almost unrecorded. Out of some dusty pile of records one draws the scanty account of the arrival of Captain Haviland, on the 13th of January, 1768, with a supply of stamps, and of the gathering at the dock that evening of a company of armed men, who captured the stamps and burned them.

That is all. If it had been Boston, and a cargo of tea, how sonorously the deed would have been exploited!

At the foot of West 10th Street—or near it—was the old State prison, which at least one boarding-house-keeper in the vicinity advertised as an attraction. One of the early morning sights of the city is that of the market at West Street, near Gansevoort and Little West Tenth. This is one of the survivals from the old days of river boats and farm trucking, and is a part of the story of the Hudson.

In the years 1780–85, the Vauxhall Gardens, at the North River end of Warren Street, were at the height of their vogue. There were other places of resort that at a later date monopolised the fashionable throng; notably Columbia, not far from the Battery, on

Broadway, and Mt. Vernon, about where Leonard Street is now. The Vauxhall Gardens of that early day must not be confounded with the theatre of the same name which was the favourite resort of a later generation. Five blocks farther up the shore from Vauxhall, just at the end of a hill that figured in the plans of the fortifications of 1776-77, was a foundry.

One of the most prominent buildings from the river a century ago was the hospital that stood near Duane Street and Broadway, upon an eminence that was considerable then, but has since been "graded" till undiscoverable. Between the hospital and the river stood a chapel, and to the south of that, on the double square between Murray and Barclay Streets, the old college buildings. There was nothing then to hide St. Paul's Church from those who went up or down in the sloops and schooners that thronged the river, and above all else in the city old Trinity loomed, a magnificent landmark.

Old Paulus Hook Ferry, at the foot of Cortlandt Street, was often spelled Powles Hook on old maps. In 1780 the Hudson froze from shore to shore, and was measured over the ice at this point, proving to be two thousand yards wide. Fifteen years afterwards the records tell us that "Powles Hook Ferry was leased for Two hundred and Fifty Pounds per annum." Only a few years later all of the public wharves and slips, piers and docks, around the city sold for one year for \$42,750. Colonel John Stevens, in 1811, ran his steam ferry-boat from this point.

It would not be possible to write even a meagre account of the Manhattan shore and neglect Anneke Jans Bogardus and her farm. That farm, which extended from where Warren Street is to above Desbrosses Street, was granted as a Bouwerie to Roeloff Jansen, who had been employed by the Patroon Van Rensselaer, up the river. His widow was considered a very desirable match, and no doubt had many suitors, but she conveyed her goodly inheritance, along with her buxom person, to the grave and reverend Domine Everardus Bogardus, stated minister of the Dutch Church.

What a pair they were! he with his austere bearing, his ministerial garb, and theological bent; she sprightly and not too unworldly. It must have been an interesting sight when Madame Bogardus danced and the Domine paid the piper. He was a loyal gentleman and knew what his position demanded. We read that when some jealous dame declared that Anneke had coquettishly shown more of her clocked stocking than propriety demanded, her reverend husband promptly brought suit for slander, and received damages. It appears, indeed, that Bogardus was something of a fighter, and figured as plaintiff or defendant in several law-suits.

But to return to the farm: every one who knows his New York at all knows what years of litigation over the inheritance of part of that property have made it one of the most famous pieces of real estate in the

world, and its mistress as well known as Queen Anne or Pocahontas. And wherever the name of Anneke Jans is mentioned, and the now fabulously valuable property becomes a subject of conversation, the tall spire of old Trinity begins to rise upon the mental vision like a finger of warning against all profane claimants.



NEW YORK HARBOUR FROM ONE OF THE SKY-SCRAPERS

Those who knew this part of the shore a generation ago knew Lispenard's swamp, that was in reality a salt meadow until comparatively recent years. It lay on both sides of the present Canal Street, and when New York was young was a favourite resort for all the amateur sportsmen of the neighbourhood. The Ocean Steamship Company's piers now occupy a part of that shore, and bales and boxes and barrels of Savannah freight, cotton, and naval stores are spread in apparent confusion where the wild duck used to fly among

the pools, and the swamp-wren built her nest in the rushes.

Along the river shore above Lispenard's swamp, or meadow, and reaching inland nearly to the old Boston and Albany Road (that is, the Bowery) was that delightful suburb known as Greenwich Village. Along the shore northward from old Vauxhall and Harrison's Brewery the old maps show the "Road to Greenwich." Its first name was Sapokanican, which the Dutch changed to the Bossen Bouwerie. Where White Star and Cunard steamers now come to their wharves, the pleasant grassy slopes reached down to the water's edge, and nothing more pretentious than one of the "yachts" of some up-river potentate ever sent a ripple to that strand.

Through the Bouwerie ran the Manetta brook, that famous water that, in spite of burying and culverting and filling in, has been the dread of architects and builders down to the present day. Washington Square was within the village boundaries when Washington Square was nothing but a marsh where the crack of a duck-gun might occasionally have been heard.

"Admiral" Peter Warren (who was only Captain Warren at that time) built a house somewhere about 1744 in Greenwich. That house afterwards became, and was for many years, the residence of Abraham Van Ness, Esq. Around it clustered other fine houses: there came the Bayards and the de Lanceys and James

Jauncey, and there the fashionables of their time were accustomed to turn for a drive into the country.

Thomas A. Janvier, who made a delightful study of old Greenwich Village, says of its inhabitants:

Very proper and elegant people were all of these, and—their seats being at a convenient distance from the city—their elegant friends living in New York found pleasure in making Greenwich an objective point when taking the air of fine afternoons. And even when visiting was out of the question, a turn through Greenwich to the Monument was a favorite expedition among the gentle-folk of a century or so ago.

Until about the year 1767, access to this region was only by the Greenwich Road, close upon the line of the present Greenwich Street and directly upon the water-side.

Greenwich Lane was called also Monument Lane and Obelisk Lane: for the reason that at its northern extremity, a little north of the present Eighth Avenue and Fifteenth Street, was a monument in honor of General Wolfe. After the erection of this memorial to the hero of Quebec the drive of good society was out the Post Road to the Greenwich turning; thence across to the Obelisk; thence by the Great Kill Road (the present Gansevoort Street) over to the Hudson; and so homeward by the river-side while the sun was sinking in golden glory behind the Jersey hills. Or the drive could be extended a little by going out the Post Road as far as Love Lane, and thence south by the Southampton, Warren, or Fitzroy Road to the Great Kill Road, and so by the water-side back to town.

Chelsea was a village that lay principally between what is now Seventh Avenue and the river, in the neighbourhood of Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets. The land had originally been part of a farm or *bouwerie* belonging to Jacob and Teunis Somerindyke, but was purchased in 1750 by an English veteran

named Thomas Clarke. Afterwards his widow built a handsome house, and subsequently Bishop Moore, President of Columbia College, purchased and made it his home. This property was given by President Moore to his son, Clement C. Moore, whose name is forever enshrined in the hearts of New Yorkers as the author of *The Night before Christmas*.

But popular appreciation had not yet reached far enough to restrain the predatory bands of boys and men who enjoyed the fruits of nocturnal forays upon the garden and orchards of Chelsea, so in a fit of desperation the owner sought counsel and concluded to survey his land and lay it out in building lots.

There was some question whether merchants doing business in New York could be induced to travel so far night and morning, but the rapid-transit problem was solved by the establishment of the Knickerbocker line of stages, run by Palmer & Peters, whose stables stood where the Grand Opera House does now. The partition of the estate into village lots went forward rapidly, and fortunes were made by men who saw a little way into the future and speculated on the rise in realty. After a time Chelsea had its own stores, schools, and offices, a church, a theological seminary, and a fire company, and the value of the Moore estate is reckoned by millions of dollars.

The Glass House farm, extending from Thirty-fifth Street northward, was so named from an unsuccessful attempt to make glass there at an early day. This

farm was purchased just after the Revolution by Rem Rapelje, a descendant of the Rapeljes who became locally famous as the parents of the first white child born in Manhattan. Mr. Rapelje was at one time a wine merchant, and the cellars of the house at the farm were well stocked with port and Madeira, and a pipe of good wine was always on tap for visitors. Perhaps, after all, the name of "Glass House" was no misnomer. At that time the farm was three miles and a half from the city: it is now practically downtown. Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the vastness of the change that has taken place on Manhattan Island in a little more than a century.

Chapter VI

On the Jersey Shore

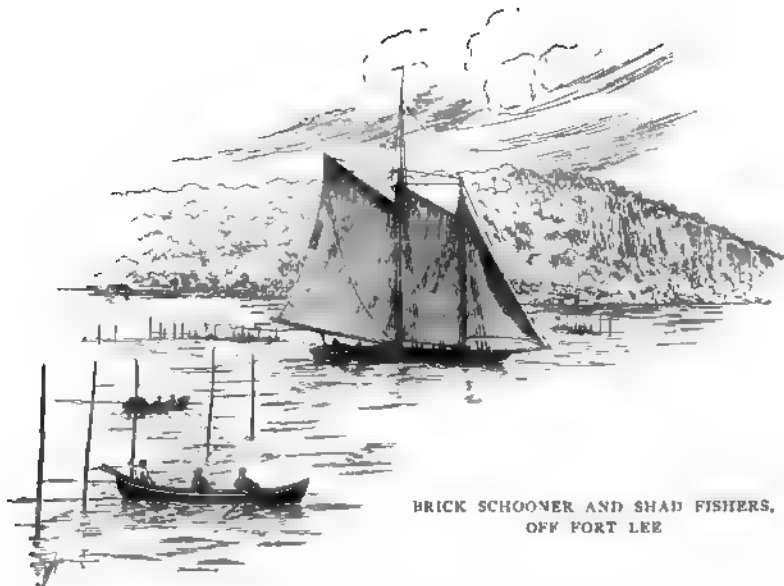
OPPPOSITE the Battery the ancient settlement of Communipaw forms the western gateway of the river. It was the last stronghold of Dutch manners and customs that the descendants of the earliest settlers managed to hold for years against the ever-encroaching spirit of the age; and it is hinted that even now, however modern their thoughts may be in daytime, the true sons of Communipaw always dream in Dutch. But the rumble and roar of the Philadelphia and Reading cars that find a terminus here interfere sadly with dreaming.

Yet what a land of Nod it was when Diedrich Knickerbocker discovered—or did he invent—it?

Among favoured places, the renowned village of Communipaw was ever held by the historian of New Amsterdam in especial veneration. Here the intrepid crew of the *Goede Vrouw* first cast the seeds of empire. Hence proceeded the expedition under Oloffte the Dreamer, to found the city of New Amsterdam, vulgarly called New-York, which, inheriting the genius of its founder, has ever been a city of dreams and speculations. Communipaw, therefore, may truly be called the parent of New-York, though, on comparing the lowly village with the great flaunting city which it has engendered, one is forcibly reminded

of a squat little hen that has unwittingly hatched out a long-legged turkey.

It is a mirror also of New Amsterdam, as it was before the conquest. Everything bears the stamp of the days of Oloffe the Dreamer, Walter the Doubter, and the other worthies of the golden age; the same gable-fronted houses, surmounted with weathercocks, the same knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, and close quilled caps, and linsey-woolsey petticoats, and multifarious breeches. In a word, Communipaw is a little Dutch Herculaneum, or Pompeii, where the relics of the classic days of the New Netherlands are preserved in their pristine state, with the exception that they have never been buried.



BRICK SCHOONER AND SHAD FISHERS,
OFF FORT LEE

The secret of all this wonderful conservation is simple. At the time that New Amsterdam was subjugated by the Yankees and their British allies, as Spain was, in ancient days, by the Saracens, a great dispersion took place among the inhabitants. One resolute band determined never to bend their necks to the yoke of the invaders, and, led by Garret Van Horne, a gigantic Dutchman, the Pelaye of the New Netherlands, crossed the bay, and buried themselves among the marshes of Communipaw, as

did the Spaniards of yore among the Asturian mountains. Here they cut off all communication with the captured city, forbade the English language to be spoken in their community, kept themselves free from foreign marriage and intermixture, and have thus remained the pure Dutch seed of the Manhattoes, with which the city may be repeopled, whenever it is effectually delivered from the Yankees.

The citadel erected by Garret Van Horne exists to this day in possession of his descendants, and is known by the lordly appellation of the House of the Four Chimneys, from having a chimney perched like a turret at every corner. Here are to be seen articles of furniture which came over with the first settlers from Holland; ancient chests of drawers, and massive clothes-presses, quaintly carved, and waxed and polished until they shine like mirrors. Here are old black-letter volumes with brass clasps, printed of yore in Leyden, and handed down from generation to generation, but never read. Also old parchment deeds in Dutch and English, bearing the seals of the early governors of the province.

In this house the primitive Dutch holydays of Paas and Pinxter are faithfully kept up, and New Year celebrated with cookies and cherry bounce; nor is the festival of the good St. Nicholas forgotten; when all the children are sure to hang up their stockings, and to have them filled according to their deserts; though it is said the good Saint is occasionally perplexed, in his nocturnal visits, which chimney to descend. A tradition exists concerning this mansion, which, however dubious it may seem, is treasured up with good faith by the inhabitants. It is said that at the founding of it St. Nicholas took it under his protection, and the Dutch Dominie of the place, who was a kind of soothsayer, predicted that as long as these four chimneys stood Communipaw would flourish. Now it came to pass that some years since, during the great mania for land speculation, a Yankee speculator found his way into Communipaw; bewildered the old burghers with a project to erect their village into a great sea-port; made a lithographic map, in which their oyster beds were transformed into docks and quays, their cabbage-gardens laid out in town lots and squares, and the House of the Four

Chimneys metamorphosed into a great bank, with granite pillars, which was to enrich the whole neighbourhood with paper money.

Fortunately at this juncture there rose a high wind, which shook the venerable pile to its foundation, toppled down one of the chimneys, and blew off a weathercock, the Lord knows whither. The community took the alarm, they drove the land speculator from their shores, and since that day not a Yankee has dared to show his face in Communipaw.

Among all the gruesome legends of the west shore of the river none is more famous than that of the "Guests from Gibbet Island."

Yan Yost Vanderscamp, the scapegrace nephew of the innkeeper of Communipaw, disappeared with old Pluto, his uncle's negro servant, and reappeared years afterwards—"a rough, burly bully ruffian, with fiery whiskers, a copper nose, a scar across his face, and a great Flaunderish beaver slouched on one side of his head." With him was Pluto, grown grizzled, blind of an eye, and more devilish in appearance than before.

According to his own account the prodigal had secured the fatted calf in his travels and had brought it home with him. He had bags full of money and ships in every sea. He and a company of roystering companions he had brought with him made a pandemonium of the Wild Goose, as the inn was named, and shocked the respectable burghers of Communipaw beyond measure.

At intervals the swaggering crew would disappear, to return, more riotous than ever, and set the village once more by the ears:



The mystery of all these proceedings gradually dawned upon the tardy intellects of Communipaw. These were the times of the notorious Captain Kidd, when the American harbours were the resorts of piratical adventurers of all kinds, who, under pretext of mercantile voyages, scoured the West Indies, made plundering descents upon the Spanish Main, visited even the remote Indian Seas, and then came to dispose of their booty, have their revels, and fit out new expeditions, in the English colonies.

. . . At length the attention of the British government was called to these piratical enterprises, that were becoming so frequent and outrageous. Vigorous measures were taken to check and punish them. Several of the most noted freebooters were caught and executed, and three of Vanderscamp's chosen comrades, the most riotous swashbucklers of the Wild Goose, were hanged in chains on Gibbet Island, in full sight of their favourite resort. As to Vanderscamp himself, he and his man Pluto again disappeared, and it was hoped by the people of Communipaw that he had fallen in some foreign brawl, or been swung on some foreign gallows. . . . This perfect calm was doomed at length to be ruffled. The fiery persecution of the pirates gradually subsided. Justice was satisfied with the examples that had been made, and there was no more talk of Kidd, and the other heroes of like Kidney.

On a calm summer evening, a boat, somewhat heavily laden, was seen pulling into Communipaw. What was the surprise and disquiet of the inhabitants, to see Yan Yost Vanderscamp seated at the helm, and his man Pluto tugging at the oar. Vanderscamp, however, was apparently an altered man. He brought home with him a wife, who seemed to be a shrew, and to have the upper hand of him. He no longer was the swaggering, bully ruffian, but affected the regular merchant, and talked of retiring from business, and settling down quietly, to pass the rest of his days in his native place.

The Wild Goose mansion was again opened, but with diminished splendour, and no riot. It is true, Vanderscamp had frequent nautical visitors, and the sound of revelry was occasionally overheard in his house; but everything seemed to be done under the rose; and old Pluto was the only servant that officiated at

these orgies. The visitors, indeed, were by no means of the turbulent stamp of their predecessors; but quiet, mysterious traders, full of nods, and winks, and hieroglyphic signs, with whom, to use their cant phrase, "everything was smug." Their ships came to anchor at night, in the lower bay; and, on a private signal, Vanderscamp would launch his boat, and, accompanied solely by his man Pluto, would make them mysterious visits. Sometimes boats pulled in at night, in front of the Wild Goose, and various articles of merchandise were landed in the dark, and spirited away, nobody knew whither. One of the more curious of the inhabitants kept watch, and caught a glimpse of the features of some of these night visitors, by the casual glance of a lantern, and declared that he recognized more than one of the freebooting frequenters of the Wild Goose, in former times: from whence he concluded that Vanderscamp was at his old game, and that this mysterious merchandise was nothing more nor less than piratical plunder. The more charitable opinion, however, was, that Vanderscamp and his comrades, having been driven from their old line of business, by the "oppressions of government," had resorted to smuggling to make both ends meet. . . .

It happened late one night, that Yan Yost Vanderscamp was returning across the broad bay, in his light skiff, rowed by his man Pluto. He had been carousing on board of a vessel, newly arrived, and was somewhat obfuscated in intellect, by the liquid he had imbibed. It was a still, sultry night; a heavy mass of lurid clouds was rising in the west, with the low muttering of distant thunder. Vanderscamp called on Pluto to pull lustily, that they might get home before the gathering storm. The old negro made no reply, but shaped his course so as to skirt the rocky shores of Gibbet Island. A faint creaking overhead caused Vanderscamp to cast up his eyes, when, to his horror, he beheld the bodies of his three pot companions and brothers in iniquity, dangling in the moonlight, their rags fluttering, and their chains creaking, as they were slowly swung backward and forward by the rising breeze.

"What do you mean, you blockhead," cried Vanderscamp, "by pulling so close to the island?"



"I thought you 'd be glad to see your old friends once more," growled the negro; "you were never afraid of a living man, what do you fear from the dead?"

"Who 's afraid?" hiccupped Vanderscamp, partly heated by liquor, partly nettled by the jeer of the negro; "who 's afraid? Hang me, but I would be glad to see them once more, alive or dead, at the Wild Goose. Come, my lads in the wind," continued he, taking a draught, and flourishing the bottle above his head, "here 's fair weather to you in the other world; and if you should be walking the rounds to-night, odds fish, but I 'll be happy if you will drop in to supper."

The storm burst over the voyagers, while they were yet far from shore. The rain fell in torrents, the thunder crashed and pealed, and the lightning kept up an incessant blaze. It was stark midnight before they landed at Communipaw.

Dripping and shivering, Vanderscamp crawled homeward. He was completely sobered by the storm; the water soaked from without having diluted and cooled the liquor within. Arrived at the Wild Goose, he knocked timidly and dubiously at the door, for he dreaded the reception he was to experience from his wife. He had reason to do so. She met him at the threshold, in a precious ill-humour.

"Is this a time," said she, "to keep people out of their beds, and to bring home company, to turn the house upside down?"

"Company?" said Vanderscamp meekly, "I have brought no company with me, wife."

"No, indeed! they have got here before you, but by your invitation; and a blessed looking company they are, truly."

Vanderscamp's knees smote together. "For the love of Heaven, where are they, wife?"

"Where?—why in the blue room, up stairs, making themselves as much at home as if the house were their own."

Vanderscamp made a desperate effort, scrambled up to the room, and threw open the door. Sure enough, there at a table on which burned a light as blue as brimstone, sat the three guests from Gibbet Island, with halters round their necks, and bobbing their cups together, as if they were hobnobbing, and trolling the old Dutch freebooter's glee, since translated into English;

For three merry lads be we,
And three merry lads be we;
I on the land, and thou on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows tree.

Vanderscamp saw and heard no more. Starting back with horror, he missed his footing on the landing-place, and fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom. He was taken up speechless, and either from the fall or the fright, he was buried in the yard of the little Dutch Church at Bergen, on the following Sunday.

To an earlier generation Jersey City was known as Paulus, Powles, or Pauws Hook. It was important as the western end of the Paulus Hook Ferry, that was one of the chief means of communication between New Jersey and Manhattan Island. The Cortlandt Street Ferry still crosses the same water, but the multitude that it transports each day would populate a good-sized city; the several railroads making this their terminal station forming one of the principal arteries of New York life.

In the days of the Revolution Paulus Hook was considered an important strategic point, and was garrisoned by the British from 1776 till 1779, when Major Henry Lee, who had a share in the famous Cow Chase of André's "epic strain," fell upon it with his veterans. There was a sudden night attack, a garrison surprised and defeated, and in the early dawn a number of British dead in the fort and the American flag flying over it.

Between Jersey City and Hoboken there used to be a marsh or bay, not now in evidence. Hobock was an Indian village, which appears in at least one Dutch

record, already cited, as Hoboquin. Almost its first appearance in history is as the scene of murders and massacres, of arson and pillage. But the atrocity was not all upon the side of the Indians. In 1643, after a long feud, marked by excesses on both sides, a body of the Dutch, reinforced by Mohawk Indians, crossed the



A FLEET THROUGED THE RIVER

(From an old print)

river at night and murdered a hundred men, women, and children at the promontory called Castle Point. There is no record that suggests any palliation for this crime, which is probably the blackest one that stains the annals of New Netherland.

Hoboken should be celebrated wherever steam navigation has helped to solve the problem of travel. Here it was that John Stevens lived; indeed at one time the

Stevens family owned nearly all of the land in that neighbourhood, and founded the city of Hoboken in 1804. John Stevens — Colonel Stevens — built the steamship *Phœnix*, the first vessel depending entirely upon steam propulsion to cross the Atlantic. The first steamer that crossed the ocean was the *Savannah*, built at Corlear's Hook, New York City; but she relied partly upon sail power.

A century ago the woods of Weehawken were the scene of one of the most significant and famous private encounters that have ever been recorded. Not only did the participants hold exalted positions in the political and social world, but at least one of them had connected his name indissolubly with the history of his country and the record of her progress.

At the time of the celebrated Burr-Hamilton duel the former had just been defeated in his candidacy for the governorship of New York. As a consequence of the intense political excitement, both parties indulged more or less in acrimonious speeches.

General Alexander Hamilton was the reputed author of statements derogatory to the character of his opponent. The matter was taken up and made much of by some of Hamilton's enemies, and finally led to the writing of a letter by Burr, as follows:

NEW YORK, June 18, 1804.

SIR:—

I send for your perusal a letter signed Charles D. Cooper, which, though apparently published some time ago, has but very

recently come to my knowledge. Mr. Van Ness, who does me the favour to deliver this, will point out to you that clause of the letter to which I particularly request your attention.

You must perceive, sir, the necessity of a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expression which would warrant the assertion of Dr. Cooper.

I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

A. BURR.

GEN. HAMILTON.

To this peremptory communication General Hamilton replied at some length on June 20th, saying in substance that he considered the charge too vague to admit of either denial or acknowledgment.

"I have become convinced," he wrote, "that I could not, without manifest impropriety, make the avowal or disavowal which you seem to think necessary." There follows a somewhat pedantic examination of the grammatical distinction between the terms "despicable" and "more despicable" used in Dr. Cooper's letter, and concludes in the following words:

I deem it inadmissible on principle, to consent to be interrogated as to the justness of the inferences which may be drawn by others from whatever I have said of a political opponent in the course of a fifteen years' competition.

I stand ready to avow or disavow promptly and explicitly any precise or definite opinion which I may be charged with having declared of any gentleman. More than this cannot fitly be expected of me.

I trust, on more reflection, that you will see the matter in the same light with me. If not I can only regret the circumstance and must abide the consequences. The publication of Dr. Cooper was never seen by me till after the receipt of your letter.

Burr found neither "sincerity nor delicacy" in Hamilton's letter. He particularly objected to the charge being treated "as a matter of syntax," and again insisted upon a definite avowal or denial of Dr. Cooper's statements. It was not until the receipt of this letter that Hamilton saw his friend, Mr. Pendleton, and placed the correspondence before him. He told Pendleton that he considered the letter from Burr rude and offensive, and that he had expressed that opinion to Van Ness.

The latter gentleman was a strong partisan, a warm personal friend of Burr's and a bitter political enemy of Hamilton's. His antipathies were pronounced, and his language would be considered in this day of greater restraint as intemperate. There can be no doubt that his inclination, if not his efforts, was adverse to a peaceful solution of the difficulty.


The correspondence culminated, as might naturally be expected, in a challenge delivered by Mr. Van Ness in behalf of his principal in the affair.

From the *Life of Aaron Burr*, by Samuel Lorenze Knapp, published in 1835, we may quote a brief account. The particulars of what then took place will appear from the following statement, as agreed upon and corrected by the seconds of the parties:

Colonel Burr arrived first on the ground, as had been previously agreed. When General Hamilton arrived, the parties exchanged salutations and the seconds proceeded to make their arrangements. They measured the distance, ten full paces, and

cast lots for the choice of positions, as also to determine by whom the word should be given, both of which fell upon the second of General Hamilton (Mr. Pendleton). The gentleman who was to give the word then explained to the parties the rules which were to govern them in firing, which were as follows: The parties being placed at their stations, shall present and fire when they please. If one fire before the other the opposite second shall say, one, two, three, fire or lose his fire. He then asked if they were prepared. Being answered in the affirmative he gave the word present, as had been agreed on, and both parties presented and fired in succession. The intervening time is not expressed, as the seconds do not precisely agree on that point. The fire of Colonel Burr took effect and General Hamilton almost instantly fell. Colonel Burr then advanced towards General Hamilton with a manner and gesture that appeared to General Hamilton's friends expressive of regret, but, without speaking, turned about and withdrew, being urged from the field by his friend, as has been subsequently stated, with a view to prevent his being recognised by the surgeon and bargemen who were then approaching. No further communication took place between the principals and the barge that carried Colonel Burr immediately returned to the City. We conceive it proper to add that the conduct of the parties in this interview was perfectly proper, as suited the occasion.

After a short time spent at his own house in New York Burr travelled south, and was met by crowds of enthusiastic adherents, who made his journey almost a royal progress. But far different was the feeling in the North, where the friends of Hamilton predominated. In New York Colonel Burr was execrated as a murderer, the encounter having resulted fatally for Hamilton, and the grand jury indicted the victor. But the case was never brought to trial. At the following session of Congress, Burr calmly took his place as the



presiding officer of the Senate, delivering at the conclusion a speech long remembered for its eloquence. The subsequent trial of Aaron Burr for conspiracy against the Government of the United States, and the intrigue that led up to it, while of extraordinary interest to the student of American history, has no place in the present volume.

A monument erected to mark the spot of the duel was almost entirely chipped away by relic hunters, and finally removed to make room for the road that now runs directly over its site. This was near the edge of the river, below the cliffs. There is now upon a more elevated situation a monument surmounted by a bust of Hamilton, and enclosed by a railing to preserve it from the destructive attentions of sightseers.

Weehawken has other and pleasanter associations. Not far to the south was the pleasure ground known as the Elysian Fields, where for a while fashion—not then as fastidious as afterwards—found a delightful retreat.

There, on a warm summer afternoon [wrote Lossing], or on a moonlit evening, might be seen scores of both sexes strolling upon the soft grass, or sitting upon the green sward, recalling to memory many beautiful sketches of life in the earlier periods of the world, given in the volumes of the old poets.

Castle Point, the promontory from which the Dutch drove the Indians mercilessly into the river, was at the southern end of the Elysian Fields, and underneath it there used to be a grotto called the Sibyl's Cave, which

contained a spring of clear water that was in great repute.

But there was a mysterious tragedy connected with the Elysian Fields, and the gifted pen of Edgar Allan Poe has given it lasting celebrity. Briefly the story may be epitomised here. Mary Rogers was a beautiful girl employed by a well-known tobacco dealer in New York. Her admirers were many, so that the store where she worked became a popular resort for the young men of the town. Suddenly she disappeared, and after a while it began to be whispered that she had been foully dealt with. The newspapers took up the matter, and the fate of Mary Rogers became the leading topic of the day. Clue after clue was followed, and all led to the conclusion that a murder had been



THE SYBIL'S CAVE, HOBOKEN

committed, and that the scene of the atrocity was the Elysian Fields. But there the police and the papers alike stopped, baffled. Then Poe, changing the scene from the Hudson to the Seine, and hiding the name of Mary Rogers under a transparent French equivalent, wrote one of his most marvellous tales, the *Mystery of Marie Roget*. One by one he took up the clues; with an astuteness that seemed almost inspired he worked out the history of the murder. Every one at that day read the story, and to the popular mind the *Mystery of Marie Roget* fully elucidated the gruesome fate of Mary Rogers. There was a story current, impossible now to verify, that fifteen or twenty years afterwards, a sailor, dying in a hospital, confessed to the murder, giving details which substantially agreed with Poe's narrative.

All the river front has changed, almost beyond recognition. A large part of it at Weehawken is taken up with coal and oil depots and the West Shore terminals. A trolley line connects with the Forty-second Street Ferry and carries the passengers to the top of the bluff and beyond. But there are still, between this point and Fort Lee, unoccupied and wooded acres lying back of the shore along the heights that are still among the finest points of view in the neighbourhood of New York.

More than half a century ago Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote, in praise of this locality:

Weehawken! In thy mountain scenery yet
All we adore of nature in her wild



And frolic hour of infancy, is met;
And never has a summer's morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels in, when high

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
O'er crags, that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows the sense of danger which sublimates
The breathless moment—when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view.
Ocean and earth and heaven burst before him,
Clouds slumbering at his feet and the clear blue
Of summer's sky in beauty bending o'er him—
The city bright below: and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

Stevens, as elsewhere noted, built and operated the first steam ferryboats that were ever used, and they ran between Manhattan Island and Hoboken.

One cannot realise the primitive Hoboken of that day in the place of many wharves, where the ocean liners lie at their piers, or move majestically out into the stream. Among the principal steamers that make a landing at Hoboken are those of the North German Lloyd, Hamburg, and Wilson lines. The river front is uninviting—a region of coal-sheds, of depots, and elaborate complications of rails.

Between Hoboken and Fort Lee are the points that Benson J. Lossing described as “the little villages of Pleasant Valley, Bull's Ferry, and Weehawk.” Bull's Ferry, now Shadyside, is distant from Fort Lee about

three miles. It was for many years a favourite resort for working-men from New York, and pictures made along that shore thirty years ago show an inviting prospect of green slopes and wooded cliffs. At present the favourite objective point of the crowds that cross the river to escape the rigours of a "dry Sunday" in the metropolis are the groves and public houses of Fort Lee.

But Shadyside may claim a more romantic celebrity. There was in 1780 a blockhouse near the ferry, and for a time it was garrisoned by a British picket, whose duty it was to protect the loyalists of the neighbourhood. A number of cattle and horses belonging to Americans had strayed on to Bergen's Neck, and offered a tempting bait for Tory marauders from Paulus Hook.

From his headquarters near the Ramapo Hills, Washington dispatched Wayne—"Mad Anthony," as his contemporaries sometimes called him—to attack the blockhouse and drive away the British garrison, and also to secure the cattle for their owners. Light-Horse Harry Lee was dispatched on the latter mission, while Wayne made the attack upon the blockhouse with three Pennsylvania companies and four light pieces of cannon. But the attack was unavailing, the post proving too strong for the artillery of the besiegers, and the Americans were repulsed with a loss of sixty men.

General Wayne succeeded in destroying some boats and capturing a number of cattle, with which he returned to the American lines.



THE ELYSIAN FIELDS, HOBOKEN
(From an old print)



This affair might have been forgotten as one of the minor incidents of the war, without any particular significance or relation to other events, had not one of the accomplished young officers in his Majesty's service conceived the idea of making it the subject of a ballad. The officer was the ill-fated Major André, whose name is for ever associated with the attempt of Arnold to betray West Point into the hands of the enemy. In his ballad, which he called the *Cow Chase*, André gave free rein to his satirical humour. As the poem contains seventy-one stanzas, the reader will excuse its full insertion in this place. But here is a sample of it:

All in a cloud of dust were seen
The sheep, the horse, the goat,
The gentle heifer, ass obscene,
The yearling and the shoate.

And packhorses with fowls came by
Befeathered on each side,
Like Pegasus, the horse that I
And other poets ride.

Sublime upon his stirrups rose
The mighty Lee behind
And drove the terror smitten cows
Like chaff before the wind.

And so on, *ad infinitum*. It is not always clean nor abounding in good taste, nor even clever, except with a variety of wit that suggests the barrack room and the stables, but it contained one remarkable verse, that had a touch of prophecy in it. The verses were

published in *Rivington's Gazette*, the last one being as follows:

And now I 've closed my epic strain
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrior-drover, Wayne,
Should ever catch the poet.

On the day that that appeared in print Major André was arrested as a spy, and the commander of the guard that accompanied him to the scaffold was General Wayne.

Chapter VII

Early Settlers of the Hudson Valley

THE original patentees of the lands along the Hudson lived at first in a way that seems to have been a curious compromise between primitive frontier conditions and feudal dignity. Patroons and Manor Lords ruled over uncounted acres of wilderness, upon which a sparse and widely scattered tenantry cleared land, raised corn and large families, and took daily chances of Indian massacre.

To the reply made by Secretary Van Tienhoven to a remonstrance of the colonists, in 1650, we are indebted for light upon the relations between the patentees and their tenants.


'T is moreover, to be borne in mind that the Patroon of the Colonie Rensselaerwyk causes all his tenants to sign, that they will not appeal to the Mannhattans, in direct contravention of the exceptions, by which the colonists are bound to render to the director and council at the Mannhattans an annual report both of the colony and the administration of Justice. . . . 'T would be a very strange thing if the officers of the country could not banish anybody from it, whilst the authorities of the Colonie Rensselaerwyk, who are subordinate to the company, absolutely banish whomsoever they please, for the welfare of the Colonie:

and they do not allow any person to reside there except at their pleasure and upon certain conditions.

The colonists of lower degree held their land only upon a rent lease, beaver pelts being accepted instead of money, which was a very scarce commodity. So little money was there in the country, indeed, that a short time previous to the writing of the report just cited, a law had been passed which legalised the use of the Indian currency—wampum.

The title of Patroon conveys to most modern minds an idea of somewhat exalted rank. We are accustomed to point to those colonial princelings as though they had brought to the New World the inestimable advantages of blue blood along with the favour of the sovereign Lords of Holland. But history shows that land patents were never supposed to imply either birth, breeding, or previous rank of any kind on the part of the recipient. Patroonships, like houses, lands, ships, or peltries, were in the market to be purchased for money. Exactly the requirements insisted upon by the company may be learned from the following excerpt from a bill of "Freedoms and Exemptions," granted by the West India Company in 1640:

All good inhabitants of the Netherlands and all others inclined to plant any Colonies in New Netherland shall be at liberty to send three or four persons in the Company's ships going thither, to examine the circumstances there, on condition that they swear to the articles, as well as the officers and seamen, as far as they relate to them, and pay for board and passage out and home, to wit, those who eat in the master's cabin, fifteen stivers



per day, and those who go and eat in the orlop, shall have their board and passage gratis, and in case of an attack, offensive or defensive, they shall be obliged to lend a hand with the others, on condition of receiving, should any of the enemy's ships be overcome, their share of the booty pro rata, each according to his quality, to wit: the Colonists eating out of the Cabin shall be rated with the seamen, and those eating in the cabin with the Company's servants who board there and have the lowest rate of pay.

In the selection of lands, those who shall have first notified and presented themselves to the Company, whether Patroons or private Colonists, shall be preferred to others who may follow.

In case any one be deceived in selecting ground, or should the place by him chosen afterwards not please him, he will, upon previous representation to the Governor and Council then be at liberty to select another situation.

For Patroons and Feudatories of New Netherland, shall be acknowledged all such as shall ship hence, and plant there a Colonie of fifty souls, above fifteen years of age, within the space of three years after having made a declaration and given notice thereof, to some Chamber of the Company here or to the Governor or Council there; namely, one-third part within the year, and so forth, from year to year, until the number be completed, on pain of losing, through notorious neglect, the obtained Freedoms and cattle. But they shall be warned that the Company reserves the Island Manhattes to itself.

All Patroons and Feudatories shall, on requesting it, be granted *Venia Testandi*, or the power to dispose of, or bequeath, his fief by Will.

For Masters or Colonists, shall be acknowledged, those who will remove to New Netherland with five souls above fifteen years; to all such, our Governor there shall grant in property one hundred morgens, Rhineland measure, of land, contiguous one to the other, wherever they please to select.

And the Patroons, of themselves or by their agents, at the places where they will plant their Colonies, shall have the privilege to extend the latter one mile (consisting of, or estimated at, 1600 Rhineland perches) along the coast, bay or a navigable

river, and two contiguous miles landward in; it being well understood, that no two Patroonships shall be selected on both sides of a river or bay, right opposite to each other; and that the Company retains to itself the property of the lands lying between the limits of the Colonies, to dispose thereof hereafter according to its pleasure; and that the Patroons and Colonists shall be obliged to give each other an outlet and issue, (uytteweeghen ende uyttewateren) at the nearest place and at the smallest expense; and in case of disagreement, it shall be settled in the presence and by the decision of the Governor for the time being.

The Patroons shall forever possess all the lands situate within their limits, together with the produce, superficies, minerals, rivers and fountains thereof, with high, low and middle jurisdiction, hunting, fishing, fowling and milling, the lands remaining allodial, but the jurisdiction as of a perpetual hereditary fief, devolvable by death as well to females as to males, and fealty and homage for which is to be rendered to the Company, on each of such occasions, with a pair of iron gauntlets, redeemable by twenty guilders within a year and six weeks, at the Assembly of the XIX., here, or before the Governor there; with this understanding, that in case of division of said fief or jurisdiction, be it high, middle or low, the parts shall be and remain of the same nature as was originally conferred on the whole, and fealty and homage must be rendered for each part thereof by a pair of iron gauntlets, redeemable by twenty guilders, as aforesaid.

There is in the provisions of this act a survival of customs fostered under a mediæval feudatory system,—customs that seem strangely out of place in the new land. Another clause provides that:

Should any Patroon, in course of time, happen to prosper in his Colonie to such a degree as to be able to found one or more towns, he shall have authority to appoint officers and magistrates there, and make use of the title of his Colonie, according to the pleasure and the quality of the persons, all saving the Company's regalia.

A further explanation of the terms upon which



Patroons and their colonists lived together is furnished in a report of the Committee of the States-General:

Whereas it is found that greater pains have generally been taken to promote the fur trade than the agriculture and population of the country, the supreme court there, shall, in consequence, above all things, provide that cattle be not exported, but be as much as possible retained and reared there: also that a good quantity of grain be kept in store to be furnished and sold at a reasonable price to newly arrived immigrants, who are to be assisted and favoured in every manner, and be located on good lands, suitable for cultivation, taking care therein that they shall dwell as close and as compact together as possible on such lands and places as shall be considered best and most suitable for homestead, bouwerie, plantation and security: the Patroons of Colonies remaining at liberty to improve their own lands as they think proper, they being also obliged to settle the colonists in the form of villages.


The lower Philipse patent, in 1779, embraced a large part of Westchester County, though Philipse was not a Patroon. North of his extensive territory, more particularly defined in another chapter, lay the manor of Cortlandt, reaching as far as Anthony's Nose. On the north of Van Cortlandt Philipse again appears; the Highland Patent, as it was called, taking in nearly all of Putnam County and reaching to Fishkill creek. Rondout came next, including the land between Fishkill and Wappinger's creek. The Schuylers ruled where Poughkeepsie now is, and Falconer's purchase lay to the north. Above Falconer's was the Henry Beekman tract, that had Esopus as its northern boundary, and above that the Schuyler name again appears.

The manor of Livingston, from Rhinebeck to Catskill Station, lay next to Rensselaerwyk, that reached as far as Troy.

It will be noticed that nearly all of the land chosen by the earliest colonists was upon the east bank of the river, where the alluring valleys and rolling hills afforded a chance for husbandry, while the more forbidding cliffs and headlands of the western shore remained for the most part unsettled, except at a few favourable points. But above the Highlands the physical conditions of the shores commence gradually to change, and the narrowing stream affords a less formidable line of division. The Van Rensselaer patent was the first to cover both sides of the Hudson.

The question is often raised whether the men who colonised the Hudson shores were to any extent educated or cultivated persons. Curiosity on such a point is natural, considering how many of the families now socially prominent in New York trace descent from them.

Let us in the first place remember that the scholarly men and those whose lives are passed amidst luxurious surroundings seldom make colonists. To strike into the wilderness for anything more than a dash of adventure usually indicates that one has more to gain than to lose, and that his habit is active rather than contemplative. If noble families are represented in any colony, it is apt to be through their needy cadets, and they will usually be found in company with those





AN EARLY VIEW (about 1890) OF HAVENSTRAW
(From an old print)

who possess the advantage of energy and are unhampered by the obligations of pedigree.

Oloffte Stevanson Van Cortlandt was in the military service of Holland, and became afterwards commissary of cargoes for the West India Company. His descent is said to be from a noble Russian family. Subsequently to his employment by the company, which occupied ten years, he amassed a fortune as a brewer. He married a wealthy wife, and became, by purchase, the proprietor of the Van Cortlandt Manor on the river.

Van Cortlandt's neighbour, Philipse, began life (according to Chief-Justice John Jay) as a carpenter. The experts in heraldry have also accommodated him with noble ancestors—this time of Bohemian blood. By shrewdness and energy he won a fortune, and became not only one of the most influential, but also the wealthiest man in the colony.

These able men were sufficiently distinguished by their own remarkable qualities, and it is difficult to comprehend the persistent effort to decorate them with superfluous pedigrees. The Schuylers appear to have been of gentle blood, and Robert Livingston, the father of all the Livingstons, was the son of the Rev. John Livingston, a Scotch dissenting minister, who was banished to Holland for contumacy in 1663. The remainder of the colonists, from Patroons to tenants, seem to have been of that race that has always furnished the best colonisers in the world, and they have left a record of pluck and persistence that is part of the

heritage of the country they settled and of the national character they helped to mould.

The first of the Van Rensselaers was a man of prominence and wealth in Holland, but he was not a resident upon his American estate.

The later comers, of whom Livingston was a shining example, were three quarters of a century behind the first, and enjoyed their manorial rights under new patents or confirmations of old ones, granted by the English Crown. We find Charles II. in the year 1660 appointing a "Councill of Forraigne Plantacions" with power to investigate all questions of government or trade relating to the colonies, and to recommend measures beneficial to all parties, but particularly to the Crown. Four years afterwards Stuyvesant surrendered New Amsterdam to the commander of the British fleet.

For the enlightenment of his masters, the States-General, and incidentally for the instruction of posterity, the careful Secretary Van Tienhoven in 1650 wrote a report that contained a section relating to the conveyance of farmers and handicraftsmen, the charges and responsibilities for which were assumed by the Patroon or land patentee.

A large flyboat of 200 lasts, which would be chartered for the voyage out for fl. 6000.

A vessel of 200 lasts would probably carry over 250 persons exclusive of the ships crew: they would require for food, for the voyage at least 30 guilders, fl. 7500.

Every 250 farmers would require a superintendant.

A clergyman, or in his place provisionally, a comforter of the sick, who could also act as schoolmaster.

A surgeon, provided with medicines.

A blacksmith who is conversent with the treatment of horses and cattle.

Three or four house carpenters who can lay brick.

One cooper.

One wheelwright.

Other tradesmen such as tailors and shoemakers, follow with time.

A necessary supply of the munitions of war, for the defence of the Colonists, in case of misunderstanding with the natives.

In a colony the necessary stock for beginning was provided to each tenant by the landlord. This stocking included one pair of draught cattle, two cows, and one or two sows. "If in the course of time, with God's blessing, the stock multiply, the bouweries can be fully stocked with necessary cattle, and new bouweries set off with the remainder, as is the practice in Rensselaer's Colonie and other places, and so on, *de novo*, so as to lay out no money for stock."

The houses used at first by those who settled the new lands were rude affairs, often consisting of nothing more than a pit, dug cellar fashion, encased, and floored with timber, and roofed with spars covered with bark and sod. Not only did the poorer settlers use such homes, we are informed, but even the "wealthy and principal men" commenced to live in that fashion, doing so for the twofold reason that they might lose no time from the planting and cultivation of necessary

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crops, and that the poorer colonists might be encouraged by their example.

More substantial dwellings followed those first primitive makeshifts that at the most could not be expected to last above four or five years.

Reference has already been made to the troubles — or, as Van Tienhoven calls them, “misunderstandings” — with Indian neighbours. Particular instances of such unfortunate encounters have their place in the narratives of individual settlements, and will be touched upon more fully in other chapters of this book.

It is suggestive of recent South African history that the tenant farmers were referred to in some of the old documents as boors or boers. To us of to-day the name is associated with sweltering velts and beleaguered kopps and laagers of waggons bristling with guns. Perhaps the best way for us to comprehend the Boer of the seventeenth century, with his energy, pluck, thrift, and courage, is by studying his kinsman of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, to whose unconquerable obstinacy the attention of the world has for several years been directed. Instead of a Transvaal farm, substitute a Hudson River bouwerie. Let the colonist trek with family and household goods and gods to the pleasant, well-watered lands of Schuyler or Van Rensselaer. He carries a match-lock gun, heavy as a weaver's beam, easy to handle as a small cannon, and taking probably not more than five minutes to load and fire. His garments are of a quaint cut, and

he has a cherubic breadth of feature, if we are to trust the painters. He is unlettered, practical, not too nice in manners and far from fanciful regarding either this life or the next. He has accepted Calvinism, but does not allow it to disturb him; wherein he differs essentially from his New England neighbour, who wears his creed as an ascetic would wear a hair shirt, to the discomfort of himself and the annoyance of his neighbours.

The Hudson River Boer worked out his salvation with infinite difficulty and toil, though fear and trembling were foreign to his disposition. He hewed his home out of the wilderness, endured hardship with as little complaint as any colonist in the world has ever made, and he has furnished the backbone and sinew of many a hardy fight. His blood, "transmitted free," has reddened many a battle-field and consecrated many a victory.

Is the Boer capable of self-development, of high achievement, of ultimate success? It may be that the answer lies in the history of the men who settled the valley of the Hudson.

Chapter VIII

The Passing of the White Wings

IF one who knew the Hudson in his youth should return after half a century of absence, possibly the change which would strike him most forcibly would be in the character of the shipping.

Turning his eyes away from the tall buildings, he would expect to discover in the river itself some realisation of old memories; but in spite of familiar shore lines and well-known contours, the aspect of the stream would be strange and new.

He would perhaps be bewildered, while he could not fail to be impressed, by the spectacular display of steam craft of every description, from the smallest launch that darts shoreward from the side of some trim yacht or imposing war vessel, to the ocean liners that move majestically from their piers and succeed in preserving an imposing dignity of demeanour in spite of the hustling, bustling, rowdy tugs to whose escort they have been committed. The ubiquitous tug is the irreclaimable tough of rivers and harbours: a swaggering, swearing, cock-sure ruffian, who respects neither age nor rank. It will tackle an *Olympia* with



THE UNQUIET TUG
(From a drawing by the author)

as little ceremony as it would take hold of a Yucatan tramp or a Duluth whaleback, and would swing out an ocean greyhound with a *sang froid* that smacks of *lèse majesté*.

The tugboat acts upon the assumption that he has an unexpired lease upon all rivers, and to avoid "entangling alliances," other boats by common consent give him the widest possible berth. We say "he" advisedly. All vessels are feminine except this cockerel of the brackish waters.

The ferryboats—floating towns that hurl themselves from side to side of the river, transporting populations—are the wonderful progeny of the little steam ferryboat that Col. John Stevens set afloat between New York and Hoboken in 1811.

Now the huge arks pass and repass, some to the point most nearly opposite, others crossing their course diagonally, bound for a distant slip, and all engaged in what would seem to be a leviathan performance of Sir Roger de Coverley.

The freighters find their way among the throng, some light and riding high, with the rusty red of their under hulls dropping sanguinary reflections on the waves; others ploughing deep. They carry a sordid, toil-worn air, as if to impress one with the fact that they have been buffeted by strange seas and moored beside unclean wharves under the equator.

Among them all is a barkentine, working her way through the press. One look is enough to identify her.

The long wooden stock of the anchor that is catted at her bow proclaims that she is from Nova Scotia or some of its English neighbours. By her course she is probably bound to Rockland Lake for ice.

Beyond an overdecked river side-wheeler that sends a tidal wave to port and starboard as she goes, and sets all the river rocking, there is the trim, black hull of a foreign man-of-war at anchor. She has just arrived, and her spars for the present seem to be converted to laundry uses. A little farther upstream some private yachts glitter with clean paint and resplendent brass.

Everywhere there is life, motion, the expression of strength,—but where is the picture that memory recalls of the old Hudson? Here is power, but at the expense of the romance, the poetry, may we say the beauty and grace of an earlier day.

What naval spectacle or pageant can compare with the flight of the white wings that once were spread through all the sunlit reaches of the river, enchanted argosies that bore about them, if not the scent of sandal wood and musky odour of spice islands, at least an undefined suggestion of remote wharves and unexplored hamlets?

From Burnet's Key and the old Albany Wharf and the market dock and fifty points and piers along the river shore they put out with whatever wind Providence might send, be it favourable or unfavourable, for far-off villages along the Tappan Zee and Haver-

straw Bay, and even beyond the Highlands as far as the navigable water flowed.

The names of the old Hudson River captains of sailing craft are not all forgotten. Many an old resident will recall Thomas Brown, Charles and Isaac Depew, the Requas, the Lyons, James B. and John L. Travis, Vermilye, Storm, Conkling, Farrington, and others.

Harvey P. Farrington is, at the time of this writing, a hale octogenarian, who graduated from a schooner into the steamboat ranks, from captain became owner, and is now, at a time of life when most men willingly retire from active business, to be found every day during business hours at one of the prominent city banks, of which he is a director.

Samuel Requa,—“Captain Sam,”—who with his father used to own and run sailing vessels, and who afterwards took to steamboating, is now an honoured and substantial citizen of Tarrytown.

“Commodore” Vanderbilt once sailed a boat regularly between New York and Peekskill.

Before the days of the railroad, and even for a number of years after that destroyer of pristine conditions had been established, there was hardly a village on the Hudson that did not own a fleet of from five or six to fifty or sixty sail. Even now nearly half of the old men in many a town along shore answer to the title of captain, the explanation in each case being that “He used to follow the river.” Even the phrase has an old-time sound. Once it was an acknowledged and even

a proud profession to "follow the river." He who made the best runs and carried the biggest freights without loss of either deckload or time was counted a man among his fellow-men.

There are a few of them left,—grizzled, keen-eyed, hard-fisted, broad shouldered,—a race by themselves, unhappily passing away,—the men who followed the river. They were in many cases the sons and grandsons of sires who had browned in the sun and wind and shed the blood from their cracked fingers on the frozen sails and sheets of their craft long before Fort Washington had a name or Newburgh was anything more than a place that shipped excellent butter.

They carried peltries and flour from Rensselaerwyk and Esopus, and ran the dreaded gauntlet of the Highlands, saying their prayers in Dutch when the awful shadow of the phantom ship crossed their bows in the moonlight under Point no Point. From generation to generation they transmitted the legends and the secrets of boatcraft that no mere landsman can ever know and—never one among them all had the wit or the skill to put pen to paper and set it down for our delectation and his own enduring fame.

In ancient days it became necessary at times to restrain the adventurous skippers by legislative act, or by an order of the New Amsterdam Court, which amounted to the same thing. In one of the old documents which throw a flood of light upon the early manners and customs we read that:



Whereas divers Skippers and Sloop captains have requested leave to sail to Esopus and Willemstadt with their vessels, whereby this city would be almost wholly stripped of craft, and the citizens greatly weakened, to prevent which those of the Court of this city are ordered to summon all skippers and sloop captains of this city before them, and to instruct them that no more than two sloops shall go at one time, by lot or rotation, to Willemstadt and Esopus and one sloop to the South river; nor shall they take any passengers with them from here without a pass; for such is found necessary for the better security of this city. Done Fort Willem Hendrick, as above.

Fort Willem Hendrick was the name by which the Dutch called their stronghold on Manhattan after its recapture from the English. In a year, as we have seen, the Government was again in English hands, but there seems to have been no lack of honest appreciation of the solid Dutch qualities of thrift and industry on the part of their new rulers.

Between the Dutch and English navigators there was almost ceaseless trouble arising from the rival claims to the river and the jealousy of those who figured prospective honours and patroonships as the result of Indian trade.

An amusing record of a Dutch attempt to put a stop to English trading is given in the following words:

7 November 1633. Jacob Jacobson Elkins, of Amsterdam merchant, aged about 42 yeares, sworn before William Merricke, doctor of lawes, surrogate to the righte worth Sir Henry Marten, Knight judge of his Majesties highe court off the Admiralltye.

To the first interreye, hee sayeth, that within the time interrogate William Colbery, David Moregead, and John de la Barr, of London Merchants, att their owne proper costs and

chardges did freighte, victuall and sett forth the interrogate shippe, the William of London (whereof William Trevorre was master) and did lade diverse goodes aboard her, with intent, that she sould goe to Hutsons river in New England, within the dominions of the Kingh of England, to trade and trucke away such goods, as she carryed to the natives of those countries, for beaver skinnes and other skinnes and furs; the premisses hee knoweth to bee true, for that he was factor for the said merchants in that voyage.

To the second hee sayeth, that the said shippe, the William arrived att the forte, called Manhatton, also Amsterdam, in the said Hutsons river, uppon the twelvth daye of Aprill, last past; and sayeth, that the entrance of the said river is in the latitude of fourtie degrees and a halfe or thereaboutes, and in longitude about one and fortie degrees and a halfe. And after their arrivall neere that forte, this deponente sente the Chirurgeon of the said shippe on shoare to the said forte, to intreate the Governor to come aboard the said shippe the William. Where uppon the said Governor bad the chirurgeon to comannde the master of the said shippe; and this axiadate beinge the factor to come on shoare to the fort, where the said Governor and others were sittinge in counsell together. And the said Governor demanded his deponente, wherefore hee was come thither, and what his business was. And this deponente replyed: to trade with the natives there, as hee had formerly done, for beaver and otter skinnes, and other skinnes and furs. And then the said Governor asked him for his commission, whereunto this deponente answered, that he was not bound to shewe it, for that he was then within the King of Englands dominions, and for that he was a servante to the subjectes of the said kinge; and desired of them to see what Commission they had, to plante there, within the King of Englands dominions. And he tould the said Governor, if he would not give him his good will soe to doe, hee would goe upp the said river without it, although it cost him his life. Whereuppon the Governor commannded all the companye of the said shippe to come on shoare. And in the presence of them all, the said Governor commannded, that the Prince of Orange his flagge should bee putt upp in the forte, and three peeces of



SPREADING THE WHITE WINGS

(From a drawing by the author)



ordnance to bee shott off for the honor of the said Prince. And then this deponente commanded the gunner of the said shippe the William, to goe aboard and putt upp the englishe flagge, and to shoote of three peeces of ordnance for the honor of the King of England. And then the said Governor badd this deponente, take heede, that it did not cost him his necke, or his (: the said Governors). And after the premisses this deponente and the companye of the William wente upp the said river to trade, and comminge neere the forte, called Orange, the Governor of that forte would not suffer theire shalopp to come to the shoare, to trade there. Whereuppon this deponente wente a mile belowe that forte, and there sett upp a tent, and carried all theire goodes on shoare, and was in trade with the Salvages. And the Dutch sett up a tent by the said englishe tent, to hinder theire trade as much as they could. And then there came souldiers from both the said dutch forts with musketts, halfe pikes, swords and other weapons, and beat some indians, which came to trade with this deponente, and commannded this exaidate and companye to departe from thence, sayinge that that land was theirs, they havinge boughte it of the Salvages. And then the Dutch pulled downe the tente of the Englishe, and sente theire goodes aboard, some in a shalloppe, belonginge to the William, and some in a boate, belonginge to the Dutch; and then the Dutch weighed the anchors of the William, and carrying them aboard her. And afterwarde the said shippe goinge downe the said river againe when she came to Manhatton forte, this deponente beinge there on shoare. The Governor commannded him to sende all the beaver and other skinnes on shoare to the fort, which this deponente and companye had gott in trucke with the salvages; which this deponente refusinge to doe, the Governor then demanded a particular of all the skinnes that were aboard the said shippe.

The principal Towns within this Government [wrote Governor Dongan to the home government], are New York and Albany and Kingston at Esopus. All the rest are country villages, the Buildings in New York and Albany are generally of Stone and brick. In the country the houses are mostly new built, having two or three rooms on a floor. *The Dutch are*

great improvers of land. New York and Albany live wholly upon trade with the Indians, England and West Indies. The returns for England are generally Beaver Peltry, Oile and Tobacco when we can have it. To the West Indies wee send Flower, Bread, Pease Pork and sometimes Horses: the return from thence for the most part is Rumm, which pays the king a considerable Excise, and some Molasses which serves the people to make drink and pays noe custom.

There are about nine or ten three Mast Vessels of about eighty or a Hundred tons burthen, two or three ketches and Barks of about forty Tun; and about twenty Sloops of about twenty or five and twenty Tun belonging to the Government—All of which Trade for England Holland and the West Indies, except five or six sloops that use the river Trade to Albany and that way.

In 1694 there belonged to the city of New Amsterdam sixty ships, twenty-five sloops, and forty boats. But neither then nor at any time in its history did the number of sail owned on the island begin to indicate the extent of its river trade, or the size of the fleet at its wharves.

Through two centuries the river traffic under sail increased, with few setbacks. Of course the War for Independence interfered for a while with trade and travel, but they were resumed as soon as the country was once more at peace. Almost the last to disappear when steam superseded sail propulsion were the boats that carried the least perishable kinds of farm produce. But now, except for an occasional Haverstraw brick schooner, or a pleasure boat from Nyack or Piermont, there is hardly a sail to be seen on a summer day from Paulus Hook to Croton.

Yes, we acknowledge the progress, the utility, the convenience; but the picture of another Hudson, radiant in the noontide, like a plain of burnished silver between its purple hills, is present to the mind's eye. It is sparkling with sails, white and glistening as pearls upon a baldric. A hundred are in sight, and a hundred



PALISADES FROM THE YELLOW ROCKS, TAPPAN ZEE
(From a drawing by the author)

and a hundred more stretch in endless procession to the shallows of the upper river. They feed the imagination and satisfy the sense of beauty as the mechanical inventions of the marine steamfitter can never do.

In the name of sentiment we deplore the passing of the white wings.

It is said that the old rivermen measured the river

by "reaches," counting fourteen of these between New York and the head of navigation. The first extended past the long wall of the Palisades, the "Great Chip rock" of the old deeds. The second reach included the Tappan Zee, and took the voyager as far as Haverstraw, which gave name to the third. Beyond the Haverstraw was Seylmaker's Reach, then Hoge's, next Vorsen, which included the hazardous passage of the Highlands. After that was Fisher's Reach, to Esopus, and Claverack next, with Bacerack, Playsier, Vaste, and Hunters succeeding each other as far as Kinderhook.

In an earlier—shall we say simpler?—time, the lines of social demarkation were more closely drawn than even at the present day, and the divinity that hedged the matrons and maidens of the upper class frequently stipulated for private conveyance. In one instance (that came to the writer at first hand, by personal narration) a careful father, living at Hudson, had his vessel repainted and renovated throughout, that his daughter might visit New York in a style befitting her social station. The voyage took nearly a week, and was remembered as one of the experiences of life for threescore years and ten.

Among the narratives of river travel a hundred years ago, none has been preserved that gives a more graphic or delightful picture of old scenes and customs than that contained in one of Washington Irving's letters. He is referring to a voyage made in 1800.

My first voyage up the Hudson was made in early boyhood, in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had annihilated time and space, and driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage to Albany then, was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and took almost as much time. We enjoyed the beauties of the river in those days; the features of nature were not all jumbled together, nor the towns and villages huddled one into the other by railroad speed as they are now.

I was to make the voyage under the protection of a relative of mature age; one experienced in the river. His first care was to look out for a favorite sloop and captain, in which there was great choice.

The constant voyaging in the river craft by the best families of New York and Albany, made the merits of captains and sloops matters of notoriety and discussion in both cities. The captains were mediums of communication between separated friends and families. On the arrival of one of them at either place he had messages to deliver and commissions to execute which took him from house to house. Some of the ladies of the family had, peradventure, made a voyage on board of his sloop, and experienced from him that protecting care which is always remembered with gratitude by female passengers. In this way the captains of Albany sloops were personages of more note in the community than captains of European packets or steamships at the present day. A sloop was at length chosen; but she had yet to complete her freight and secure a sufficient number of passengers. Days were consumed in "drumming up" a cargo. This was a tormenting delay to me who was about to make my first voyage, and who, boy-like, had packed up my trunk on the first mention of the expedition. How often that trunk had to be unpacked and repacked before we sailed!

At length the sloop actually got under way. As she worked slowly out of the dock into the stream, there was a great exchange of last words between friends on board and friends on shore, and much waving of handkerchiefs when the sloop was out of hearing.

Our captain was a worthy man, native of Albany, of one of the old Dutch stocks. His crew was composed of blacks, reared

in the family and belonging to him; for negro slavery still existed in the State. All his communications with them were in Dutch. They were obedient to his orders, though they occasionally had much previous discussion of the wisdom of them, and were sometimes positive in maintaining an opposite opinion. This was especially the case with an old grey-headed negro, who had sailed with the captain's father when the captain was a mere boy, and who was very crabbed and conceited on points of seamanship. I observed that the captain generally let him have his own way.

What a time of intense delight was that first sail through the Highlands. I sat on the deck as we slowly tided along at the foot of those stern mountains, and gazed with wonder and admiration at cliffs impending far above me, crowned with forests, with eagles sailing and screaming around them; or listened to the unseen stream dashing down precipices; or beheld rock, and, tree, and cloud, and sky reflected in the glassy stream of the river. And then how solemn and thrilling the scene as we anchored at night at the foot of these mountains, clothed with overhanging forests; and everything grew dark and mysterious; and I heard the plaintive note of the whip-poor-will from the mountain-side, or was startled now and then by the sudden leap and heavy splash of the sturgeon.

In 1840 N. P. Willis wrote:

The passage through the Highlands at West Point still bears the old name of Wey Gat or Wind-gate; and one of the prettiest moving dioramas conceivable, is the working through the gorge of the myriad sailing craft of the river. The sloops which ply the Hudson, by the way, are remarkable for their picturesque beauty, and for the enormous quantity of sail they carry on in all weathers, and nothing is more beautiful than the little fleets of from six to a dozen, all scudding or tacking together, like so many white sea birds on the wing. Up they come, with a dashing breeze, under Anthony's Nose, and the sugar loaf, and giving the rocky toe of West Point a wide berth, all down helm and round into the bay: when—just as the peak of Crow Nest slides

its shadow over the mainsail—slap comes the wind aback and the whole fleet is in a flutter. The channel is narrow and serpentine, the wind baffling, and small room to beat: but the craft are worked merrily and well; and dodging about as if to escape some invisible imp of the air they gain point after point till at last they get the Dunderbarrck behind them and fall once more into the regular current of the wind.

There have been not a few of the old river captains whose activity led them into new fields when forced to abandon the occupation of their earlier days.

Some of them may be found in directors' chairs in transportation companies and financial institutions. It took a large amount of hard horse sense to run a river schooner successfully in the old days of frequent crises and sharp competition, and the man who could cope with the shippers and the market men, keep the weather gage of rivals and more than hold his own with wind and tide, was very apt to be a valuable man in any active business.

In most cases it was the old schooner and sloop skippers that became captains of steam craft, and afterwards were frequently counted among the magnates of the river.

Many of the older river steamboats bear the names of men who "followed the river, man and boy" for many years, and were better known at most of the landing places than the Governor of the State or the member of Assembly from the district.

Chapter IX

Fulton and the Hudson River Steamboat

ROBERT FULTON, whose name is indissolubly connected with the history of navigation and no less intimately associated with the story of the Hudson River, was born in America before the War for Independence.

According to the most approved precedents, he showed in early boyhood a promise of inventive ability, in combination with a taste for art; the latter cultivated under the direction of the noted painter, Benjamin West. While in London, engaged in his chosen work, he became interested in canals and wrote a treatise on Canal Navigation. This was published, the author at the same time obtaining patents on a double inclined plane designed to take the place of locks in small canals.

This work, done by Fulton while sojourning in England, found its way across the ocean and attracted the attention of Albert Gallatin and others, who were the means of introducing the inventor and his ideas to the notice of Congress, which led to a fuller exposition of his views, prepared at the request of that body. Later

we find him advocating, if he did not suggest, the Erie Canal scheme, upon which he reported, as one of the commissioners. Among his various inventions were a mill for sawing marble, a machine for flax-spinning, a dredging machine, several types of canal-boats, a submarine torpedo, and a boat designed to act in conjunction with it. The plans for the last invention were carried out in France. Fulton actually submerged his craft at a depth of twenty feet, and stayed under water in her for four hours and a half. He carried a supply of air compressed in a copper globe, and propelled the boat by means of a hand-engine.

We have seen that Bushnell, in 1776, invented a torpedo and submarine boat to act in conjunction with it,—contrivances in which Israel Putnam seems to have placed great confidence,—but he never succeeded in making them practicable. Fulton, on the contrary, did blow up a vessel provided for the purpose, and demonstrated the destructive value of his work.

Fulton never claimed to be the first to propose steam navigation. Experiments in the same direction seem to have been made in 1690, or even earlier. The names of Blasco de Gary (Spanish), Papin, Jonathan Hulls, William Henry, Count d'Auxiron, M. Perier, Marquis de Jouffroy, James Rumsey, Nathan Read, John Fitch, and several others are in line before we reach that of Robert Fulton. His one peculiar title to pre-eminence was in the fact that he succeeded.

Rumsey came very near to success. He not only

completed a steamboat that was capable of moving through the water at a very moderate rate of speed, but he actually ran his steamer as a public carrier on the Delaware all through the summer of 1790. Fitch sailed a *screw* steamer on the old collect pond in New York before the *Clermont* was built; but both Rumsey and Fitch died before their tasks were accomplished. Then there were Ormsbee, Morey, and others, busy with experiments. The thing was so evidently in the air that it would have been almost a miracle if a busy brain like Fulton's had not caught the infection.

When Fulton took up the problem of steam navigation he was fortunate in having as his coadjutor one of the remarkable men of his time. The Honourable Robert R. Livingston was one of the committee that drafted the Declaration of Independence, he was a member of the committee that framed the first constitution of New York, was the first Chancellor of the State and forever to be remembered as having administered the oath of office to the first President of the United States.

Livingston, who had himself experimented with steam navigation, fell in with Fulton when he was in France as American Minister. They became acquainted about 1802, and were soon mutually engrossed in the plans for a steamboat which was made under Fulton's immediate supervision. In the following year the contrivance was completed. It had been built at their joint expense, but we do not find that then or after-

wards Livingston was practically engaged in the actual labour of invention or construction. His connection seems rather to have been that of a business partner or backer.

Preparations for a trial of their boat in the Seine were interrupted by the collapse of the contrivance, which broke in two and sunk in the river. Fulton succeeded, however, in raising the wreck, and, having repaired the hull, proceeded to demonstrate his theory. The trial was pronounced a success and the partners agreed to construct a larger boat on the Hudson River. For this enterprise Livingston was to supply the funds.

The engine was ordered from Messrs. Boulton and Watt, of Birmingham. It was built from specifications furnished by Fulton, but so greatly was the work delayed that it arrived in New York subsequently to the inventors' return in 1806.

A bill was passed by the Legislature, similar to one previously obtained by Livingston, renewing an exclusive privilege granted him before his departure for France. This act gave the associates the sole right to navigate the waters of New York State by steam for twenty years, an allowance of two years being made for the completion of the first steamboat.

The actual outlay for the boat exceeded the estimated cost, and it was found necessary to raise money by subscription. Among the subscribers was Robert Lenox, who, according to one account, put down a hundred dollars, but would not allow his name to be

used because he did not wish to have it connected with such a preposterous scheme.

The vessel was built at the shipyard of Charles Brown, on the East River, and not, as some writers have claimed, in the North Bay, near the Livingston manor-house of Clermont, at Tivoli. Nor can we find any warrant for the tradition that the plans for the boat were made at Clermont, though very possibly they may have been altered or perfected there.

Fulton's plans were said to have been marvels of careful detail, and we know that the engines for the steamboat were ordered in England before he had returned to America. We must, therefore, suppose that the plans were mainly worked out in France, where most of the preliminary experimenting had been done.

The steamer was named the *Clermont*, in compliment to Livingston. It was one hundred and thirty feet long, sixteen feet wide, and four feet deep, of one hundred and sixty tons measurement. The engine had a steam cylinder twenty-four inches in diameter, with a four-foot stroke. The boiler was twenty by seven by eight feet, and the wheels measured fifteen feet in diameter. This singular craft carried a smoke-stack that was very tall in comparison with the size of the boat and her paddle-wheels were uncovered. Altogether, she was something of a monstrosity, as compared with the river boats of to-day.

A contemporaneous account of the trial trip of the



DEPARTURE OF THE "CLERMONT" ON HER FIRST VOYAGE



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Clermont, in the summer of 1807, makes interesting reading.

Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of all who witnessed the experiment. The minds of the most incredulous were changed in a few minutes. Before the boat had made the progress of a quarter of a mile, the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The man who, while he looked on the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf and gained her speed; his complacent smile gradually stiffened into an expression of wonder. The jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to suppress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced for a moment by a vulgar astonishment, which deprived them of the power of utterance, till the triumph of genius extorted from the incredulous multitude which crowded the shores, shouts and acclamations of congratulation and applause.

Fulton, in a letter to the *American Citizen*, in sentences that show a stern repression of the pride that must have made his nerves dance, speaks of the achievement of his cherished plans. He states, briefly, that he has returned from Albany, and modestly mentions his hope that "such boats may be rendered of great importance to my country." He then proceeds to the statement of facts regarding his voyage.

I left New York on Monday at one o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at one o'clock on Tuesday—time, twenty-four hours: distance, one hundred and ten miles. On Wednesday, I departed from the Chancellor's at nine in the morning, and arrived at Albany at five in the afternoon—distance, forty miles; time, eight hours. The sum is one hundred and fifty miles in thirty-two hours, equal to near five miles an hour.

On Thursday, at nine o'clock in the morning, I left Albany, and arrived at the Chancellor's at six in the evening: I started from thence at seven, and arrived at New York at four in the afternoon—time, thirty hours; space run through, one hundred and fifty miles; equal to five miles an hour. Throughout my whole way, both going and returning, the wind was ahead; no advantage could be derived from my sails: the whole has, therefore, been performed by the power of the steam-engine.

I am sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT FULTON.

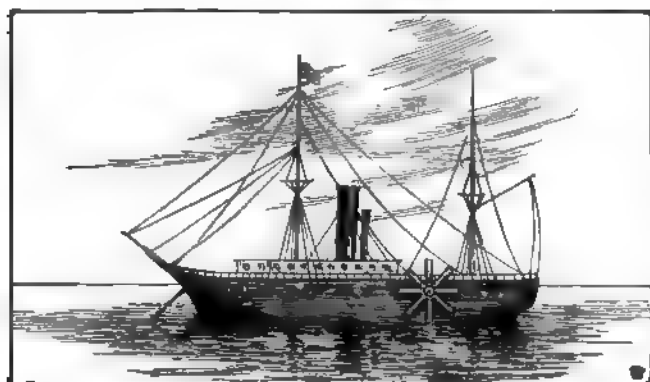
One frightened spectator of Fulton's experiment described the contrivance as "the Devil in a sawmill"—a not inapt comparison. The invited guests who stood upon the deck of the first of all successful steamboats as it snorted and puffed and clattered on its way up the river, must have been prepared for any emergency. We can imagine the more timorous ardently wishing themselves on shore again, and feeling that they had indeed taken their lives in their hands.

The use of fat pine wood for fuel made a particularly impressive spectacle when night overtook the voyagers, for the sparks flew in a ceaseless stream and warranted the statement that "It was a monster, moving on the river, defying wind and tide, and breathing flames and smoke."

Such was the progenitor of all the steam-craft in the world, and this the death-warrant to the fleets of sails that used to gladden the bosom of the Hudson. True, the execution of the warrant was delayed for more than half a century, or rather was accomplished by insensible degrees, so that no definite date can be assigned to it—but accomplished it finally is.

Fulton and the Hudson River Steamboat 127

When the sailing vessels had resigned their passenger service, as well as much of the freight traffic, to the new-fangled fire-eaters that infested the river, a class of boats developed that never had their like on earth before and probably never will again. They came by the scores, monopolising the business until the advent of the railway. They were built for speed and were

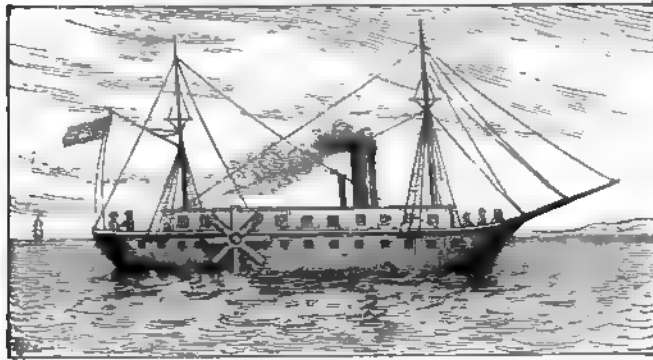


"CAR OF NEPTUNE," 1808

barbaric in their gorgeous display of gingerbread and gold. The taste and temperament—in a word, the personality—of the average American citizen of antebellum times was made concrete in the Hudson River steamboat. It somehow suggested the man who might buy an onyx mantel-piece for the satisfaction of putting his feet on it. Those great, resplendent, costly, comfortless, tasteless vessels, overloaded with ornament and magnificently vulgar, were the pride of the towns from which they hailed, and each boat had its retinue of eager partisans, always ready to engage in a wordy

warfare concerning the respective merits of their favourite and its rivals.

The first seven steamboats built to run upon the Hudson were the *Clermont*, *North River*, *Car of Neptune*, *Hope*, *Perseverance*, *Paragon*, and *Richmond*. Of these, one was completed in 1807, two in 1808 and 1809, respectively, three in 1811, and one in 1813. At first,



"PARAGON," 1811

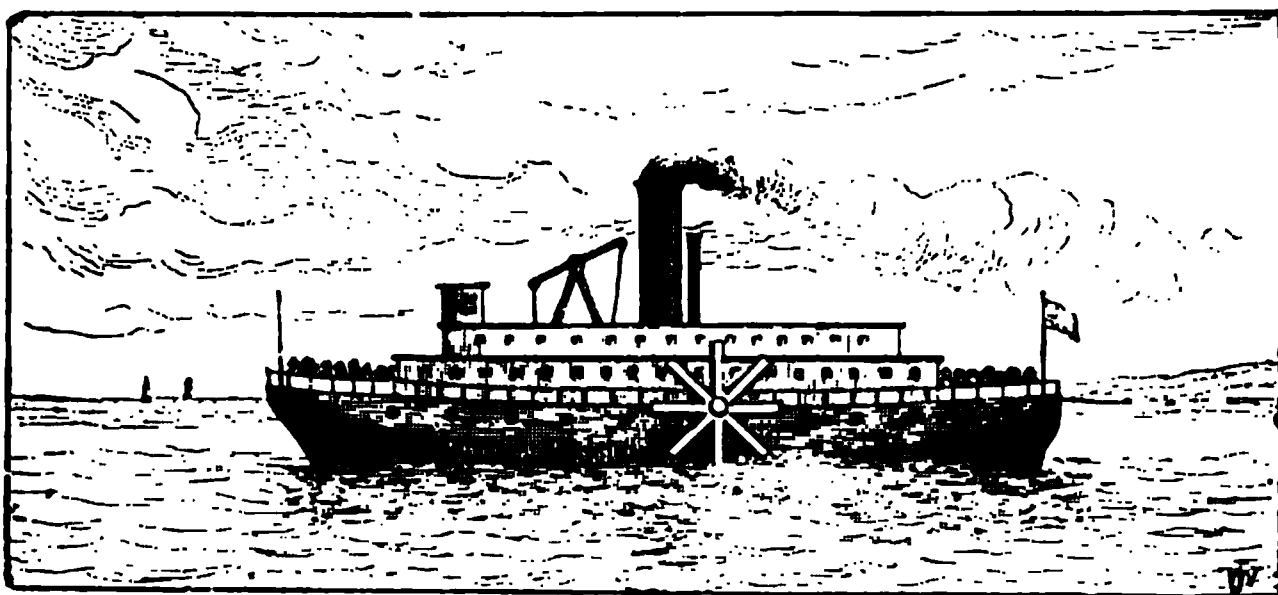
the rates of fare were such as to be prohibitive to any but travellers of means, though the accommodations were hardly such as would be considered "palatial" by the tourist of latter days.

The advertisement of distances, time, and charges, was as follows:

From New York to Newburg.....	\$3.	Time 14 hours
" " " " Poughkeepsie... ..	4.	" 17 "
" " " " Esopus.	5.	" 20 "
" " " " Hudson.....	5½.	" 30 "
" " " " Albany.....	7.	" 36 "

In an advertisement, published in 1808, the timetable for the boat is supplemented by the following caution:

As the time at which the boat may arrive at the different places above mentioned may vary an hour, more or less, according to the advantage or disadvantage of wind and tide, those who wish to come on board will see the necessity of being on the spot an hour before the time. Persons wishing to come on



"RICHMOND," 1813

board from any landing other than these here specified can calculate the time the boat will pass and be ready on her arrival. Innkeepers or boatmen who bring passengers on board or take them ashore from any part of the river will be allowed one shilling for each person.

All passengers other than those regularly shipped at the stated landing-places were required to pay at the rate of one dollar for every twenty miles, and half a dollar for each meal taken on board. Baggage was allowed free, if below sixty pounds in weight, and freight was carried at the rate of three cents a pound.

Some of the old river boats had an interesting history. One, called the *New World*, that used to run

between New York and Albany, was cut up and taken to San Francisco, and, having been put together again, ran between that city and Sacramento as *El Capitan*. The *Swallow* made a disastrous ending on the rocks in the forties, another found her final resting-place at Piermont, while Kingston was for years a tying-up place for decrepid hulls that once throbbed and trembled under the stress of over-taxed boilers and engines in the frequent mad races for supremacy on the river.

When Vanderbilt's steamer, *Westchester*, was running and trying to monopolise business (in 1832) an association was formed to build and run a rival boat in the interest of farmers and shippers. Subscribers were found all along the river and the famous *Water Witch* came into being. Then commenced a rivalry so intense that the rate of fare dropped to twelve-and-a-half cents from New York to Peekskill. The war ended by the purchase of a controlling interest in the new boat by the "Commodore" and the restoration of high rates.

Thomas Stanton built the *Trojan* at West Troy, and, afterwards, several other steamboats, the two best known being the *Armenia* and the *Daniel Drew*, which was his last. The *Drew* was chartered to take the Prince of Wales and his suite to Albany, at the time that the Prince (now Edward VII.) made his memorable visit to America.

A well-known river steamboat, the *General Jackson*, exploded her boilers on the trip from Peekskill to New



THE "NORTH AMERICA" AND "ALBANY," 1827-1839

York. The accident occurred off Grassy Point and resulted in the death of several persons. Jacob Vanderbilt, a brother of the Commodore, was her captain. One of the noted rivalries of the time we are writing of occurred between the steamboats *Kosciusco* and *Telegraph*. It was a never-ending trial of speed between the two boats, and became so exciting that they sometimes omitted to stop for passengers. On one occasion fifty people were left behind at Peekskill, cherishing emotions that were probably unfit for publication. The *Kosciusco* was finally defeated by her rival.

We ask about the *Reindeer*,—that exploded and burned at Malden in 1852,—the *Alexis*, the *Henry Clay*; and the answer is a melancholy reminiscence. The case of the last-named boat was one of the peculiarly dreadful tragedies that the history of steamboating presents. In 1852, this popular boat, while making her regular run and crowded with passengers, was discovered to be on fire. She was headed for the shore at Riverdale and ran hard aground near the wharf. But while from the bow of the boat it was only a step to the shore, yet the stern floated in deep water, and the majority of the passengers were imprisoned by the flames in that part of the boat. A wild panic ensued. The helpless people, without means of escape and maddened by the intense heat, leaped into the river and literally fought with each other in their eagerness to reach the shore, pulling each other, in many instances, under the waves, so that the strong went down with the weak. The

victims were numbered by scores, and for days the river shore was thronged by the relatives and friends of missing passengers, trying to identify the bodies that the tide washed ashore. This disaster had a sad pre-eminence and plunged the whole State in gloom.

A graphic picture of steamboat travel on the Hudson was presented by the lively pen of N. P. Willis, in 1840.

With most persons [he wrote], to mention the Palisades is only to recall the confusion of a steamer's deck, just off from the wharf, with a freight of seven or eight hundred souls hoping to "take tea" in Albany. The scene is one of inextricable confusion, and it is not till the twenty miles of the Palisades are well passed that the bewildered passenger knows rightly whether his wife, child, or baggage, whichever may be his tender care, is not being left behind at the rate of fifteen miles in the hour.

I have often flung my valise into the corner, and, sure that the whole of my person and personal effects was under way, watched the manifold embarrassments and troubles that beset the uninitiated voyager upon the Hudson. Fifteen minutes before the starting of the boat, there is not a passenger aboard: "time is money," and the American, counting it as part of the expense, determines to pay only "on demand." He arrives on the narrow pier at the same instant with seven hundred men, ladies, and children, besides lapdogs, crammed baskets, uncut novels, and baggage for the whole. No commissioner in the world would guarantee to get all this freight on board in the given time, and yet it is done, to the daily astonishment of newspaper hawkers, orange women, and penny-a-liners watching for dreadful accidents.

The plank is drawn in, the wheels begin to paw like foaming steeds impatient to be off, the bell rings as if it were letting down the steps of the last hackney-coach, and away darts the boat, like half a town suddenly slipping off and taking a walk on the water. The "hands" (who follow their nomenclature literally, and have neither eyes nor bowels) trip up all the little children and astonished maids in coiling up the hawser: the



THE MODERN FLYING DUTCHMAN



black head-waiter rings a hand-bell as if he were crazy, exhorting "Them passengers as has n't settled to step to the Cap'n's office *and* settle," and angry people who have lost sight of their port-manteaus and selfish people who will *not* get up to let the young gentleman see if his penny trumpet is under them, play a real-life farce better than Keeley or Liston.

A painted notice and a very fat black woman in the doorway inform the gentleman who has not seen his wife since the boat started, and is not at all sure that she is on board, that "No gentleman is permitted to enter the ladies' cabin," and spite of his dreadful uncertainty, he is obliged to trust to the dark Hebe to find her, among three hundred ladies, by description, and amuses all the listeners with his inventory of her dress features and general appearance. The negress disappears, is called twenty ways in twenty seconds, and an hour afterwards the patient husband sees the faithless messenger pass with a glass of lemonade, having utterly forgotten him and the lady in the black bonnet and gray eyes, who may be, for ought he knows to the contrary, wringing her hands at this moment on the wharf at New York.

By this time the young ladies are tired of looking at the Palisades, and have taken out their novels, the old gentlemen are poring over their damp newspapers, and the captain has received his fourteen hundred or two thousand dollars, locked up his office, and gone to smoke with the black funnel and the engineer. The broad waters of the Tappan Zee open before the flying cut-water; those who have never been up the river before think of poor André as they pass Tappan and Tarrytown, and those who love gentle worth and true genius begin to look out for Sleepy Hollow and the house of Washington Irving. It is a quiet little spot, buried in trees and marked with an old Dutch vane. May his latter days, when they shall come, find there the reverence and repose which are his due!

Still the old order changes. As the white wings made way before the steamboat of Fulton's time and that in turn retired to give precedence to the swashbuckling river-craft of half a century ago, so these, too, have

disappeared, and now the traveller finds great floating hotels, run to maintain, in comfort and fidelity to schedule time, a successful rivalry with the modern railroad service. Their appointments are no longer barbaric, their accommodations no longer uncomfortable, their voyages no longer invitations to disaster and sudden death. By day, they sweep by the base of the echoing hills or into the open river reaches with a dignity of presence and a majesty of motion that fit well with their surroundings; and, by night, the inquisitive eye of the almost omniscient search-light explores the secrets of the sleeping shores. But it discovers no one ready to stand amazed at this or any other marvel, as the villagers and boatmen did when Fulton directed the little *Clermont* up the stream a century ago, and filled the night with coruscations of fat pine sparks, and the quiet sleepy hamlets with the rattle and splash of his primitive engine.

Chapter X

Riverside to Inwood

RIVERSIDE PARK has been called "the mere aggrandisement of a road." In a sense that is true and yet the aggrandisement of such a road in such a way suggests the embellishment of a book by extra illustration, till the original volume appreciates in value beyond computation.

From 72d Street to 130th Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues—the latter near the river level—Riverside Drive winds over hill and dale for three miles. There are few roads in the world that can compare with it. Every turn is a revelation of natural beauty and every hillock is crowned with some historic association.

This is not a single road, but a "cluster of ample ways" for pleasure riding and driving, with numberless nooks "that a bee might choose to dream in," and sudden revelations of the river at points where natural advantages have been seized with consummate art.

Across to Fort Lee, along the sheer wall of the Palisades, or down past the busy shipping to where Bartholdi's statue lifts her unwearied arm, the outlook

is a panoramic display of exquisite charm. There is nothing that seems trivial in all the prospect: in all that comes within the range of the eye the "large benignities" of sky and river conspire to delight it.

The changing hues of colour, the evanescent shadows playing across the distant hills, the long lanes of wind-drift vanishing in perspective, present not one picture, but a never-ending succession of them.

Near the southern end of Riverside Drive used to be a place of resort known as Elm Park.

Mr. Benson J. Lossing describes it as a camp-ground for recruits during the Civil War, "once the seat of the Apthorpe family." The Apthorpe mansion stood at the corner of 91st Street and Columbus Avenue. Washington had his headquarters here for a very brief time. The de Lancey house, the property of General Oliver de Lancey, stood at about 86th Street. In the winter of 1777, while the owner was absent, a party of young men came down from Tarrytown, bent on retaliation for the burning of the Van Tassel house, not far from there. They were led by Martlings and others, and succeeded in passing the British lines and setting fire to the de Lancey mansion. The ladies escaped in their night dresses, as those of the Van Tassel farmhouse had done a short time before.

Riverside looks down at one point into the hollow that was known in the old times as Marritje David's Vly, now 127th Street. It keeps its watch above the turmoil of the waters and the travel upon their bosom,



RIVERSIDE DRIVE, MANHATTAN

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and wears proudly its own record of Revolutionary happenings.

The trees that crown this ridge and sentinel its slopes give an impression of venerable antiquity, and it is difficult to receive without a grain of allowance the record that tells how, during the severe winter of 1779-80, when the island was under martial law, General Robertson stripped the land of its trees for fuel.

At the north end of Riverside is the restaurant where Jones's Claremont Hotel stood, half a century ago. The older dwelling that it replaced was the residence of Doctor Post, who gave it the name of Claremont. Viscount Courtenay, afterwards Earl of Devon, lived there at one time, previous to the War of 1812. Joseph Buonaparte, ex-king of Spain, when in exile, also made Claremont his residence for a while, and Francis Jones Jackson, the British minister, lived there during his term of office. The spot has many historic associations to enhance its natural attractiveness, but a far deeper significance was added when, in the immediate neighbourhood of Claremont was selected the site for the Grant mausoleum, that, apart from its pretensions to architectural excellence, attracts attention by its magnetic appeal to one of the noblest of human sentiments.

The tomb of General Grant is on Riverside Drive at 123d Street, and is a conspicuous landmark, as seen from the river. With a superficial area of 8100 square feet and an extreme height of 150 feet, fashioned in

white granite from Maine, this mausoleum takes rank among the most celebrated commemorative buildings in the world. The circular cupola, surrounded by columns and surmounted by a conical cap or dome, rests upon a massive cube of masonry, relieved by entablature, frieze, and columns of pure Ionic design and entered through a portico of noble proportions.

This is not the place to describe the interior of this remarkable tomb, with its impressive chamber and the crypt wherein lies the dust of General Grant in a sarcophagus of red porphyry. The tomb was built with the contributions of 90,000 subscriptions to a fund that aggregated \$600,000, and the corner-stone was laid by President Harrison in April, 1892.

The late Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, was an early subscriber to the monument fund and presented a ginkgo tree, which is growing at the north side of the tomb. Upon it a bronze tablet bears this inscription:

This tree is planted at the side of the tomb of General U. S. Grant, ex-President of the United States of America, for the purpose of commemorating his greatness, by Li Hung Chang, Guardian of the Prince, Grand Secretary of State, Earl of the First Order Yang Hu, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of China, Vice-President of the Board of Censors. Kwang Hsu, 23d year, 4th moon, May, 1897.

Some distance to the south of Grant's tomb, at 89th-90th Streets is the new soldiers' and sailors' monument.

Back of Riverside, upon the ridge now known as Cathedral Heights, the magnificent cathedral of St.





THE APTHORPE MANSION, BLOOMINGDALE



John the Divine is now (1902) being erected on a site covering three city blocks, from 110th to 113th Streets. The corner-stone was laid in 1892, and possibly most of the present generation of men will have passed away before the entire work is completed. The cost will approximate six millions of dollars.

Cathedral Heights is at the southern end of Morningside Heights, a region that has been fitly characterised by Mr. Seth Low as "the Acropolis of the New World." Crowning the Heights, among the most conspicuous landmarks of the Hudson, are the buildings of Columbia University. These, when all completed, will number fifteen, central among which is the unique Low Memorial Library. It is one of the purest examples of classic Greek architecture in America. In form, it describes a Maltese cross, surmounted by a dome of noble proportions, beneath which is the already famous rotunda that constitutes the central feature of the building. A statue of Pallas Athene stands at the doorway, within the ample colonnade, to reach which one must cross the broad, paved esplanade and mount a wide flight of stairs—for the architects wisely put this building on a grade far enough above that of the street to add to its impressive beauty.

The other buildings of the University group that are already completed are the Engineering Building, Schermerhorn, Fayerweather, and Havemeyer Halls, and part of University Hall.

Columbia College was first of all the old King's College, founded by Royal charter in the time of George II. After the independence of the colonies was won, "King's" became "Columbia." The present site is the latest, and it is hoped the last, of several homes that have been familiar to successive generations of Columbia alumnæ.

The buildings of Columbia University are upon the ground made memorable in American history by what has been called the Battle of Harlem Heights, to which particular reference is made in another chapter. On the Broadway side of the Engineering Building there is a bronze tablet commemorating this action, which took place on the 16th of September, 1776.

Near Columbia, only separated by Broadway, is Barnard College, for women, which is a department of the University. This is at 119th Street. At 120th is the Teachers College, founded in 1886 by Miss Grace Dodge. This also is now a part of Columbia.

One of the most notable structures along the ridge is that of St. Luke's Hospital, opposite the Cathedral grounds, at 113th Street.

Back from the river and hidden, except at one or two points, where a transverse valley crosses the main ridge of the island at 101st Street, stands the historic Jumel mansion, as it is usually called. The name is that of the first husband of Madame Aaron Burr, who owned the house at one time. It was built in 1758 by Colonel Roger Morris, once Washington's com-



GRANT'S TOMB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE



panion in arms, when they were both aides to General Braddock. Mary Philipse, for whose hand it is said that Washington was a suitor, married Morris and lived in this old house. In 1776, when the Americans were retreating after the Battle of Long Island, Washington made his headquarters there. Captain Nathan Hale received his instructions at that old house and started from there on his fatal mission. There Washington again came, this time as a guest, with his cabinet, in 1790. Under its roof, Madame Jumel, having obtained her divorce from Burr, died in poverty.

It has a strange, full history, that severe, prim old colonial mansion that one may catch a passing glimpse of from the river.

Besides the buildings of a public character that have been enumerated here, and others which are omitted for lack of space, there are numberless private residences, some of them quite palatial in extent, that crown the heights or are scattered along the slopes of the shore.

Immediately above Riverside Park is the former village known to its residents as Manhattanville. A steel viaduct spans the Manhattan Valley and connects Riverside Drive with the Harlem Speedway. At Manhattanville, on 128th Street, near St. Nicholas Avenue, is the celebrated convent school, under the charge of the sisters of the Sacred Heart. The buildings, of brown stone, large enough for the accommodation of several hundred scholars, are situated in the middle of a wooded

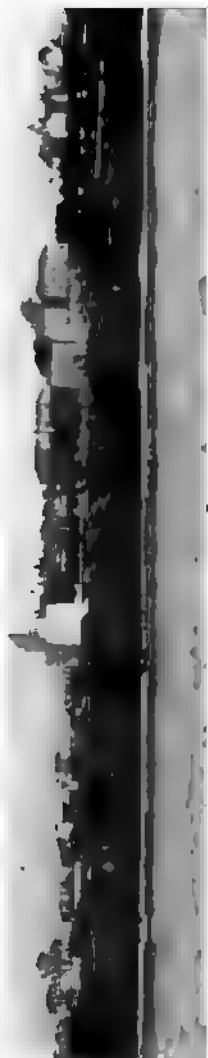
park. Here the pupils are not confined to those of one creed, though uniformity in dress among the inmates of the school is required.

Overlooking Manhattanville is the old Lawrence homestead, built by John B. Lawrence more than a century ago. Lawrence Street, in the vicinity, perpetuates his name. Between the Watkins and Bradhurst houses, a short distance below 148th Street, Alexander Hamilton built his celebrated country seat, the Grange. This was not erected until after the Revolution. Here the statesman and soldier passed the last years of his busy and brilliant career, surrounded by his friends, but not entirely free from the animosities of political life—enmities that finally culminated in the fatal encounter between himself and Aaron Burr.

The thirteen elm trees planted by Hamilton near his house, to celebrate the thirteen original states of the union, were saved from destruction some years ago by Orlando Potter, who paid \$140,000 for the ground upon which they stood.

Dr. Samuel Bradhurst built a house north of the Grange, not far from the site of the noted Watkins house on St. Nicholas Avenue. These old homes were celebrated for the fine and courtly hospitality which mingled freedom with conventionality and reconciled convivial manners with the strict social requirements of the *ancien régime*.

The three or four dwellings last noticed lay along the line of the Bloomingdale road and covered ground



253 THE NOTABLE BUILDINGS ON HARLEM HEIGHTS, WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT IN 1776



made memorable as the scene of Revolutionary conflict.

The valley in which Manhattanville lies extends from the Hudson to the East River, and was once known as the Harlem Cove and still earlier as the Hollow Way. Fortifications were erected upon its sides in 1812.

Just above the steamboat landing at 152d Street is Trinity Cemetery, traversed by the Boulevard Lafayette. North of this is the cluster of residences that occupies Audubon Park, where the famous naturalist once had his home. A little above is the building of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, between the Kingsbridge road and the Hudson and nine miles from the City Hall.

Now we approach the section known as Washington Heights, a region of park-like aspect, traversed by delightful avenues, shaded by fine trees, and dotted with residences, with here and there some institution of a public character.

Nearly midway along the river front, at 175th Street, is Fort Washington, where once stood the fortress that, with its garrison of 3000 men, was captured by the British in November, 1776. A small redoubt, also taken at that time, occupied the point that juts into the river at this place. The sites of both the fort and redoubt have been set aside as a public park. The point, which is now known as Fort Washington Point, was formerly called Jeffrey's Hook, and has been

familiar to generations of river men as marking the deepest part of the stream.

It has seemed advisable to give a separate chapter to the military associations of Forts Washington and Lee. Among the most recent of notable transfers of Hudson River property was the sale of a tract of one hundred and sixty city blocks at Mount Washington in January, 1902. This was formerly a part of the estate of Lucius B. Chittenden, well known as a Broadway merchant, who died about thirty years ago. The last owner was Mrs. Chittenden, a widow, living in England. This land lies from about 189th to 197th Streets.

Among those who have made a home in this part of Manhattan in modern times, few have reached the eminence attained by the celebrated lawyer, Charles O'Connor, of whom Judge Charles P. Daly said: "He has filled a place in the jurisprudence of this State greater than that of any lawyer who has ever lived in it."

We are nearing the end of Manhattan Island. The wooded, inviting knoll of Inwood rises above the haunted waters of Spuyten Duyvil creek, itself the home of many a spirit, if it be true that ghosts walk. The Indians long ago gave it a name of unpronounceable gutturals, and sowed its rocky soil with arrow-heads and traditions. Along the ridges and through the woods where they disputed titles with their neighbours, the bears and the catamounts, generations of white men have



BARNARD COLLEGE, ON THE SITE OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF HARLEM HEIGHTS

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come with their feuds and friendships, their loves and their hates, and have also passed away. From the great city, less and less distant every year, the rumble and the roar of approaching activity warn the dweller among green lawns and trees that the days of his seclusion are numbered.

Chapter XI

The Island and the River in 1776

BRITISH plans to gain possession of New York in order to command the entrance of the Hudson, were reported to Congress in October, 1775. Inquiries, it was said, had been made by Englishmen high in authority as to the feasibility of erecting forts in the Highlands, thus controlling the navigation of the river. Albany was also included in these designs for keeping open communication between Quebec and the lower provinces.

Such reports, whether well or ill founded, had the desirable effect of inciting the Continental leaders to measures for the protection of the river and its shores. The military importance of the Hudson in the impending struggle could not be overestimated, and although the scene of conflict shifted from Canada to the Carolinas, and the fields of Pennsylvania and New Jersey were devastated, yet from first to last the great river was the key to the continent for which both sides contended.

On suspicion that New York City was the destination of the fleet preparing to sail under command of



BURNHAM'S MANSION HOUSE, BLOOMINGDALE ROAD, ABOUT 1835



Sir Henry Clinton, from Boston, General Lee urged Washington to permit him to recruit for its defence a force of Connecticut troops. The commander approved this plan, but doubted apparently whether his authority was sufficient to warrant such an exercise of power. John Adams, being near at hand at the time, was consulted, and strongly endorsed the proposed measure, considering as a sufficient warrant the extraordinary authority with which Washington had recently been invested by Congress.

Lee was thereupon commissioned to raise volunteers in Connecticut, secure military aid from New Jersey, disarm the Tories in the neighbourhood of New York, and to put the city and river in a condition for defence against the contemplated attack of the British. After some difficulty he succeeded in accomplishing the greater part of this task, and proceeded to take possession of New York. But the first movement in that direction brought a hornet's nest buzzing about his ears. Clearly the citizens dreaded nothing so much as being defended.


The merchants and householders saw in the impetuous and often impolitic Lee and his hastily gathered levies of raw troops a menace to their well being much greater than they discovered in the ships of his Majesty that were in the harbour. That staunch patriot, Pierre Van Cortlandt, Chairman of the Committee of Safety, addressed a letter to General Lee, protesting that the city was not capable of acting

hostilely against the British ships, as it lacked both military works and munitions. He urged the advisability of doing nothing to provoke attack and more than hinted that his correspondent's room would just then be greatly preferred to his company.

We, therefore [continued the letter], ardently wish to remain in peace for a little time, and doubt not we have assigned sufficient reasons for avoiding at present, a dilemma, in which the entrance of a large body of troops into the city, will almost certainly involve us. Should you have such an entrance in design, we beg at least the troops may halt on the western confines of Connecticut, till we have been honoured by you with such an explanation on this important subject, as you may conceive your duty may permit you to enter upon with us, the grounds of which, you may easily see, ought to be kept an entire secret.

General Lee's reply was intended to be reassuring. He disclaimed any intention of provoking strife or commencing hostilities, but he threw in such lurid hints of funeral pyres and the like that New York merchants were panic-stricken.

On the 4th of February, 1776, Lee arrived in New York on the same day that the squadron from Boston, with Sir Henry Clinton in command, arrived in the harbour. Such a coincidence threw the already agitated city into a ferment. An exodus of the more timid inhabitants commenced, and even through the succeeding hours of darkness it is said "were there carts going and boats loading, and women and children crying, and distressed voices heard in the roads in the dead of night."



But nothing came of Clinton's visit. He protested that he had simply called to pay his respects in a friendly way to Governor Tryon, a proceeding that Lee reported as "the most whimsical piece of civility I ever heard of."

The British fleet sailed south and the inhabitants of New York, relieved from their fears for the time, began to settle down to quiet. An agreement was reached, between the Committee of Safety and Lee, as to the nature and scope of the defence to be attempted. They are best explained in the latter's own words:

The Congress committees, a certain number of the committees of safety, and your humble servant [writes he to Washington], have had two conferences. The result is such as will agreeably surprise you. It is in the first place agreed, and justly, that to fortify the town against shipping is impracticable; but we are to fortify lodgments on some commanding part of the city for two thousand men. We are to erect enclosed batteries on both sides of the water, near Hell Gate, which will answer the double purpose of securing the town against piracies through the Sound, and secure our communication with Long Island, now become a more important point than ever; as it is determined to form a strong fortified camp of three thousand men, on the island, immediately opposite to New York. The pass in the Highlands is to be made as respectable as possible, and guarded by a battalion. In short, I think the plan judicious and complete.

Kingsbridge, at the upper end of the island, connecting it with the mainland, he considered most important, and intended to make preparations for its defence.

But while most of his plans were still in the air Congress ordered the energetic officer to another command

and he bewailed the fact that upon his withdrawal the "provincial Congress and the inhabitants in general will relapse into their former hysterics."

The unfavourable impression left by subsequent acts of this energetic but not too well balanced officer may blind us to the really excellent service he accomplished. His own valuation of that service was not excessive. The threats of Governor Tryon, the carpings of Tory residents, and the pleas of the timid were all disregarded, while with an energy and foresight highly creditable, he placed the city in such a condition of defence as was then possible. The peremptory measures adopted to put an end to supplying the enemy's fleet with provisions were effectual; Sir Henry Clinton, evidently discouraged by the military demonstration in the city, withdrew without attempting to strike a blow, and time was secured for the Americans to do what the British had planned to do; that is, to fortify the highlands of the river.

It is interesting to contemplate what might have been the course of American history if Clinton's fleet, upon its arrival from Boston, had not found General Lee and his volunteer forces in New York.

On the departure of General Lee, Lord Stirling, Brigadier-General, remained in temporary command of New York; but the Commander-in-chief, anticipating an attack in force, dispatched Heath and Sullivan to the city with reinforcements, ordered forward a body of three thousand Connecticut troops, and placed

General Israel Putnam in authority. This veteran officer entered the city on April 4, 1776, just three months before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Following in their general outline the plans made by his predecessor, Putnam continued the construction of defences on the East River and undertook also to close the Hudson by erecting several batteries along shore and placing obstructions in the channel.

Washington arrived on the 14th of the month, his appearance being the signal for rejoicing on the part of the majority of those who remained in the city. At that time the total armed force numbered about 10,000 men, several regiments having been withdrawn by Congress, for Canadian service. In May Colonel Rufus Putnam was dispatched to the Highlands, "to put the defences there in a fit and proper posture."

Towards the end of June the long-expected fleet of the British began to make its appearance. Forty vessels from Halifax, bringing the troops that had recently occupied Boston, and accompanied by transports with newly arrived Highlanders, led the armada, which was soon augmented by other men-of-war and troop-ships, till the number reached one hundred and thirty. The frigate *Greyhound* brought the commander, of the British forces, General Howe, somewhat in advance of the rest of the fleet.

Colonel James Clinton, who had command of the posts in the Highlands, was immediately notified of

the arrival of this menacing force of the enemy and directed to make all possible preparation for its reception if a passage of the river should be attempted. About this time Clinton was also in receipt of several letters from committees in Cornwall and Newburgh, informing him of the presence of certain active Royalists who were forming a conspiracy to coöperate with the British troops upon their arrival.

But not even the presence of a powerful enemy on the one side and dangerous neighbours on the other could dampen the ardour with which the Colonial party in New York greeted the news that the instrument which proclaimed the independence of the American Colonies had been signed at Philadelphia. For several days the patriots celebrated the great event, incidentally pulling down the leaden statue of George III., which, in a spasm of loyalty, they had erected only a short time before.

Putnam was not idle: his defences were rapidly growing. The forts commanding the North River about this time included the Grand Battery, at the southern extremity of the island; Fort George, immediately north of it; White Hall Battery, on the left of the Grand Battery; Oyster Battery, behind General Washington's headquarters; Grenadier Battery, "Near the Brew House on the North River"; Jersey Battery, at the left of the one last named; Bayard Hill Redoubt, on Bayard's Hill, now Grand Street; Spencer's, on a hill where General Spencer's brigade was encamped;

and Waterbury's Battery, on a wharf below Spencer's hill, and Bedlam's Redoubt, on a hill near the Jews' burying-ground.

In addition to these works Putnam was completing his plans for the destruction of the British fleet and the obstruction of the Hudson River. Early in July he wrote to General Gates, commanding the Northern department, as follows:

The enemy's fleet now lies in the bay very safe, close under Staten Island. Their troops possess no land here but the Island. Is it not very strange, that those invincible troops, who were to destroy and lay waste all this country with their fleets and army, are so fond of islands and peninsulas, and dare not put their feet on the main? But, I hope, by the blessing of God and good friends we shall pay them a visit on their island. For that end, we are preparing fourteen fire-ships to go into their fleet, some of which are ready charged and fitted to sail, and I hope soon to have them all fixed. We are preparing *chevaux-de-frise*, at which we make great dispatch by the help of ships, which are to be sunk; a scheme of mine which you may be assured is very simple, a plan of which I send you. The two ships' sterns lie towards each other, about seventy feet apart. Three large logs, which reach from ship to ship, are fastened to them. The two ships and logs stop the river two hundred and eighty feet. The ships are to be sunk, and, when hauled down on one side, the picks will be raised to a proper height, and they must inevitably stop the river if the enemy will let us sink them.

These well-laid plans miscarried. The fire-ships did not accomplish what had been anticipated and a submarine engine, prepared by "an ingenious Connecticut man" failed to explode at the desired time and place. Its interior clockwork being badly timed, it merely

“blew up a vast column of water” without doing any damage to the enemy’s vessels. It had, however, the effect of astonishing the British and affording General Putnam great amusement.

More than that, before the obstructions were in place in the channel two British war-ships left their anchorage and, taking advantage of a brisk breeze, sailed past the forts and ascended the river. They were fired upon by the shore batteries and replied sharply with a broadside, but did not linger or turn back. Where they were bound, whether to land troops at some point on the mainland, to attack the forts in the Highlands, or to harass the inhabitants of the villages along the river, could only be conjectured.

Washington sent a message to General Mifflin, at High Bridge, urging him to be alert, and an express also warned the New York convention, sitting at White Plains.

George Clinton was at New Windsor above the Highlands, and his brother, James, at Fort Constitution. They were first warned of the British approach by the captains of two river sloops who had seen the exchange of fire between the frigates and the forts and had fled from the scene of danger as fast as possible. The following day Washington’s messenger arrived, only to find that his orders had been anticipated and that the most energetic measures for the defence of the river were already under way.

The arrival of Lord Howe, Admiral of the British

fleet, filled with consternation those whose sympathies were enlisted with the American cause. It was understood that affairs were approaching a crisis and that the long anticipated attack would no longer be deferred.

Lord Howe's proclamation, offering pardon to those who had deviated from their allegiance to the Crown, seemed to indicate a pacific purpose. It was followed almost immediately by an attempt to negotiate with General Washington, with a view to the restoration of peace, but these measures, as the student of history knows, were unsuccessful.

Having called attention to the means by which the Americans endeavoured to protect the city and river from the British encroachment during the spring and summer of 1776, we may now proceed to describe briefly the disposition of the opposing forces after the disastrous battle of Long Island, in September of that year, and especially to indicate the ground upon which was fought the important engagement of Harlem Heights.

After Washington's remarkable retreat with his beaten army across the East River, the city of New York was in a turmoil. On the part of some of the troops there were threats of reducing it to ashes, while others protested vehemently against such drastic measures. Acting upon the theory that the enemy would follow his recent successes by further aggression, the Commander-in-chief ordered that all of the sick and

wounded should be removed to Orange, in New Jersey, while surplus stores and baggage were to be transported to Dobbs Ferry. Desertions were the scandal of the day. Two thirds of the Connecticut troops were smitten with an irresistible attack of nostalgia, that nothing but a sight of their own firesides could remedy. Still the indefatigable Putnam continued to construct forts and plan *chevaux-de-frise*. Fort Constitution, opposite Fort Washington, was commenced, and a strong detachment of troops stationed there.

It was evident to Washington and his officers that the plan of the British was to

enclose us on the island of New York, by taking posts in our rear, while the shipping secures the front, and thus, by cutting off our communication with the country, oblige us to fight them on their own terms or surrender at discretion; or by a brilliant stroke endeavour to cut this army to pieces and secure the collection of arms and stores, which, they well know, we shall not soon be able to replace.

On the 7th of September the question of the abandonment of the city was discussed and the council of war finally decided upon a partial withdrawal.

Putnam, who had been strongly in favour of evacuation, was to be left in the city with five thousand soldiers, while Heath was to keep the upper part of the island with nine thousand, opposing the attempts of the enemy to land. A third division, under command of Generals Greene and Spencer, was stationed near Turtle and Kipp's bays, on the East River. According to several authorities Washington had his head-

quarters in the old Apthorpe mansion, a short distance out of the city, on the Hudson River side.

Congress having left the decision relating to the evacuation of New York entirely to the Commander-in-chief, and nearly all of his officers determining, upon a second council being held, that retreat was a necessity, preparations were rapidly made to complete the withdrawal of the Continental forces.

The attack of the British, concentrated upon the forces under Greene and Spencer, on the 15th, precipitated the movement. The Connecticut levies at Kipp's Bay and Turtle Bay fled, making hardly any resistance. The presence and almost frantic opposition of Washington himself did not serve to check the panic into which they were thrown.

An express was immediately dispatched to Putnam, ordering him to retreat. He called in his pickets and guards and abandoned the city, leaving most of his stores and the heavy guns to fall into the hands of the foe. The day was sultry and torrid and the little army encumbered with women and children, besides a heterogeneous assortment of baggage. The strength of the men was overtaxed and the *morale* of the command low, but the commanding officer was as full of fire and courage as ever, and pulled his army through by the sheer force of his own personality.

Colonel Humphreys, acting at the time as a volunteer with Putnam, has left the following account of him:

I had frequent opportunities that day of beholding him, for the purpose of issuing orders and encouraging the troops, flying on his horse covered with foam, wherever his presence was most necessary. Without his extraordinary exertions, the guards must have been inevitably lost, and it is probable the entire corps would have been cut in pieces.

When we were not far from Bloomingdale, an aide-de-camp came to him at full speed, to inform him that a column of British infantry was descending upon our right. Our rear was soon fired upon, and the colonel of our regiment, whose order was just communicated for the front to file off to the left, was killed upon the spot. With no other loss, we joined the army after dark upon the heights of Harlem.

From Bayard Hill Fort, which was on what is now Grand Street, the line of retreat was, according to the best evidence, across country to the neighbourhood of Greenwich village, and then by way of the road that was afterwards called the Abingdon-Fitz-Roy road to the neighbourhood of Forty-second or Forty-third Street. From that point the direction was toward Harlem Heights.

An incident of the march is thus told by Irving:

Tradition gives a circumstance which favoured Putnam's retreat. The British generals, in passing by Murray Hill, the country residence of a patriot of that name, who was of the Society of Friends, made a halt to seek some refreshment. The proprietor of the house was absent; but his wife set cake and wine before them in abundance. So grateful were these refreshments in the heat of the day, that they lingered over their wine, quaffing and laughing, and bantering their patriotic hostess about the ludicrous panic and discomfiture of her countrymen. In the meantime, before they were roused from their regale, Putnam and his forces had nearly passed by, within a mile of them.

Washington's retirement from his previous headquarters to the Jumel mansion in Richmond Hill occurred on the evening of the 14th, before the British had gained possession of the lower end of the island.

The enemy's line extended from Horen's Hook on the East River across the island to about 91st Street on the North River. The vanguard was commanded by General Leslie, whose most advanced picket posts did not go above 95th Street. The main body of the Americans was resting upon Harlem Heights, their pickets about 132d Street.

On the morning of the 16th, before daylight, Colonel Thomas Knowlton, of Bunker Hill fame, was directed by Washington to advance with a reconnoitring party of Rangers, to determine the position and strength of the enemy. It is not known whether he started from the right of our pickets or from a point farther to the east; nor is the question important. Professor Henry P. Johnston, whose study of the action on Harlem Heights has been exhaustive, says in this connection:

It is enough to know that when we hear of them [the Rangers] a little later, they were at the most important point on the enemy's front. We find them stirring up their pickets on the left, that left which rested, as we have seen, somewhere on the Bloomingdale Road, not far above Apthorpe's (91st Street), between which and our pickets at the Hollow Way (Manhattanville) intervened the wooded and rolling ground of the two farms on Morningside Heights.

That wooded and rolling ground covered the enemy and concealed his possible movements on the western

or North River side of the island. That was the reason for dispatching Knowlton and his Rangers.

At 106th Street, west of the Boulevard, upon a knoll, stood the stone farmhouse of Nicholas Jones. The reconnoitring party reached this place about sunrise and appear to have used it as a cover, advancing cautiously, in the manner that many of the American recruits had learned in Indian warfare.

They had barely passed the farmhouse when they were discovered by the British pickets and a sharp skirmish ensued. The Rangers were composed of Connecticut men, and they still smarted under the taunts of cowardice that must have been their portion after the panic and retreat of the 15th. The honour of Connecticut was smirched and the Rangers, picked men, were eager to remove that stain.

But the odds against them were too great, and after holding their ground valiantly for a while, losing about ten men, they fell back, the line of their retreat being along the old Bloomingdale road "As it was subsequently extended through Manhattanville to the Kingsbridge road above."

Close to where Columbia University and Barnard College now stand the British light troops pushed the Rangers till they reached the site of Grant's tomb, where they halted. Beyond that point the ground was probably more open and the pursuers could get a view of General Greene's force; but they sent after the retreating Connecticut men a message that made their

very ears tingle. The bugle rang out the notes of the fox-chase, a call which to the men of that day needed no interpreter. As the trees and rocks echoed back those derisive notes it seemed as if the cup of humiliation had been drained to its dregs.

How many of the King's troops joined in that pursuit is not definitely known. At the first sound of the firing the Second and Third Battalions of Light Infantry, with the Forty-second Highlanders, began to move up; and it is probable that Knowlton and his Rangers did not retire till these reinforcements commenced to appear upon the scene.

Washington, on the other hand, put Spencer's and Putnam's men in readiness along the line of 147th Street, where they seem to have been immediately engaged in throwing up earthworks. It is doubtful if General Putnam could have rested for half an hour in any position without leaving something in the nature of a redoubt to mark the spot.

Adjutant-General Reed, who joined Knowlton before the retreat, reported the affair to Washington, asking for reinforcements. The Commander-in-chief was then upon the brow overlooking Manhattanville (the "Hollow Way") from the north. He then, we are told, "conceived the project, not of driving the light infantry back to their camp, but of entrapping them in the Hollow Way."

The plan was to make a feint in front of the enemy and induce him to advance into the valley by the

prospect perhaps of another "fox-chase," while a flanking movement, led by Knowlton and his Rangers, reinforced by Major Leitch with a detachment of Virginians, was arranged to close upon the British rear.

The feigned attack, however, developed into something more than was anticipated and in the skirmish that ensued the position of the light infantry was changed so that when Knowlton and Leitch, ignorant of the new disposition of the troops, closed with their foe, they engaged him upon the flank instead of the rear. The place where this flank attack occurred has been located at 123d Street, east of the Boulevard.

The Connecticut men, then and throughout the day, retrieved their honour, fighting like veterans, and for the first time driving the seasoned troops of the King before them. It must have been a novel sensation for both parties. But both the Rangers and the Virginians, their companions and equals in courage that day, lost their commanders early in the action.

Colonel Knowlton and Major Leitch were mortally hurt, within ten minutes of each other, the former being shot through the head and surviving only a short time after being carried from the field.

The firing brought up Leslie's reserves and Washington again reinforced his soldiers. From a skirmish, a "mere affair of outposts," the action rapidly assumed the proportion of a battle. By noon Putnam, Knox, and Reed, with other American officers, were very actively engaged and reinforcements of Highlanders

and Hessians were being hurried to the relief of their distressed companions in arms.

The Hessians, according to the report of one of their own officers, fought till they had no ammunition left and the Highlanders had fired away their last shot, but still the Americans showed no sign of flinching. General Greene's Connecticut men encountered the foe on the hill where the Lawrence mansion afterwards stood and gave an excellent account of themselves. Other detachments were engaged in various parts of a field that embraced woodland, hill, and valley. The centre of the battle was in a buckwheat field that appears to have been midway between Columbia University and Grant's tomb. The main engagement lasted from eleven o'clock till about half-past two, and was participated in by more than four thousand out of the eight thousand men comprising the American army, while a superior body of British opposed them.

The American forces were completely victorious, finally chasing the King's troops down a hill and being recalled with difficulty by order of the Commander-in-chief.

This necessarily brief account of the famous battle of Harlem Heights has followed what seems to be the most rational exposition of the perplexing and frequently contradictory records that have reached us. It is greatly to be regretted that for many years no effort was made to fix beyond question the scene of this important engagement. That it was important

a glance at the correspondence of the time will show. The Americans, recently disheartened by defeat, found their confidence restored and the British had received a wholesome check that influenced many a subsequent plan.

Chapter XII

Forts Washington and Lee

FOR a month after the battle of Harlem Heights the Americans held possession of the northern end of the island, with the works they had erected there.

There were three main lines in the Heights. The first was at 147th Street, the second, with four redoubts, along 153d to 155th Street, and the third, incomplete and with no redoubts, was at 161st Street.

Mount Washington, as it was then called, was substantially fortified, the defences there covering several acres between what are now 181st and 186th Streets. The armament of this citadel consisted of thirty-two pieces of heavy ordnance. Besides these fortifications the neighbouring heights from Manhattanville to Kingsbridge were the sites of several earthworks, the whole constituting a formidable system, to assail which, after the disastrous attempt of September 16th, the British commander naturally hesitated.


At the point known as Jeffrey's Hook, that juts into the river at the base of Mount Washington, a redoubt had been built to cover the famous structure of sunken

vessels and floating bombs that General Putnam had bestowed so much labour and ingenuity upon. One needs only to inspect the river, or even a good map of it, to be convinced that if a reasonable hope of controlling navigation from any point below the Highlands could be entertained, this was the place. The river between Forts Washington and Lee is narrow and is commanded upon both banks by high hills.

But the stream is swift and deep, as well as narrow, and the task of obstructing it was by no means as light a one as at first glance it might appear. Then, too, the necessity of retaining possession of the shores in order to make the blockade effectual would demand the presence of a large force. The whole of Washington's army was not too large for this work, yet it would have been manifestly absurd to contemplate the retention of the army for such a purpose.

It has been shown that the policy which led to an effort to hold this natural gateway after the retirement of the Americans from the city was strongly urged by Congress; nor must we forget, in criticising the military judgment of Washington, that an almost irresistible pressure was brought to bear upon him in this matter by the civil authorities as well as by the counsel of his own officers.

The security of the Hudson [says Irving], was at this time an object of great solicitude with Congress, and much reliance was placed on Putnam's obstructions at Fort Washington. Four galleys, mounted with heavy guns and swivels, were stationed



at the *chevaux-de-frise*, and two new ships were at hand, which, filled with stones, were to be sunk where they would block up the channel. A sloop was also at anchor, having on board a machine, invented by a Mr. Bushnell, for submarine explosion, with which to blow up the men-of-war; a favourite scheme with General Putnam. The obstructions were so commanded by batteries on each shore that it was thought no hostile ship would be able to pass.

On the 9th of October, however, the *Roebuck* and *Phænix*, each of forty-four guns, and the *Tartar*, of twenty guns, which had been lying for some time opposite Bloomingdale, got under way with their three tenders, at 8 o'clock in the morning, and came standing up the river with an easy southern breeze. At their approach, the galleys and the two ships intended to be sunk got under way with all haste, as did a schooner laden with rum, sugar, and other supplies for the American army, and the sloop with Bushnell's submarine machine.

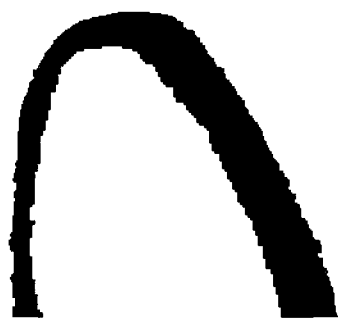
The *Roebuck*, *Phænix*, and *Tartar* broke through the vaunted barriers as through a cobweb. Seven batteries kept a constant fire upon them, yet a gentleman was observed walking the deck of the second ship as coolly as if nothing were the matter. Washington, indeed, in a letter to Schuyler, says, "They passed without any kind of damage or interruption; but Lord Howe reports to the Admiralty that they suffered much in their masts and rigging and that a lieutenant, two midshipmen, and six men were killed and eighteen wounded."

The attempt to complete the obstructions occupied, it would seem, a considerable portion of Washington's attention in the weeks that intervened between the battle of Harlem Heights and that of White Plains. He ordered that two hulks which lay—as hulks still lie—in Spuyten Duyvil creek, be ballasted and sunk, and that others that had grounded near Yonkers be brought down and consigned to a similar use.

A council of officers, called by the commander, discussed the question of attempting to retain the position occupied by the American army upon Manhattan Island, and it was decided—with only the voice of General Clinton raised in dissent—to abandon all the works with the exception of Fort Washington. This fort was to be retained as long as possible in compliance with the resolution passed by Congress.

A garrison that was large if measured by the loss its subtraction occasioned the little army, but absurdly inadequate for the work expected of it, was left under command of Colonel Magaw, to whom Washington gave a solemn injunction to defend it to the last extremity. It was at this time that the name of Fort Constitution was changed to Fort Lee, and the command of that post given to General Greene.

The series of moves by which Washington foiled Howe's attempt to get in his rear and the resulting battle of White Plains are not part of the story of the river and must not be dwelt upon here. At the time when the assault upon Chatterton's hill was about



to be made the distant thundering of cannon in the neighbourhood of Manhattan startled the contestants. Two of the enemy's war-ships had anchored at Burdett's Ferry, a short distance below the forts, with the evident purpose of cutting communication between the island and the mainland, by stopping the ferry. At the same time British troops appeared on Harlem plains. When the lines in that direction were manned by Americans from the forts, the vessels opened fire, attempting to dislodge them, but an eighteen-pound gun on the Manhattan side and two on the Jersey shore returned their fire and hulled them repeatedly, so that they were glad to drop down the river.

On the night of the 4th of November and for three days afterwards the British army was moving from White Plains to Dobbs Ferry, with what ultimate object could only be a matter of anxious conjecture to the American leader. Washington wrote to General William Livingston:

They have gone towards the North River and King's Bridge. Some suppose they are going into winter quarters, and will sit down in New York without doing more than investing Fort Washington. I cannot subscribe wholly to this opinion myself. That they will invest Fort Washington, is a matter of which there can be no doubt; and I think there is a strong probability that General Howe will detach a part of his force to make an incursion into the Jerseys, provided he is going to New York. He must attempt something on account of his reputation, for what has he done as yet, with his great army?

While still in doubt as to the meaning of the manoeuvre, Washington received news of the peril of the



garrison on Manhattan. Threatened by Lord Percy with a large body of troops at the south, and by Knyphausen between the Fort and Kingsbridge, Colonel Magaw and his command were in a serious position. As though to add a feature of discouragement to the situation by proving the futility of attempting to control the river, a frigate and two transports broke through the *chevaux-de-frise* with supplies for Howe's army at Dobbs Ferry.

Washington wrote to Greene, upon the receipt of these tidings:

If we cannot prevent vessels from passing up the river, and the enemy are possessed of all the surrounding country, what valuable purpose can it answer to hold a post from which the expected benefit cannot be had? I am, therefore, inclined to think, that it will not be prudent to hazard the men and stores at Mount Washington; but, as you are on the spot, I leave it to you to give such orders as to evacuating Mount Washington as you may judge best, and so far revoking the orders given to Colonel Magaw, to defend it to the last.

Further instructions were sent to Greene, directing the removal of superfluous stores, etc., anticipating an attack upon Fort Lee upon the Jersey side. But Greene could not admit the wisdom of abandoning Magaw's position. In this connection Irving says:

He did not consider the fort in immediate danger. Colonel Magaw thought it would take the enemy until the end of December to carry it. In the meantime the garrison could at any time be brought off and even the stores removed, should matters grow desperate.

From his camp at Northcastle, to which he had removed after White Plains, Washington made a hurried march to Peekskill, on November 10th. After making a military visit to the Highland posts, reconnoitring in company with Generals Heath, Clinton, and others, and directing the disposition of the various bodies of troops, he crossed the Hudson below Stony Point with a force which was to find its way to Hackensack by a pass in the Ramapo Mountains.

The commander took a more direct route to Fort Lee. Arriving there on the 13th, he found that Fort Washington, which was the immediate object of his solicitude, instead of being evacuated had on the contrary been reinforced by General Greene, who had made the most of the discretionary clause in his chief's letter. Both Greene and Magaw believed that the Fort might be successfully defended.

Why Washington, who acknowledged that the uselessness of this post had been demonstrated and whose judgment required its evacuation, permitted the representations of his officers to outweigh his own saner conclusions has never been explained. For several days he remained in the neighbourhood, awaiting developments.

Upon the 15th, two months to a day after the hurried evacuation of New York by Putnam's hard-pressed columns, Howe sent Magaw a summons to surrender. The latter answered in somewhat stilted but unequivocal English that, "Actuated by the most glorious cause

that mankind ever fought in, I am determined to defend this post to the very last extremity."

Greene, across the river, dispatched a rider to Washington with the intelligence of Magaw's peril; and sent reinforcements to the Colonel, who was now menaced on three sides by the enemy.

It was nightfall [says Irving] when Washington arrived at Fort Lee. Greene and Putnam were over at the besieged fortress. He threw himself into a boat and had partly crossed the river, when he met those generals returning. They informed him of the garrison's having been reinforced and assured him that it was in high spirits and capable of making a good defence. It was with difficulty, however, that they could prevail on him to return with them to the Jersey shore, for he was excessively excited.

Less discreet historians than Irving have not hesitated to say that the Father of his Country on that occasion expressed his excitement in language of much greater vigour than is countenanced by polite custom. In other words, this is believed to have been one of the rare occasions upon which Washington swore. And certainly, if there was ever an excuse for profane invective, he could plead it at that time. Besides Magaw there were Cadwalader, Rawlings, Baxter, and other officers of merit at the beleaguered fort, together with a force of about two thousand picked men, the flower of the army; while opposed to them was an overwhelming force of British regulars and German hirelings, bred to the trade of war.

Lossing has given an anecdote that does not seem

to have any substantial basis of fact, but is offered here at its worth:

The chief crossed the river with Generals Putnam, Greene, and Mercer, and made his way stealthily to the house of Roger Morris, in which he had had his headquarters a few weeks before. From the Morris house, a mile south of Mount Washington, the chief made a hurried survey of the field of operations when a young, small, and very pretty *vivandière*, the wife of a Pennsylvania soldier, who had followed the chief like a guardian angel, from the river, came up reverently and touched him on the arm and whispered in his ear. Washington immediately ordered his companions into the saddle and they galloped back to their boats. Fifteen minutes later a British regiment which had been creeping stealthily like a serpent up the rocky acclivity, appeared at the mansion.

This story has a strongly apocryphal flavour.

From Fort Lee the Chief saw the greater part of the attack upon Fort Washington and his spirits were alternately raised and depressed by the varying fortunes of the fray. The battle commenced about noon, with General Knyphausen's division attacking from the north, General Mathew advancing from the Harlem River and Lord Percy trying to force the lines gallantly held by Colonel Cadwalader, two miles and a half south of the fort.

Much of the action was hidden from the watcher across the river by intervening hills and woods, but the gallant defence made by Cadwalader's eight hundred Pennsylvanians against double their number of English and Hessians was in open view. Eagerly the Chief directed his glass to that quarter.

Nothing [says Irving] encouraged him more than the gallant style in which Cadwalader with an inferior force maintained his position. When he saw him, however, assailed in flank, the line broken and his troops, overpowered by numbers, retreating to the fort, he gave up the game as lost. The worst sight of all was to behold his men cut down and bayoneted by the Hessians while begging quarter. It is said so completely to have overcome him that he wept "with the tenderness of a child."

By the hands of a daring messenger Washington managed to get a note to Magaw, telling him that if he could hold out till night, he would then endeavour to bring off the garrison. The messenger was one Captain Gooch, of Boston, whose intrepidity reminds one of some mighty deed from the sagas. General Heath is authority for the following account of his adventure:

He ran down to the river, jumped into a small boat, pushed over the river, landed under the bank, ran up to the fort and delivered the message, came out, ran and jumped over the broken ground, dodging the Hessians, some of whom struck at him with their pieces and others attempted to thrust him with their bayonets; escaping through them, he got to his boat and returned to Fort Lee.

But Magaw found it impossible to hold out. Already the summons to surrender had been made, and found him surrounded by troops that had been driven in from all sides by the overwhelming force of the enemy. The fortress was so filled with men that movement was difficult and further defence impossible. Fort Washington was therefore surrendered.

Thus ended the American occupancy of Manhattan

Island. Washington's own reflections upon the closing scene, given in a letter to his brother Augustine, will throw much light upon the difficulties that beset him, and his frame of mind regarding an action against which his better judgment rebelled.

This is a most unfortunate affair and has given me great mortification; as we have lost, not only two thousand men, that were there, but a good deal of artillery, and some of the best arms we had. And what adds to my mortification is, that this post, after the last ships went past it, was held contrary to my wishes and opinion, as I conceived it to be a hazardous one: but it having been determined on by a full council of general officers, and a resolution of Congress having been received, strongly expressive of their desire that the channel of the river which we had been labouring to stop for a long time at that place, might be obstructed, if possible; and knowing that this could not be done, unless there were batteries to protect the obstructions, I did not care to give an absolute order for withdrawing the garrison, till I could get around and see the situation of things; and then it became too late, as the place was invested. Upon the passing of the last ships, I had given it as my opinion to General Greene, under whose care it was, that it would be best to evacuate the place; but, as the order was discretionary, and his opinion differed from mine, it was unhappily delayed too long, to my great grief.

The abandonment of Fort Lee was of course a foregone conclusion as soon as the enemy was in possession of Fort Washington. This movement was hastened by the appearance on the west side of the river of six thousand British troops under Lord Cornwallis. These crossed on a rainy night and established themselves under the line of the Palisades, five or six miles north of Fort Lee. Extending thence with the evident

intention of forming a line which should separate the garrison of Fort Lee from the remainder of the American army, their manœuvre was anticipated by Washington's rapid retreat to the Hackensack.

Artillery, baggage, tents, and camp equipage were abandoned. Even camp kettles, we are told, were on the fires when the British made their uncontested entrance into Fort Lee.

Chapter XIII

From Spuyten Duyvil to Yonkers

WHILE we have been deploring the passing of the white wings, Anthony Van Corlaer, —half trumpeter, half myth,—has delayed his drowning in the wild waters of Papuinemen, waiting for an audience. He deserves a Wagner, who might do him justice. Anthony the Trumpeter was dispatched on a warlike mission to the Patroon Van Rensselaer, when he came to the stream that forms the upper boundary of Manhattan Island. Warned not to cross, he still persisted in advancing, intending to gain the other shore by swimming. “Spuyt den Duyvil!” he shouted, “I will reach Shoraskappock.” But his challenge to the Duyvil was unfortunately his last recorded utterance, as at that moment his Satanic Majesty, in the form of an enormous moss bunker, took him at his word and tried conclusions then and there.

That was the end of Anthony the Trumpeter, but the phrase that he is supposed to have originated is repeated about a thousand times a day by trainmen on the railroad, who have no idea of invoking Satanic interference with their duties.

An amusing story is told of a good but somewhat dull woman who asked a neighbour for an explanation of the strange name that she heard shouted into the car where she was seated. The neighbour, who was none other than Mr. Benson G. Lossing, related the substance of the legend given here. As he proceeded his listener became more and more interested. An expression of pity and sympathy overflowed her eyes. "Did the poor man leave a family?" she finally asked.

Upon the height behind Spuyten Duyvil there is the place of an old redoubt that occupied about the position of the Indian stronghold of Nipnichsen. A little way up the stream the Manor Lord, Frederick Filipse, purchased a ferry right and afterwards erected a bridge with a toll gate between the island and the main shore.

Near the mouth of the creek occurred, in the early fifties, one of the most dreadful of the steamboat disasters of which the history of the Hudson presents not a few: it was the burning of the *Henry Clay*, which is more fully noticed in another chapter.

The earliest historic account that associates the white discoverers with Spuyten Duyvil dates September, 1609. Henry Hudson, or his scribe, Master Juet, records a fight which he had at this place with some Indians who came out in their canoes and attacked the *Half Moon* with arrows. The yacht of the discoverer was at the time anchored at the mouth of the creek.

Here was the gathering place for the Indians who menaced Manhattan in colonial days. Here nearly a

thousand braves came together and threatened to destroy New Amsterdam, during Governor Stuyvesant's absence in the South. The frightened burghers of the little city took to the forts like rabbits to their burrows, for they had tasted the tender mercies of the Mohawks and other redskin neighbours.

During the Revolution, Spuyten Duyvil was regarded as an important point and the heights were fortified. The road which ran about the base of the hill was the scene of many a wild foray and the echoing hillsides resounded with the shouts of marauding cattle thieves and the lowing of frightened herds, urged towards the lines by their reckless drivers.

Now the mouth of the creek is shut by a drawbridge and the northern shore is a place of division between the passenger and freight trains of the New York Central Railroad, the former swinging inland to take the course by way of Kingsbridge, along the Harlem, and the latter still following the original line of the road, by the river shore.

At the distance of two or three miles above Spuyten Duyvil appears the extensive front of the Mount St. Vincent Academy. There is a slight incongruity in the view, that at once attracts the attention of a stranger; for the foreground is occupied by a stone "castle" that is so dwarfed by the red brick edifice behind it as to appear almost like a toy house. But the castle has a history of its own and presents the first if not the chief claim to notice.

Edwin Forrest, for years the foremost figure upon the stage in America, built that castle for his home and brought his bride, who had been the beautiful Miss Sinclair, there in 1838. There he enjoyed six years of something as nearly approaching calm and happiness as one born under his turbulent star could ever hope to attain. Within those blue granite walls he entertained bountifully and indulged his vehement passion for historic study. Then, in 1844, he went abroad, taking his wife with him. Out of the quiet eddy where he had found rest for six years he pushed into the turmoil of life, never to return. Domestic troubles in a short time overwhelmed him and his rancorous quarrel with Macready commenced, that culminated in the famous Astor Place riots in New York. The celebrated Forrest divorce suit followed, ending in the complete separation of the actor from his wife.

Not caring to live again at Fort Hill, as he called his castle, he sold it to the sisters of the Convent of St. Vincent, who were under the direction of Mother Superior Mary Angela Hughes. The school was opened in 1859, though subsequently much enlarged.

Although Fort Hill looks diminutive under the imposing wall of the Mount St. Vincent Academy, yet the tallest tower is said to be seventy feet in height.

From the Jersey shore, nearly opposite, the wall of the Palisades rises, one of the strange and imposing features with which nature sometimes surprises the geologist and puzzles the artist.

Fascinating, if not beautiful in general outline, wonderful in detail and often exquisite in colour, the great mass of weather-beaten rock seems to rise out of the very bosom of the river. Deep at its base runs the swift current of the channel and in its crowning belt of trees the clouds drift.

Here and there in the wall are deep rifts cut by little torrents that have been industriously mining their way for centuries past. Taking advantage of these ravines, companies of trees swarm up the slopes with flaunting banners of green that in the autumn change to royal hues of Tyrian splendour.

The Palisades are seen to best advantage when the sun strikes them in the morning or the long shadows clothe them with tender mysterious tints at nightfall.

In one respect our enjoyment of this feature of the river is greater to-day than in former years, because of the abatement, by law, of an abuse. Notice what Professor Archibald Geikie, the celebrated Scotch geologist, wrote thirty years ago:

Hardly is the traveller out of New York than he notices that every natural rock, islet, or surface of any kind that will hold paint is disfigured with advertisements in huge letters. The ice-worn bosses of gneiss which, rising out of the Hudson, would in themselves be such attractive objects in the landscape, are rendered hideous by being the groundwork on which some kind of tobacco, or tooth wash, or stove polish, is recommended to the notice of the multitude.

In this particular a great change for the better has taken place along the river. The advertising fiend is

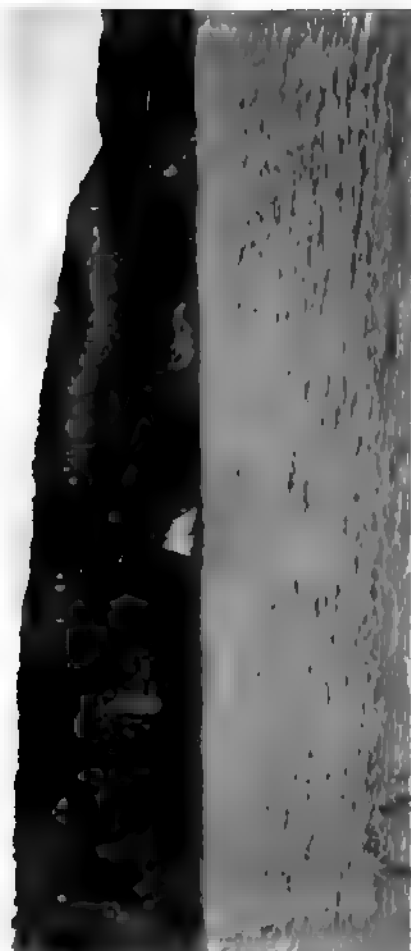


no longer permitted to disfigure natural scenery with his profane brush. But the advertising man was not the only vandal, nor the last.

The Palisades range in height from two hundred and fifty or less up to five hundred feet. The latter elevation is near the northern extremity, opposite Hastings. Taylorsville, just above Fort Lee, is two hundred and sixty feet above the tide.

Opposite Spuyten Duyvil is the pleasant residence village of Englewood, across from Riverdale is the projection known as Clinton Point, and opposite Ludlow is Huyler's Landing. The place where Hudson is said to have anchored on the 13th September, 1609, is nearly due west from Dudley's Grove, at the upper end of Yonkers.

One of the mutilated landmarks that used to be the pride of those who lived near the banks of the lower Hudson was the jutting shoulder of rock known as Indian Head, nearly the highest point of the Palisades. It was one of those peculiarly striking features in nature that persistently claim and invariably receive the consideration due to eminence. No one seeing the rugged beauty of Indian Head could forget it or refuse to credit any remarkable or romantic legend that chanced to attach itself there. It took its place, without question, in every sketch or photograph of that part of the river as naturally as King Edward would assume in England the chief place at any official function at which he chanced to be present. There is a divine right apper-



UNDER THE PALISADES

taining to headlands and other remarkable landscape features, as to kings.

But one day a contractor saw something more in Indian Head than any poet or artist had ever seen. He discerned a fortune in it,—a fortune in gravel. Now to crush a headland—especially a headland with associations and legends belonging to it,—into fine fragments, for road-beds, may seem to a certain class of sentimental people to be rather dreadful. It did seem dreadful; but it took the people who really cared so long to wake up to the dreadfulness of what was being done, and so much longer to discover a way to stop it, that before they could do anything Indian Head was gravel.

However, the people succeeded, though apparently with some difficulty, in saving the rest of the Palisades. The blasting and crushing processes which were at once an offence to the ear, the eye, and the æsthetic sensibilities of all good people, were finally interfered with effectually and the stone-crushers removed to other fields.

Years ago that craggy point was a favourite lookout station for the red men. For how many hundreds of years they had used it, no one can ever know, but if the story related to the author by one who lived in the vicinity and had a curious love for Indian lore can be accepted as true, then the immemorial years must have rounded almost into millenniums between the time of the first outlook on that grey old crag and the last.

The story is this: That there was a well-defined path worn in the rock and leading to the very highest point, and there, deeply indented, were three hollows, such as would be made by the knees and hand of one who was kneeling and bent a little forward. The narrator claimed that he fell naturally into that attitude in order to get a steady and restful position and that he noticed that his knees and palm fitted into the depressions. It is possible that the gentleman may have been in error in his conclusions, but that lonely vidette, waiting through uncounted centuries for the appearance of the ship of destiny that must at last arrive with the forerunner of the white conquerors, appeals strongly to the imagination.

The old Dutch voyagers had a name for the Palisades: "Verdrietegh Hoeck,"—grievous point, because it took so long to pass, and perhaps for another reason: no riverman likes to be becalmed under the cliffs. He may be lying motionless with no breath of air to stir a sail; when suddenly—slap! comes a "knock-down" over the crest, hitting the sails before it touches the water, and the vessel goes down before she can get headway. Verdrietegh Hoeck is a grievous place to be caught.

It was in front of Nappeckamack (that is now Yonkers), that the *Half Moon* made her second stop after leaving the mouth of the river. It was on the 12th of September, 1609. The weather, we are told, was "Faire and hot." Master Juet's *Journal* goes on to say:

In the afternoon, at two of the clocke, wee weighed, the winde being variable, between the north and northwest. So we turned into the river two leagues, and anchored. This morning at our first rode in the River, there came eight-and-twentie canoes full of men, women and children to betray vs: but wee saw theire intent and suffered none of them to come aboard of us. At twelue of the clocke they departed; they brought with them oysters and beanes, whereof wee bought some. They have great tobacco pipes of yellow copper, and Pots of Earth to dresse their meate in.

The early history of Yonkers commences with Adriaen Van der Donk, a lawyer from Holland who came to America in 1641 as sheriff for the Patroon Van Rensselaer, at Albany. Van der Donk was a man of some property (which he increased by marriage) and a good deal of ability. His ambition to become himself a Patroon was finally gratified by the grant of the lower Weckquaskeek region, extending from Spuyten Duyvil on the south to a brook nearly three miles above the present railroad station. The Company, or the Company's Director, was under some obligations to Van der Donk, it is said, for advances of money; and land grants have been convenient for discharging obligations of that sort in all ages of the world.

The deed named the tract so acquired "Nepperhaem"; but the names by which it was popularly known to the Dutchmen of that day were "Coln Donk," or the "Colony of Donk," and "De Jonkheer's," or the "Young Lord's," which has been corrupted into Yonkers. This grant became a manor in 1652 and Van der

Donk was its Lord for three years, though perhaps he never lived there. He became involved in a quarrel with Stuyvesant and went to Holland with a remonstrance, but was beaten by the doughty Governor. He left no impression upon the land over which he was Lord for so short a time. Between 1681 and 1686 Vredryk or Frederick Flypse or Filipse became Lord of a manor that was really lordly, a domain to put to shame many a princeling's patrimony. His various Indian and other purchases, confirmed by grants, finally included all that tract of land lying between the Croton River and Spuyten Duyvil creek,—from Kitchawan to Papuinemen. When his first wife died, in 1690 or '91, he married the daughter of Oloff Van Cortlandt and widow of John Dervall, who brought him a fortune of considerable extent to add to the eighty thousand guilders which made him already the richest man in the Colonies. All of his estates were confirmed to him in 1693.

He was actually Lord of the Manor, with baronial power. From 1693 till his death in 1702 his country residence was probably at Tarrytown, in the stone house—called "Castle Filipse"—that he built there, and that has been going slowly but surely to decay up to this year of grace, 1902, because of a lack of public spirit or sentiment, or whatever the emotion may be that moves men to the preservation of historic landmarks.

The Philips manor-house at Yonkers, though not





THE OLD PHILIPS HOUSE AND MILL, TARRYTOWN, ERECTED ABOUT 1684



so old as the "castle" at Tarrytown, is a much more pretentious dwelling. It became the home of the descendants of the first Sir Frederick. It was there that the wedding of the beautiful Mary Philipse took place. Tradition has coupled Washington's name with hers, as that of a suitor, but there is certainly no evidence that he ever proposed marriage to her. As already stated, she married his former companion in arms, Roger Morris, the builder of the old "Jumel" mansion. The marriage, which took place in January, 1758, was a magnificent affair, long remembered throughout the country-side. Among the traditions that have grown about the event is one to the effect that in the midst of the festivities an Indian sooth-sayer made an oracular statement that filled the bride's heart with apprehension. Standing in the doorway, he delivered himself in this wise: "Your possessions shall pass away when the eagle shall despoil the lion." If the reader wishes to take a grain of salt with that Indian no objection will be made.

All of the central portion of the present city of Yonkers was purchased in 1813 by Lemuel Wells. This estate, having the Nepperhan River running through the middle of it and including, among other buildings, the Philips manor-house, had previously been acquired by Cornelius P. Low, from the Commissioners of Forfeiture. Mr. Wells bought it at public auction for the sum of \$56,000. At that date there were less than a dozen houses, including mills,

on the entire estate of 320 acres. It was not till after the death of Mr. Wells, in 1842, that the site of Yonkers began to be built upon. The operation of the Hudson River Railroad, commencing in 1849, created a lively demand for property in that convenient locality, and the subsequent growth of the place has been rapid. But it is essentially a new town. Its civic history is nearly all condensed into a little more than half a century.

Modern Yonkers, some one has said, is the child of the railroad. As lately as 1841, it was, according to the Rev. Doctor David Cole, an insignificant hamlet. In 1876 it was thus described:

A few miles north of Spuyten Duyvil is the large village of Yonkers. Thirty years ago a church, a few indifferent houses, a single sloop at a small wharf, and the gray walls and roof of a venerable structure, which you may see stretching among the trees parallel with the river, comprised the whole borough. That building is the Philipse Manor house, now occupied for municipal purposes by the public authorities of Yonkers.

The city of Van der Donk and Philipse is now a thriving one, much given to factories and the enjoyment of a busy local life; but to the outsider its chief attraction centres about the names of a few eminent people who have made it their home.

Foremost among these appears the name of one who for years was looked upon as the natural leader of one of the great political parties of the land; a disciple of Martin Van Buren; one who had received the highest

honour in the gift of the people of the State and had been a candidate for the chief magistracy of the nation. Samuel Jones Tilden was an American of the Americans. Born in an old-fashioned house in Columbia County, N. Y., in which four generations of his family had lived, he passed the declining years of his busy and influential life within the walls of "Graystone," his substantial and costly home at Yonkers.

His house is situated to the north of the city on an elevated plateau and is massive and ample rather than ornate. Its granite walls and Mansard roof, rising from the surrounding verdure, do not easily pass unnoticed in the general view.

But if we accord to Mr. Tilden the first niche in the local temple of fame, we would not leave him to solitude. Somewhere there would be a statue to Frederick Swartwout Cozzens, wine merchant and author, and the friend of most of the "Knickerbocker" authors. His *Sparrowgrass Papers*, originally published in *Putnam's Magazine*, take rank among the classic works of American humour. The author of *Nothing to Wear* is also claimed proudly by Yonkers, and so are Doctor Wendell Prime, Mr. T. Astley Atkins, Doctor Armitage, and a score of other widely known people.¹

Along the river shore the towns and villages are devouring the rural scenery and replacing its natural charm with a more lively human interest: but still

¹ Since the above went to press Mr. William Allen Butler, the author of *Nothing to Wear*, has passed away. His death occurred at Yonkers on September 9th, 1902.

between the little centres of population there are frequent miles of tree-shaded banks where the violets and anemones nod in the spring and the scarlet spires of the cardinal flower hide in August by the watercourses.

Half a century ago Alfred B. Street wrote a characteristic description of the woodland scenery which in his day formed so striking a feature of the Hudson and which even now in many places challenges the admiration of the observer.

. . . Here the Spruce thrusts in
Its bristling plume, tipped with its pale green points
The scallop'd beech leaf and the birch's, cut
Into fine ragged edges, interlace:
While here and there, through clefts, the laurel lifts
Its snowy chalices, half brimmed with dew.

Chapter XIV

Spectres of the Tappan Zee

THE little sea that expands between Haverstraw and the Palisades is a rare cruising place for ghosts and goblins. There is not a shadowy hull that rounds Piermont or tacks across from the Slaperig Hafen to the Hoeck but is freighted deep with legends.

How briefly told, yet how suggestive, is the melancholy history of Rambout Van Dam, the unresting oarsman that some witchery compels to never-ending labour upon the tides of the Tappan Zee! He was one of those uneasy Dutch blades that counted neither distance nor labour as of any moment when a pleasure was in view. There had been some notice or rumour of a frolic at Kakiat, a secluded hamlet hidden away among the hills of Rockland County, and Van Dam on hearing the news rowed from his home at Spuyten Duyvil the whole length of the Tappan Zee and the Palisades to boot in order to be there.

Most modern youngsters would be conscious of some slight fatigue after such a pull, but not so delicate were the Dutchmen of that early day. Rambout

danced and drank, drank and danced as though he had had no exercise for a week. It was a Saturday night, and midnight came and passed before he knew it. But when he started for home solicitous companions warned him against the peril of sabbath-breaking; for upon all matters of religious observance the Netherlanders were exceedingly punctilious. A young man might play what pranks he would with every pretty girl in the county, and make his potations of apple-jack both deep and frequent, but it would outrage the sentiment of the community if he broke the Sabbath.

But Rambout was skin-full of recklessness, and disregarding every warning, he pulled off, "swearing that he would not land till he had reached Spuyten Duyvil." According to the best authorities he has not landed there yet. Whether living or dead, none can say, but doomed to a perpetual journey across the river he undoubtedly is, for many a boat-man on the river has heard the sound of his oars, and more than one damsel, being rowed o' moonlit nights on the river, has clung in terror to her swain, as she fancied she saw in the distance the shadowy form of Rambout Van Dam.

There is another haunting shape that occasionally troubles these waters; it is that of the Storm-ship that makes mysterious journeys, never heeding shoal or headland, tacking when the wind is fair and running free in the teeth of a gale, with never a concession to any weather that mortals give heed to. Into the moonlight she comes suddenly, from some unknown quarter



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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

and as suddenly, while the eye is fixed upon her, vanishes completely as a bubble that floats for a moment where a wave has broken, and then, in a twinkling, is dissipated.

There have been people who have really doubted the existence of the phantom ship and class it with fabulous monsters, Brocken spectres, and the like: but these are not people who have navigated the waters of the Tappan Zee at night.

Two hundred years ago the Storm-ship was first seen passing New Amsterdam, going up the stream against a strong ebb tide. She was flying Dutch colours and her sails bellied with a wind that certainly was not apparent to those who gazed at her, wide-eyed and whispering, from the fort. In spite of the trade regulations that forbade the passing of any vessel up the river without a permit, regardless of signals or challenge, the stranger sailed on. Then a gun was fired from the battery, but her hull did not stop the ball, nor did the ball check her course.

She passed on, weathered the point of Jeffrey's Hook, crossed the long stretch of the Grievous Hook, and sailed out of sight under some of the headlands of the Tappan Zee. From that day to this no one has seen this unsubstantial stranger sail down the river, past Manhattan, and out to sea. But many a time the rivermen have encountered her and with a muttered invocation to St. Nicholas have shortened sail, knowing that a storm was soon to come.

For some reason the Tappan Zee seems to have been the favourite cruising-ground for this barometric craft since her first adoption of the Hudson; and even to-day, when least expected, her strange, tall poop and swelling sides sometimes are seen as she rounds the tedious shoulder of Point-no-Point, or steals along shore under the shadow of Kingsland's Point. Some



HOOK MOUNTAIN FROM NYACK

believe that she runs for anchorage into the mouth of the Pocantico, and others that she hides near the pine-shaded banks of the Hafenje, but no one has ever seen her at rest. She is always flying swiftly before a wind that mortals cannot feel.

There is the memory of another craft, more substantial than the phantom ship, and more successful in attaining a port than Rambout's boat, that made the passage of the river between Wolfert's Roost and

the Rockland shore in 1776. Its occupant was the dashing soldier and arrant lover, Aaron Burr.

When the American forces were near White Plains Burr was seized with a desire to spend an evening with the fascinating widow Provost,—Theodosia Provost,—who then lived a dozen miles back towards the Ramapo Hills on the other side of the Hudson.

Riding at full speed along Petticoat Lane, which is the old road between White Plains and Tarrytown, attended by several of his devoted troopers, Burr reached the willow-shaded little bay near Sunnyside, while the night was still young. A boat was waiting for him, and, leaving his escort, he embarked, horse and all, and was ferried as rapidly and as silently as possible to the Rockland shore, where he remounted. A ride of a dozen rough miles, at night, through a country picketed by the enemy, should be enough to try the mettle of an ordinary lover. But Aaron Burr was no ordinary lover, which is perhaps the reason why in his generation his enemies were seldom found among the gentler sex. History discreetly neglects to furnish the details of the courtship that we know ultimately resulted in the winning of Theodosia's hand and heart.

By daybreak horse and rider were back within the American lines and no one but the troopers, the ferryman, and the widow knew of that wild trip.

There are two channels in this part of the river, one near the eastern and the other close to the western shore; between are flats of comparatively shoal water,

where formerly some of the older maps showed a small island, that was probably nothing more than a sand-bar. One of the familiar features of the shoals is that of the numerous shad poles that mark the fishing-grounds.

Less important now than formerly are the oyster-beds that were once a feature of this part of the river. In the days when the Indians inhabited the shores of



TAPPAN ZEE AND THE TARRYTOWN LIGHT

the Hudson these were among their principal sources of subsistence, as evidenced by the extensive shell-heaps that still mark the site of many of their villages or camps.

The water of the Tappan Zee is brackish, about half sea water and half fresh. The width from Tarrytown to Nyack is between three and a half and four miles, and communication between the two shores is kept up during the greater part of the year by ferry. Occasionally

the whole expanse is a splendid deck of ice, over which skaters and sometimes sleighs cross. There have been some perilous episodes connected with the breaking of the ice and more than one exciting race for life.

Years ago a whale, perhaps in search of the Northwest passage, blundered into the river, it is said, and there is even a tradition that he grounded on the flats and had to wait for a tide to float him off. Of course the boatmen were greatly excited and projected expeditions to meet and capture the monster, but it is not recorded that any one got near enough to seriously interfere with his departure.

Piermont, above the northern extremity of the "ice-worn bosses of gneiss," is a village that was created when the Erie Railway built the mile-long pier that still projects into the river at this point. It is chiefly interesting because of its proximity to the village of Tappan, where Major André was executed. The house, that was long pointed out as the headquarters at Tappan, has been allowed to fall to decay. Quite recently, within a few years, the entire front of this building fell out. Most readers will remember the fate of the stone that Mr. Field erected as a memorial of the historic association of Tappan. Some rampant patriot, with more zeal than propriety, applied an explosive and destroyed it.

The place where Nyack stands was once a part of the Philipse manor. This town, though of comparatively recent origin, is the principal one in Rockland County,

and numbers among its inhabitants many of the representatives of old county families. The river front is here more accessible to the people of the town than are the shores of villages and cities on the eastern side to the people there. On the Nyack side there is no railroad running close to the river, forming a barrier that is



WASHINGTON HOUSE AT TAPPAN

not usually either safe or pleasant to cross. On the east bank the poorer dwellings and the coal and lumber yards are near the river, while on the west the grounds of handsome residences slope to the water's edge.

One of the results of the difference just noted is that there is quite a fleet of pleasure boats belonging to Nyack and a flourishing boat club there, while Tarrytown must be content to enjoy its river prospect from

a distance, as most of its well-to-do inhabitants dwell upon the hills.

The sweep of the Hudson River from Haverstraw Bay to the Tappan Zee is around the curving base of that deceptive headland known as Point-no-Point, or Rockland Point. As its name implies, it is at best the bluntest of points. It juts into the current, a segment



HIGH TAUR—POINT-NO-POINT AND HAVERSTRAW

(From a drawing by the author)

of a huge circle, just above the palisaded front of Hook Mountain, and just below the venerable crest of old Taur. Back of No-Point, over the brow of the hills, in a basin to which they are the titanic rim, lies Rockland Lake, and day after day the ice-cars pass and re-pass the crest on their way between the ice-houses on the lake side and those on the river shore. A headland that used to be eagerly looked for by the passengers

on the river boats, and was pointed out by every riverman, who viewed it with the pride of conscious proprietorship, No-Point satisfied the cultivated sense of the artist and impressed the untutored wayfarer with its perfection.

It is safe to say that not even the Hudson River affords a more perfect combination of form and colour in landscape than this used to present. The traveller from other lands carried away, among his pleasantest impressions, the memory of its beautiful sweep of outline and the blending of lush summer foliage into the silver grey of weather-beaten rocks, or the rich chromatic harmony of its autumn dress. Now there is a dust-cloud hanging over a scene of increasing desolation. Acres of broken rock and bare soil scar the cliff and make it an offence to the eye. The selfishness of those who are robbing the State of one of its most charming and beautiful possessions should arouse universal antagonism. The explanation of this vandalism can be given in one word,—gravel. In one scale are beauty, sentiment, the delight of the eye, the restful, health-conserving qualities inherent in a harmonious landscape; in the other—gravel. Gravel is a marketable commodity. Gravel pays. Gravel fills the pockets of the contractor, and must be secured for that purpose without regard to sentiment or local pride. The story of the Palisades over again? Yes, and worse; for while every one concedes the unique character of the great monotonous rock wall—"the

ice-worn bosses of gneiss," as Professor Geikie called it—that stretches its long, parallel lines of base and crest above the river, opposite Yonkers, it is a question if any artist ever greatly admired its parallelism. The rectangular structure was tolerable only because of the robes of colour that clothed it in the ruddy sunlit morning and the purple-mantled evening. But the people of Yonkers and its vicinity love the Palisades, and were aroused to effective action against the vandalism that has attempted their demolition.

In the case of No-Point the offence is greater, if possible, because the harm done is greater, and the loss more irreparable. Without seeking to condone the wrong done at the Palisades, it may be pointed out that in the course of years the foliage, springing up in the fissures and valleys that have been made, will cover the site of the blasting. But this palliative can never be applied to the conduct of those who are denuding the headland of No-Point. Its curving contours, from any point of view, are so nearly perfect that it is inconceivable that the work now going on can result in anything but permanent injury. No one can tell how long this outrage is to continue if the people of the State do not take measures to protect themselves; but as there seems to be no limit to the gravel market, it is reasonable to suppose that a future generation may find a low and barren stone heap on the site of this ancient landmark. The offence to the eye, to the artistic sense, to our innate love for beauty, is not the

only nor the greatest wrong done by the defacement of Point-no-Point. The offence to the ear, the injury done to the nervous system is a ground on which to base public action. A population of several thousand people in several towns and villages on the east bank of the river is continually disturbed by the heavy blasting, that is like the discharge of great parks of artillery. Curiously, the jarring and the noise are much more severely apparent to the people of Ossining, Croton, Scarborough, and Tarrytown than at Nyack or New City, or Haverstraw. Even as far away as Tarrytown, which is eight or ten miles distant across the river, windows are shaken, and the sick often seriously disturbed by the heavy detonations, while at Ossining, more nearly opposite the Point, invalids and the aged are particularly distressed by the rattling and shaking, the shock and the uproar.

It is time that there should be a general understanding of the rights of the public in such matters. Already, in numberless ways, the right of public protection is admitted. In the erection of buildings, the establishment of unsavoury enterprises, the storage of dangerous explosives, or the traffic in infected goods, the right of communal defence against individual aggression is enforced. The property-holder is enjoined that he must hold his property subject to the well-being of the community. Why has not the community a right to the pleasure of the eye and the rest of the ear and the peace of the nerves, as well as to

immunity from noxious odours and unwholesome vapours? Do we not admit that diseases of the nerves are among the most prevalent, the most varied, the most stubborn, and the most dangerous of any with which medical science has to cope?

There is no reason why the population of the towns upon the Hudson should sit down supinely. If the æsthetic basis is asserted by a community, it will be recognised by the law. Let people understand that a landscape is a public possession, that beauty in nature, the curve of hill and colour of foliage, is educational, and that the loss of these things is a serious one to them and to their children.

Chapter XV

In the Land of Irving

ONE of the first settlers on Philipse's patent was a Swede named Jeremiah Dobbs, who took up land at the place variously spelled, in old records, Wacquesquick, Wisquaqua, and Weeckquaesguck. Algonquin names, after passing through various phonetic arrangements, have a varied anthography. The name here quoted is translated to mean the Place of the Bark Kettle. What the tradition may have been that associated such a name with the little brook that enters the river here, and afterwards applied it to quite an extensive territory, no antiquary has discovered.

Dobbs had a shanty on Willow Point and eked out his modest living by ferrying chance passengers over the river in his periauger, or dugout. His name was easier to pronounce than Weeckquaesguck, and being, moreover, associated with a ferry, it was perpetuated as a place name, while that of the bark kettle fell into disuse.

But Dobbs is a thorn-in-the-side to the residents near his ferry, who have made several very serious

efforts to have the Legislature authorise the use of a more euphonious name. Several public meetings have been held at different times to agitate the question and not a few have been the alternatives suggested. Mr. Van Brugh Livingston, who owned much land thereabouts and was a prominent citizen, tried to have his own name applied to the village; not a few persons were in favour of adopting that of Paulding, one of the captors of André, and some one suggested Van Wart. The last proposition was met by a gravely advanced argument in favour of dropping the Van from the last name and simply calling the place "Wart-on-the-Hudson." For a short time, Greenburgh was accepted as a compromise, and Dobbs Ferry became Greenburgh to the post-office authorities, but as a quiet after-thought the old name was finally restored.

There are at this place numerous shell-heaps, and other indications that at one time the Indian population was a large one, but there is no record of any particular event connected with its history till the dark days of 1776, when its situation in relation to the Palisades brought it for a time into prominence. From no nearer point above Spuyten Duyvil could a landing-place upon the opposite side of the river be secured, owing to the precipitous cliffs. For this reason we find that the dispatches of both the British and American commanders bear frequent references to Dobbs Ferry.

After the battle of White Plains the British force encamped here for eight days. From here, Lord Corn-

wallis crossed the river into New Jersey. Here are the remains of several redoubts and a fort, though there was no land engagement at Dobbs Ferry.

When Arnold arranged his first interview, relative to the betrayal of West Point, with André, he was to meet him at Dobbs Ferry, but as the name seems to have applied equally to the eastern and western landings, it is uncertain which side of the river was indicated. We know that the plan miscarried, and the treacherous American general was so closely pursued by a British gunboat that he narrowly escaped capture. After the condemnation of André, General Greene met Sir Henry Clinton at Dobbs Ferry to discuss the possibility of ameliorating his sentence. Here, in 1777, General Lincoln's division of the Continental army camped for a short time.

In front of an interesting old house at Dobbs Ferry, in 1894, a monument was erected by the New York State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. The inscription upon it reads:

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

Here, July 6, 1781, the French allies, under Rochambeau, joined the American army.

Here, August 14, 1781, Washington planned the Yorktown campaign, which brought to a triumphant end the War for American independence.

Here, May 6, 1783, Washington and Sir Guy Carleton arranged for the evacuation of American soil by the British.

And opposite this point May 8, 1783, a British sloop-of-war fired seventeen guns in honour of the American Commander-in-chief, the first salute by Great Britain to the United States of America.

In 1861, Lossing wrote:

The Livingston mansion, owned by Stephen Archer, a Quaker, is preserved in its original form. Under its roof in past times many distinguished men have been sheltered; Washington had his headquarters there toward the close of the Revolution and there in November, 1783, Washington, George Clinton, . . . and Sir Guy Carleton . . . met to confer, etc., etc.

Both of the statements quoted above are misleading. The house referred to is not the Livingston family seat, but was acquired by Mr. Van Brugh Livingston about 1823. If any part of it was standing during the War for Independence, it was the small rear portion. One authority states that the interview between Washington and Carleton took place on board of a British vessel in the river, but this seems strikingly improbable.


On the water, near Dobbs Ferry, in 1781, there was a sharp engagement between some British and American guard-boats. Almost immediately following this skirmish two gunboats ascended the river from New York, with the evident intention of cutting out the vessels congregated near the ferry, but they were discovered and driven away by shot from the shore batteries.

Dobbs Ferry was in the heart of that debatable region known as the neutral ground, the inhabitants of which were so harried and impoverished that, according to a record left by a traveller of that time, they seemed almost without hope or ambition; silent, apathetic, regarding every man as a possible foe.

To-day the place is a collection of attractive country-seats, and its inhabitants, like those of most of the river towns within thirty-five miles of New York, are largely dependent upon the city for their social entertainment and business life.

In the neighbourhood of Dobbs Ferry, a little way to the north, is the comparatively new station of Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, where is a fashionable and attractive inn, or club-house, with all the modern allurements of golf course, etc. The establishment takes its name from that of Cyrus W. Field's former estate, upon a portion of which it is built. Mr. Field will be remembered, when his eminence as a factor in the financial world may be forgotten, as the man whose energy and persistence in the face of obstacles succeeded in laying the first Atlantic cable. His home was in what some one has called the great millionaire belt of the east shore of the Hudson. For mile upon mile the prospect along shore is that of magnificent residences and highly developed grounds.

Although it is no part of our purpose to fill these pages with a descriptive list of the mansions that multiply till they suggest a celestial comparison, yet we think that no American will quarrel with us for making one exception. There is a white-walled house that overlooks the river between Irvington and Tarrytown. It is a noticeable landmark, in its outlines suggesting the gothic dignity of some ecclesiastical edifice by the Thames, rather than a dwelling on the Hudson. An



older house, included within its walls, was built in 1840 by General William Paulding, the brother of James K. Paulding. But its chief interest is in the fact that it is the property and residence of Miss Helen Gould. No one has ever numbered the charities that have flowed from Lyndhurst since Miss Gould, of whom we love to think as a typical American woman, became the mistress of its pleasant acres. Her home is palatial, but it was not considered too good to be the resting-place for convalescent soldiers, broken down by a Cuban campaign; her conservatories are remarkable even in this neighbourhood of millionaires, but they are not too fine to be open with a welcome to the poorest child that seeks admission.

Lyndhurst means a forest of linden trees, but its park-like lawns are shaded by nearly all of the ornamental trees that will thrive in our latitude, and it has naturally become one of the show-places of a region of parks.

Lyndhurst lies between Irvington, which is, perhaps, the choicest residence section of the river shore, in some respects, and Tarrytown. The early history of the latter place has been already touched upon in the reference made to the Manor Lord, Filipse, who built his strong house near the Pocantico in 1683 or 1684, and soon afterwards erected the stone church which became world famous as the Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow, now the oldest church building in use in New York State.

The Revolutionary history of Tarrytown is in the main that of all other hamlets within the neutral territory. It was overridden and pillaged, property and life were never safe for an hour, and famine, sickness, and terror were the portion of most of the inhabitants. The British threatened to destroy stores near the village and made one or two attempts to do so, landing in force upon at least one occasion. General Lincoln marched through on his way to Kingsbridge; Colonel Luddington commanded five hundred militia here; "Light-Horse Harry" Lee had a brush with some of Dunop's Yagers,—we might go on indefinitely with such details, none of them particularly important. Here Van Courtlandt's river guard made a rendezvous, and the yeomen of the neighbourhood tried to guard the crossways and peppered the British boats when they ventured near the shore. On one memorable night, fire-ships ascending the river attacked and drove away a number of British vessels that had anchored off the Tarrytown shore, and set fire to one of the tenders.

On Sunday, the 15th of July, 1781, two sloops were going down the Hudson, loaded with powder and arms for the American army, when several British war-ships with their tenders were discovered approaching from an opposite direction. In order to avoid an embarrassing meeting, the supply vessels put into Tarrytown; but the enemy, who were looking for just such game, were not to be eluded, and pursued them so



OLD DUTCH CHURCH OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

closely that in a short time they were cornered beyond any apparent possibility of escape. The troops in the neighbourhood at that time consisted of a sergeant's guard of French infantry and a troop of dragoons commanded by Colonel Sheldon, whose regiment lay at Dobbs Ferry. These soldiers, dismounting, worked with great spirit in assisting to unload the stores from the sloops, but were soon subjected to a galling fire from the British frigates. Under cover of this cannonading, two gunboats and four barges crept in to destroy the sloops; but the Americans on board, though greatly inferior in number, had no idea of abandoning their task. Captain Hurlburt, of the 2d Regiment of Dragoons, commanded twelve intrepid men, armed only with swords and pistols, who resisted till the last possible moment, but were driven away by the overwhelming attack of the British. But the intrepid commander rallied his force once more and, aided by the fire of the French infantry and dismounted dragoons, returned to the sloops by swimming, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames kindled by their foes.


This heroic feat was second to none in daring, as we must realise when we consider the nature of the cargo contained by the supply vessels, and the immediate risk of explosion incurred.

The British were driven away and failed in their purpose, but the brave Hurlburt received injuries from which he never recovered, dying from the effects of

them about two years later. This action, hardly noticed in general history, should at least be chronicled among important minor actions of the war, and the name of Hurlburt be honoured with those of Cushing or Hobson.

The most notable of all historic events connected with this part of the river was the capture of Major John André at Tarrytown, in September, 1780. Fresh from his interview with the traitorous Arnold, within the American lines, André was escaping on horseback, in disguise, to New York, when stopped by the three American militiamen, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart. The details of that capture have been worn threadbare by constant repetition, and the merit of captors and captive have been discussed with hardly abated warmth for a century and more. We will not enter into that controversy. At a point near the present highway, probably about an eighth of a mile to the east of it, the trio of scouts were apparently waiting for something to turn up, when they heard the sound of a horse's hoofs and intercepted the rider. Forcing him to dismount, they drew him into the bushes and under a tree somewhat to the east of the present road, searched him, finally discovering the criminating papers in his boot.

Whether Paulding really exclaimed, "My God, he is a spy," or whether the question of ransom was ever seriously discussed, are matters that will probably never be settled. What is important is that the men



who captured André did not conclude any bargain for ransom, but actually held their prisoner till they had turned him over to some one who had official authority to hold him, and that they were honoured by the Commander-in-chief of the army and by Congress as the saviours of the State.

The dispatching of André to Washington, under guard, and the sad termination of the life of the active and popular young Englishman, belong to one of the most familiar narratives of American history.

Among the legends that are famous wherever the English tongue is familiar, or its literature known, that of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow has been read. To attempt to retell a story so intimately associated with the fame of Washington Irving, savours of effrontery, and we can only regret that the length of the legend, as accepted, forbids its insertion here.

Among the famous men whose homes were, for a longer or shorter period, at Tarrytown, Commodore Matthew Galbraith Perry, to whom the world owes the opening of Japan to Western influences, must not be forgotten. His house was to the north of the estate of Mr. William Aspinwall, now owned by Mr. William Rockefeller. Not far away was the cottage in which Captain Alexander Slidell Mackenzie resided, after the distressing episode on the brig *Somers*, when he caused the son of the Secretary of the Navy to be hanged from the yard-arm for mutiny. General James Watson Webb was also for years a resident of Tarrytown, his

estate being afterwards purchased by General John C. Frémont—the Pathfinder.



LOOKOUT AT OLD QUARRY—FARRYDOWN

(From a drawing by the author)

Those whose memories include the stirring days of the Civil War will recollect how, in 1863, at the time

of the dreadful "draft riots" in New York, a demonstration of sympathy with the rioters was suggested by some of the inhabitants of what was then known as Beekmantown, and how a gunboat, anchored within range, produced a change of heart in the most turbulent. At that time a company of roughs from farther down the river were marching upon Tarrytown, with the intention of doing mischief to the coloured portion of the population. The latter, badly frightened, swarmed over the hills, taking refuge in the woods back of the village. But the rioters never reached the town. A brave minister of the place, the Rev. Abel T. Stewart, accompanied by one or two companions, went unarmed to meet that mob of several hundred bloodthirsty ruffians, and succeeded by his fearless resolution and persuasive eloquence in turning them from their purpose.

One cannot visit Sleepy Hollow or explore the banks of the Pocantico as it seeks the Hudson without being conscious that Washington Irving stretched his sceptre over these hills and valleys. From the gables of Sunnyside to the belfry of the Old Dutch Church, from "Tommy Dean's" store to Carl's mill, his domain extended, and is still his inalienable territory, let who will pay the taxes!

The associations which led him back to Tarrytown after years of wandering were formed in boyhood. The Pauldings, connected with his family by marriage, lived near a pleasant bay, just south of the

present station, and it was while visiting them that he made an early acquaintance with the characters and scenes that engaged his pen in later years.

James Kirke Paulding, his senior by several years, was his guide and friend, if not philosopher; and it is not improbable that the people of the neighbourhood, who have conjured for half a century by Geoffrey Crayon's name, must thank that engaging youngster for their titular saint.

It is hard for us to realise, looking at the cultivated "grounds," the "improved" residences, and innumerable smooth lawns, what those two boys found as they rambled with guns or rods over the hills, or pushed their boat into the bays along the river shore. The Pocantico and its tributary streams then teemed with trout. The quail piped in every cornfield, and the grouse whirred from every invaded thicket. One little distant church folded the entire rural flock on Sabbath days. Revolutionary veterans, in the prime of life, fought their battles over at the tavern or the store. The market boat that sailed at stated intervals for New York, wind and weather permitting, tied up near the Paulding house, and the farm waggons lumbered down with their produce to the landing. A century has made mighty changes.

Years afterward, Washington Irving wrote:

To me the Hudson is full of storied associations, connected as it is with some of the happiest portions of my life. Each striking feature brings to mind some early adventure or enjoy-

ment, some favourite companion who shared it with me, some fair object, perchance, of youthful admiration, who, like a star, may have beamed her allotted time and passed away.

There is something delightfully youthful and pastoral in that last touch. We catch a glimpse of other boyish pastimes than gunning or fishing or dreaming in a boat under the willows near Mr. Oliver Ferris's house,—the Sunnyside of future years. The "beaming" objects of youthful admiration, met at the church or down by the mill-pond between services, or perhaps at the market-boat landing, gave, we cannot doubt, a peculiar zest to life, a particular delight to memory. The granddaughters of those girls of long ago must, some of them at least, be with us still. I wonder if there are preserved pleasant traditions of those innocent flirtations. I would like to know how the slower country beaux regarded the encroachments of those two city boys.

One of the resorts well known to all the fishermen on the Tappan Zee was the Hafenje, or little harbour, a pleasant bay that indented the shore to the north of the "Yellow Rocks." In later days the old Dutch name became corrupted to "Hobbinger." It can hardly be doubted that the youthful companions wet their lines in its quiet water or beached their boat under the pines and hemlocks that bordered it. What is left of the Hafenje now is a shallow cove between the railroad track and the dam behind which General Watson Webb confined its tributary brook. John C. Frémont

afterward bought that property, and the pond and cove are locally known by his name. From an old sketch written by Paulding and published in 1828 in one of the then fashionable annuals, we get a glimpse of the local oddities, the characters, whose originality appealed so strongly to Irving, and of landmarks that have been obliterated. He describes "the little market town on the river, from whence the boats plied weekly to New York with produce," as a "pestilent little place [in 1793] for running races, pitching quoits, and wrestling for gin-slings," but adds:

I must do it credit to say that it is now [1828] a very orderly town, sober and quiet, save when Parson Mathias, who calls himself a Son of Thunder, is praying in secret so as to be heard across the river. It so happened that of all the days in the year, this was the very day [one Tuesday in November] a rumour had got into the town that I myself, the veritable writer of this true story, had been poisoned by a dish of souchong tea. . . . There was not a stroke of work done in the village that day. The shoemaker abandoned his awl, the hatter his bowstring, the tailor his goose, and the forge of the blacksmith was cool from dawn till nightfall. Silent was the sonorous harmony of the big spinning wheel, silent the village song, and silent the fiddle of Master Timothy Canty, who passed his livelong time in playing tuneful measures and catching bugs and butterflies.

It may not be out of place to let the careful Duyckinck supply the grain of salt with which he warns us that Paulding should be enjoyed:

In almost all the writings of Paulding there is occasionally infused a dash of his peculiar vein of humorous satire and keen sarcastic irony. . . . It is sometimes somewhat difficult to decide when he is jesting and when he is in earnest. This is on

the whole a great disadvantage in an age when irony is seldom resorted to.

With this timely caution posted in the path of literature, we must be dull indeed if we do not suspect that perhaps the voice of the Rev. Mathias did not reach altogether across the river,—let us say half-way over—or that the wrestling for gin-slugs was overestimated. But must we give up Tim Canty bodily? That would be almost as hard as to admit that Ichabod Crane had no actual prototype.

Around his garret were disposed a number of unframed pictures, painted on glass, as in the olden time, representing the four seasons, the old King of Prussia, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, . . . the beautiful Constantia Phillips, and divers others. . . . The whole village poured into the garret to gaze at these *chefs d'œuvres*, and it is my confirmed opinion . . . that neither the gallery of Florence, Dresden, nor the Louvre was ever visited by so many real amateurs.

There can be little doubt that, under the guidance of this lively companion, Washington Irving became familiar with what in the literary jargon of to-day is called local colour, used afterwards so lavishly upon the canvas whereon Ichabod and Katrina and Brom the Devil are painted with a master hand.

We may suppose that the seed which was to come to fruition in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* was planted in those youthful days and germinated during the twenty years' interval. The vivid impressions made by new and picturesque surroundings upon the impressionable mind of the lad of fifteen years of age

were destined to affect the life and the fame of an American author in whose work, perhaps, as much as in that of any other, there is evidence of permanency. By his own confession, Irving was but an indifferent sportsman. His nephew tells us that he explored the recesses of Sleepy Hollow with a gun in 1798, but we know that the best spoils of those expeditions were not to be found in his game-bag.

Clarence Cook, writing, in 1887, of his school days at Tarrytown, more than half a century ago, gives a pleasing picture not only of the place that still retained enough of simplicity to stamp its image upon his memory "as a sleepy neighbourhood, where dreaming was more the fashion than doing," but of its historic and legendary associations.

Considering how dead the village was, so far as active interests were concerned, we were fortunate as schoolboys in having anything to quicken our minds in the history and associations of the region. We became strongly interested in the legendary gossip of the time of the Revolution, much of which centred about André; his capture on our side of the river, and his trial and execution at Tappan, directly opposite us, on the other side of the broad Tappan Zee. The tree under which André's captors were sitting, playing cards, when he came up—for so the story ran—still stood in the field by the roadside; although, between the relic-hunters and the lightning, it had come, when I knew it, to present a rather forlorn appearance. Mr. Irving made good dramatic use of this tree in his *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, but it is likely enough he had not seen it when he wrote the story. . . . While I was at school at Tarrytown, Mr. Irving was living on his little Sabine farm of Wolfert's Roost, which afterward was so widely known as Sunnyside. The place, which originally contained ten acres, afterward increased first to fifteen and finally

to eighteen acres, lay on the river-bank a few miles below the village, in a neighbourhood vaguely known as "Dearman's." There was no distinct settlement at this point in my time, but in 1854, the place, having secreted enough population to warrant it, was set off from Tarrytown and incorporated as a village, to which, out of compliment to Mr. Irving, the name of Irvington was given. . . . Mr. Irving had never been a man of means, and at the time I speak of his early fame as a writer had almost died away. Had I been at school in any other place than Tarrytown, I suspect I should have heard very little about him. But our schoolmaster had named his school the Irving Institute, and had persuaded Mr. Irving, out of his abounding good nature and liking for young folks, to visit the school occasionally at "commencement" time and give out the prizes. This, of course, made it necessary to keep us acquainted with Irving's writings, and there were some of us who found this no ungrateful task. *The History of New York* and *The Sketch Book* we knew by heart. Mr. Irving first heard the story of the headless horseman from his brother-in-law, Mr. Van Wart, in Birmingham, at the time of his visit to England in 1819. The two homesick friends fell to talking about old times and scenes, and among the stories that Mr. Van Wart recalled was this one, which so tickled Irving's fancy that he sat down at once—such was his happy, off-hand way—and rapidly sketched the outline of his story, which he afterward finished in London and sent home to America, to be published, with other stories, as the sixth number of *The Sketch Book*.

Chapter XVI

The Literary Associations of the Hudson

NO review of the literary associations of the Hudson would be complete that did not have written large at the very head of it the name of Washington Irving. We might copy a fashion much in vogue among art publishers of a generation ago and style our picture *Irving and his Friends*; for it is certain that the names that present themselves most prominently in this connection are those of his intimate associates.

Irving may almost be said to have discovered the Hudson. He found a stream that was wonderful in beauty and already rich in material for history, but the beauty was uncelebrated and the history unrecorded. It is principally to his pen that we owe the romantic interest of "the river that he loved and glorified."

His own acquaintance with the Hudson began during the impressionable years of boyhood, when, in company with his madcap associate, James K. Paulding, he explored the bays and coves along the Tappan Zee, and haunted the woods that covered its shores, drawing

his boat into the shade of the willows that hung over the little brook at the place that has since become



IDLEWILD GLEN

one of the important literary landmarks of the world. There, with a book, under the trees, he may have

dreamed that enchanting mythology of the Wizard Sachem and Wolfert's Roost, that formed the legendary background for the quaint crow-step gables and clustering ivy of Sunnyside. Irving loved the allurements of nature; they were the inducements held out with invitations to his friends. "Come and see me," he wrote, years afterward, from Sunnyside, "and I will give you a book and a tree."

A whimsical picture he drew of his first reading of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, while he was at the Hoffmans' home on the Hudson in 1810: "Seated leaning against a rock, with a wild-cherry tree over my head, reading Scott's *Lady of the Lake*; the busy ant hurrying over the page—crickets skipping into my bosom—wind rustling among the top branches of the trees. Broad masses of shade darken the Hudson and cast the opposite shore in black."


With the eminent lawyer, Josiah Ogden Hoffman, he read law after Brockholst Livingston, in whose office he began his studies, had been called to the bench of the Supreme Court. At Mr. Hoffman's house he soon became an intimate and most welcome visitor and at times an inmate, for he had a rare faculty for winning hearts.

It was during this early period that he lost his own heart to Matilda Hoffman, the daughter of his friend. Of more than ordinary beauty, fineness of character, and sweetness of disposition, that winsome girl of long ago will be remembered wherever Irving's life is read,

her name linked with his in one of the world's pathetic love stories. Under all the humour and the gaiety that marked his work and intercourse with friends during his long life, he hid the troubling memory of her loss. Miss Hoffman's death occurred in 1809, when she was but eighteen years old and he twenty-six. From that time till, in 1859, his own dust was laid to rest in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, he was never known to mention her name, even to his most intimate friends; but, after his death, his literary executor found a paper relating the story of his passion and lifelong attachment to her memory, together with her miniature and a braid of her hair. The fidelity of half a century is not less an evidence of his worth than a tribute to hers.

At Kinderhook, at the historic home of Judge William P. Van Ness, where Martin Van Buren afterwards lived, Irving spent the two months immediately succeeding his bereavement. It has been shown by a gentleman to whom Kinderhook owes much for the presentation of matters of local interest, that there is a strong probability at least, that the original of the immortal character of Ichabod Crane was met and studied by Irving while at the Van Ness house.

A tragic interest is connected with the name of Irving's host at Kinderhook. It will be remembered that he was Aaron Burr's second in the duel that resulted in Alexander Hamilton's death, though he




apparently did not share the odium that attached to his principal's name.

Another of Irving's early haunts on the Hudson was the Philipse house in the Highlands. There Paulding, Renwick, and the Kembles—Peter and Gouverneur—met, along with Henry Brevoort, whose acquaintance Irving had made while travelling on the St. Lawrence with Mr. Hoffman. The two young men soon formed a friendship which was destined to be lifelong.

Of a visit to the Highlands during the year 1812, just before the commencement of hostilities between America and Great Britain, Irving wrote to Brevoort as follows:

In August I sallied off for the residence of the Highland chieftain, whither I was accompanied by James Renwick. We passed a few days very pleasantly there, during which time Renwick took a variety of sketches of the surrounding scenery. From the Captain's I proceeded to the country-seat of John R. L——, where I remained for a week in complete fairy-land. His seat is spacious and elegant, with fine grounds around it, and the neighbourhood is very gay and hospitable. I dined twice at the Chancellor's and once at old Mrs. Montgomery's. Our own household was numerous and charming. In addition to the ladies of the family there were Miss McEvers and Miss Hayward. Had you but seen me, happy rogue, up to my ears in "an ocean of peacock's feathers," or rather like a "strawberry smothered in cream"! The mode of living at the Manor is exactly after my own heart. You have every variety of rural amusement within your reach, and are left to yourself to occupy your time as you please. We made several charming excursions, and you may suppose how delightful they were, through such beautiful scenery, with such fine women to accompany you. They surpassed even our Sunday morning rambles among the groves



on the banks of the Hudson, when you and the divine H—
were so tender and sentimental, and you displayed your horse-
manship so gallantly by leaping over a three-barred gate.



THE RIVER AND
CATSKILL MOUNTAINS
FROM THE LAWN OF
THE MONTGOMERY HOUSE—BARRYTOWN

(From a drawing by W. J. Wilson)

It may be remembered that James Renwick, at
nineteen years of age, succeeded Doctor Kemp as Pro-
fessor of Natural History at Columbia College. Irving
was highly tickled and, jumping from one extreme to




the other, addressed him sometimes with exaggerated deference and at others as "my worthy lad."

The name of Gouverneur Kemble at once suggests Cockloft Hall, of which he was, by inheritance, the owner. It was near Newark. There the "Lads of Kilkenny" used to hold their informal meetings, as partly told in the *Salmagundi* papers. Peter Irving and Henry Ogden were both members of that convivial nine, and long afterwards the former alluded in a letter to "the procession in the Chinese saloon, in which we made poor Dick McCall a knight; and I, as the senior of our order, dubbed him by some fatality on the seat of honour instead of the shoulder."

There was a sort of general family connection between several of those companions. Kemble's sister, Gertrude, was afterwards the wife of James K. Paulding, while the Paulding and Irving families were also allied by marriage.

Paulding was by birth a Dutchess County boy, of Dutch ancestry, whose first widely known work was done in conjunction with Washington Irving, in the *Salmagundi* papers. In the course of a long life he wrote voluminously, both in prose and verse, though little of his work is familiar to the general reader of to-day. He had a dry and caustic humour, little understood or appreciated by the more serious critics of his day. Novels, histories, fables and allegories, poems and satirical comments upon most of the public questions of the moment flowed from his almost too



facile pen. Having filled various honourable offices in his native State, he was appointed Secretary of the Navy during the Van Buren administration. His home, near Hyde Park, where he passed in retirement the final years of a busy life, is described in another chapter. In the effervescent period of Cockloft Hall and Salmagundi, his familiar nickname was Billy Taylor, from a song that he was fond of singing upon festive occasions.

Closely connected with Irving, in that circle of writers that we are wont to group under the general title of Knickerbocker, were, among others, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Joseph Rodman Drake, Nathaniel Parker Willis, General George P. Morris, Frederick Swartwout Cozzens, the brothers Duyckinck, and Gulian Crommelin Verplanck. These were all associated either by residence or by virtue of some particular work with the Hudson River.

Charles Fenno Hoffman was one of the most distinguished of the coterie. He shared with Morris the leadership among American lyric writers, and filled a large place in the earlier anthologies. Of such as he it was that Walter Savage Landor wrote: "We often hear that such and such things 'are not worth an old song.' Alas, how few things are!"

No song in our language is more perfect, after its kind, than Hoffman's famous *Sparkling and Bright*, that for twenty years was literally on every one's lips:

. . . in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.

He sang of the Hudson in an exalted strain, in verse that may sound formal and, perhaps, a little pedantic to our modern ears; but the fashions change in fifty or sixty years, and it is certain that he celebrated her beauties as only a lover could. At West Point, during his early life, Hoffman wrote a poem called *Moonlight on the Hudson*, from which a brief quotation may be admitted here:

What though no cloister grey nor ivied column
Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear?
What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn
Of despots tell and superstition here—
What though that mouldering fort's fast crumbling walls
Did ne'er enclose a baron's bannered halls.

Its sinking arches once gave back as proud
An echo to the war-blown clarion's peal,
As gallant hearts its battlements did crowd,
As ever beat beneath a vest of steel,
When herald's trump on knighthood's haughtiest day
Called forth chivalric host to battle fray.

For here amid these woods did he keep court,
Before whose mighty soul the common crowd
Of heroes, who alone for fame have fought,
Are like the patriarch's sheaves to Heaven's chosen bowed—
He who his country's eagle taught to soar,
And fired those stars which shine o'er every shore.

And sights and sounds at which the world have wonder'd
 Within these wild ravines have had their birth;
 Young Freedom's cannon from these glens have thunder'd
 And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth;
 And not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary
 But treasures up within the glorious story.

And yet not rich in high-soul'd memories only,
 Is every moon-kiss'd headland round me gleaming,
 Each cavern'd glen and leafy valley lonely,
 And silver torrent o'er the bald rock streaming:
 But such soft fancies here may breathe around
 As make Vacluse and Clarens hallow'd ground.

There was something more than the ordinary ties of friendship to bind Irving and Hoffman. He was one of that nearer circle to which Matilda belonged, though at the time of her death he was but four years old. On one occasion Irving speaks of him in a letter as "little Charles." In early boyhood he was crippled for life by being crushed between a river steamboat and the wharf, an accident that may have driven him to more diligent study, by depriving him of many of the active sports of boyhood. He was sent to the old Poughkeepsie Academy, then a somewhat famous school, but ran away because of alleged harsh treatment, and prepared for college under private tuition. He entered Columbia at the early age of fifteen, leaving, however, before graduation.

Having studied law with Mr. Hermanus Bleecker of Albany, he was admitted to the bar when he attained his majority. But after a short time he abandoned the profession of the law for the more alluring pursuit

of literature, finding in the new field a congenial employment for powers which, if not great, were at least of a high order. A tour of the West, undertaken in search of health, furnished material for numerous contributions to *The American* and other magazines; and these were afterwards collected into one or two volumes. *The Romance of Greyslaer* followed after a few years, and several books of prose and verse, published at intervals, added to the writer's reputation.

Some time before the publication of *Greyslaer*, Mr. Hoffman commenced the afterwards widely known *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and was also connected at different times with *The Mirror*, *The Literary World*, and *The New York American Magazine*. This editorial work threw him into agreeable relations with some of the most brilliant and celebrated men of his day. His familiar associates included William Cullen Bryant, Chancellor Kent, Lewis Gaylord Clarke, Colonel William Leete Stone, and a score of others, some of whose names have a prominent place in this chapter. The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by Columbia College, his companions upon that occasion being Bryant and Halleck.

We may be permitted one further quotation from this representative Hudson River poet. It is from a short poem called *Indian Summer*, written in 1828:

Light as love's smiles, the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;
The blue bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air he carols, faintly quiver;

The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
 Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving;
 Beaded with dew, the witch elm's tassels shiver;
 The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
 And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leaping.

In 1850, while occupying a government position at Washington, Hoffman was stricken with mental disorder, from which he did not recover. He lived in retirement thirty-four years, outliving his companions and his fame.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose name is on our roster next to that of Paulding, was a Connecticut boy. His first visit to New York was made in 1808, and was an event to which the metropolis may point with pride, for no native-born son of Manhattan, with the blood of all the Dams and Bilts and Blinkers in his veins, ever became more intimately associated with the city. His celebrated friendship for Joseph Rodman Drake,—a memory embalmed in the exquisite tribute of verse that he paid at the latter's death—commenced in 1813, when the future author of *Marco Bozzaris* had been two years away from his Connecticut skies. Their joint production were the papers signed "Croaker and Co.," published in the *Evening Post* in 1819. That same year, Halleck wrote the long poem, *Fanny*, in which occur the lines on Weehawken, which will be found in another chapter. Almost at the very end of his long life, the poet wrote from Fort Lee, on the Hudson, to Lewis Gaylord Clarke:

I hope thou wilt not banish hence
These few and fading flowers of mine,
But let their theme be their defence—
The love, the joy, the frankincense
And fragrance of Langsyne.

Drake's claim to association with the Hudson River rests on his beautiful and imaginative creation, *The Culprit Fay*, which was composed among the Highlands in the same year that saw the production of the "Croaker" papers and of *Fanny*. The story goes that while walking with some friends, one of them remarked to the poet that, without the introduction of human characters it would be next to impossible to write a purely imaginative fairy poem. Drake accepted this as a challenge, and in a very short time submitted to his associates the manuscript of the work upon which rests his principal title to fame.

The scheme or plot of *The Culprit Fay* is familiar. A fairy has stained his wings and lost the light of his torch by falling in love with a mortal maid. The decree of the King is that he must wash the stain away with a drop of water, caught in a colen-bell from the spray scattered on the river by the leap of a sturgeon. The torch must be relighted by a spark from a meteor. Some of the descriptions are exquisite, as in the lines:

Onward still he held his way,
Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
And saw beneath the surface dim
The brown-back'd sturgeon slowly swim;
Around him were the goblin train—

But he scull'd with all his might and main,
 And follow'd wherever the sturgeon led,
 Till he saw him upward point his head;
 Then he dropp'd his paddle blade,
 And held his colen-goblet up
 To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
 Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
 And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
 He sprung above the waters blue.
 Instant as the star-fall light,
 He plunged him in the deep again,
 But left an arch of silver bright,
 The rainbow of the moony main.
 It was a strange and lovely sight
 To see the puny goblin there;
 He seem'd an angel form of light,
 With azure wing and sunny hair,
 Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
 Circled with blue and edged with white,
 And sitting at the fall of even
 Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

A moment, and its lustre fell;
 But ere it met the billow blue,
 He caught within his crimson bell
 A droplet of its sparkling dew—
 Joy to thee, Fay! thy task is done;
 Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won.
 Cheerily ply thy dripping oar,
 And haste away to the elfin shore.

It was once the fashion among admirers of Drake's dainty work to place the author upon a somewhat dizzy pedestal. More than one has compared the lively trochaic tetrameter that concludes *The Culprit*

Fay with Milton's *L'allegro*, which was unquestionably its inspiration. This is Drake's:

Ouphe and goblin, imp and sprite,
 Elf of eve and starry Fay,
 Ye that love the moon's soft light
 Hither—hither wend your way:
 Twine ye in a jocund ring,
 Sing and trip it merrily,
 Hand to hand and wing to wing,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Now turn to Milton and read

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek:
 Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe.

Idlewild was the home of N. P. Willis, that versatile worker, idler, *flaneur*, poet, city dandy, and country gentleman, who made no deep impression by his literary labours, but is nevertheless vividly remembered when many a man of greater power is forgotten. General James Grant Wilson wrote, in 1886, in a reminiscent vein, of a visit to the scene of the poet's retirement at Cornwall, where he was trying to recuperate the strength of which he had been, from his youth up, somewhat of a spendthrift:

It was on a sunny summer's morning in the month of September [wrote Wilson] that we landed from a steamer at the wharf known as Cornwall's Landing. We then wended our way to a picturesque, many-gabled, gothic structure, nestled among luxurious evergreens, admirably situated in the plateau north of the Highlands, and within sound, under favourable conditions of the weather, of the evening gun at West Point.

A tall and elegant figure, with rosy cheeks and a luxuriance of clustering hair, which upwards of sixty winters had failed to whiten, enters with the easy grace of a man of the world, and we see before us our friend the master of the mansion.

We sally forth to see his loved domain, and to look at the extensive and varied views commanded by his coign of vantage.

Around us we see the Storm King and other wooded mountains, towering to a height of nearly two thousand feet: the whole river,—here expanded into a broad bay, on whose bosom the white-sailed sloops and schooners are idly floating with the flood tide: and on the opposite shore valleys and hillsides, sprinkled with country-seats; from among which our companion points out the ancestral home of the venerable Gulian C. Verplanck, and the summer residences of other mutual New York friends.

Seated on the grey rocks, Mr. Willis described his first visit to the site on which his beautiful home stands:

"It was one of the roughest pieces of uncultivated land that I ever looked at; but it had capabilities. I saw trees, knolls, rocks, and this ravine, musical with water-falls, and looking to the south a noble, wild prospect, as Sam Johnson would have said. I passed over the rough and rocky fifty acres with the owner, who looked his astonishment as well as expressed it, that a New Yorker should have any use for his unimproved property. He said, 'What on earth can you do with it? it is only an idle wild.' I did not tell him, but I bought it and you see what I have done with it, and that I was indebted to my Dutch predecessor for a very pretty and appropriate name."

Irving, Halleck, and numerous other friends of Willis visited him at Idlewild, and on one occasion, when

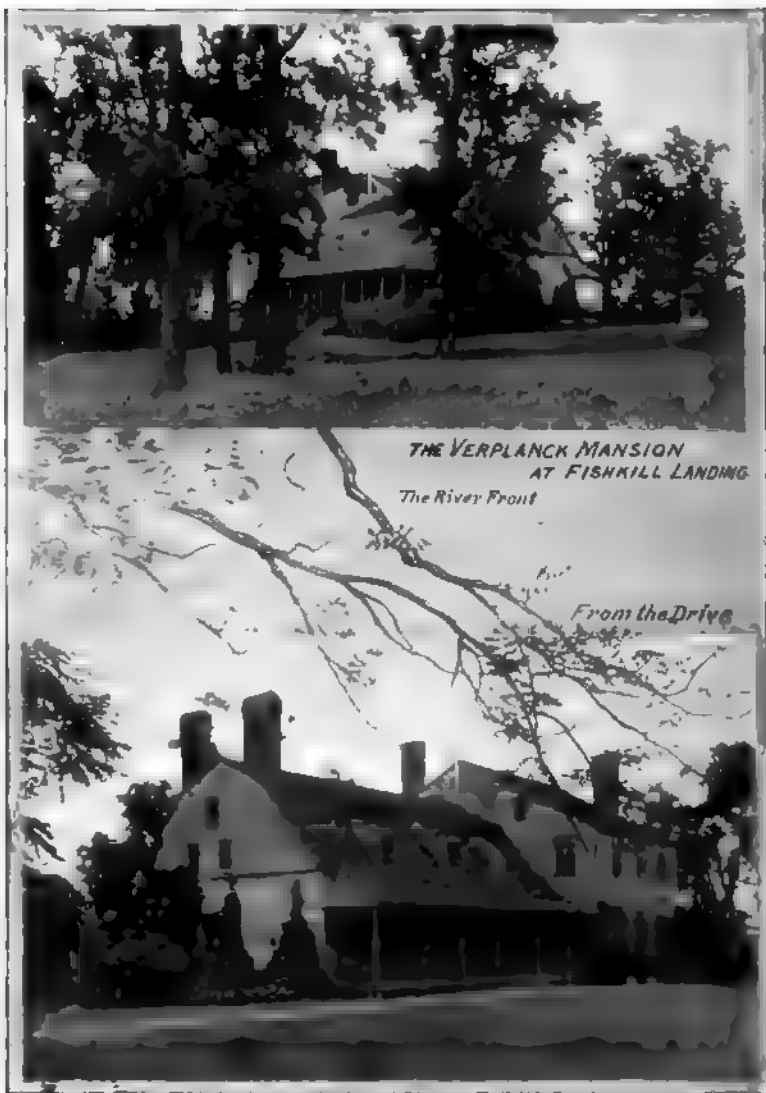
he had been there with Mr. and Mrs. Moses H. Grinnell, his neighbours at Sunnyside, Washington Irving expressed the opinion that the poet's cough was likely to prolong his life by making him more careful of his health. "I do not think his lungs are affected," was the cheerful diagnosis.

The reference made by General Wilson to the distant view from Idlewild of Gulian C. Verplanck's home suggests the strong contrast between these Highland neighbours. Bryant says of Verplanck:

As a young man he took no part in the Cockloft and other frolics of his friends Irving, Paulding, and Kemble; but on the contrary, he was held up by the elder men of the period as an example of steady, studious, and spotless youth.

Mr. Verplanck was born in Wall Street, New York, in 1780. His grandmother was a daughter of Daniel Crommelin of Amsterdam, and by her the boy, motherless from infancy, was reared. He graduated at Columbia College when only fifteen years of age, and studied law with Edward Livingston, being finally admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one years, by Chief-Justice afterwards Chancellor Kent.

Mr. Verplanck was one of those earnest men, of many activities and tireless energy, who undertake seemingly incongruous tasks without hesitation and perform them with credit. Such as he are not plentiful in any generation. His first public appearance, we are told, was as a Fourth of July orator. A year or two later we find





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him in trouble with Mayor De Witt Clinton, then writing political articles, satires aimed at the Mayor and his friends, and afterwards contributing to Irving's magazine, *The Analectic*. He was elected to the Assembly by the "Bucktail" party, and while still a member of that body wrote a book on the *Uses of the Evidences of Revealed Religion*, and was chosen to fill a professorship in the General Theological Seminary. Several years later, New York elected him to Congress, and his voice was heard on public questions with no uncertain sound. After his retirement from political life, he gave himself devotedly to literary pursuits, and was for half a century one of the best known writers of the city.

Space would fail should we attempt to tell of his occupations or recount his honours. He was Regent of the University of the State of New York; member, and afterwards Warden, of the Vestry of Trinity Church; President of the Century Club; President of the Board of Emigration; and chairman of various charitable bodies. To the task of editing the edition of Shakespeare that bears his name, he added that of making a strenuous and successful fight for the extension of the copyright law from twenty-eight to forty-eight years.

An entertaining anecdote of Verplanck's reception of Irving's Knickerbocker well illustrates the temper of his mind. In 1818, during an address before the New York Historical Society, he took occasion to deprecate

the injustice done to the Dutch character by Knickerbocker:

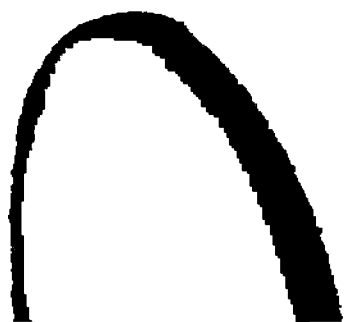
It is painful [he said] to see a mind as admirable for its exquisite perception of the beautiful as it is for its quick sense of the ridiculous wasting the riches of its fancy on an ungrateful theme, and its exuberant humour in a coarse caricature.

Commenting on this, Irving wrote to his brother, Ebenezer:

I have seen what Verplanck says of my work. . . . He is one of the honestest men I know of in speaking his opinion. . . . I am sure he wishes me well . . . but were I his bitterest enemy, such an opinion have I of his integrity of mind, that I would refer any one to him for an honest account of me, sooner than to almost any one else.

Mr. Verplanck's ancestral home was at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson. There his last years were spent under the roof that his grandfather erected; and there he died, a sober-minded man of many gifts. His friends included nearly all of the literary men of his day, and no citizen was more honoured.

George P. Morris, the "Dear Morris" of so many of Willis's "hurrygraphs" and letters from various places, belongs particularly to the Hudson. Near the village of Coldspring, his "summer seat" (as it used to be the fashion to call one's country home), commanded a noble view of the Highlands, and was the goal of many a pilgrimage. "America's best lyric poet," as Benson J. Lossing calls him, was in intimate relations with most American men of letters in his day. His long





UNDERCLIFF—THE HOME OF THE POET MORRIS
(from an old print)

association with *The Home Journal*, together with the wide popularity of his songs, made Morris's name a household word wherever our somewhat embryonic literature found its way.

One of the best descriptive stanzas by a Hudson River poet was inspired by Morris's memory of his home in the Highlands:

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old cro'nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star.

One needs only to consult Griswold's *Poets of America*, the best anthology of half a century ago, to appreciate the fact that, with few exceptions, sweetness rather than strength characterised even the best of the work of our native poets; while in prose the names of Prescott, Cooper, Hawthorne, and Irving stood like towers upon a flowery plain.

A man greatly valued by his literary cotemporaries and hand in glove with the leading spirits of the Knickerbocker school was that delightful humourist, Frederick Swartwout Cozzens, author of the *Sparrowgrass Papers*. He was younger than Irving and Halleck, of the generation to which Willis and Hoffman belonged; a New Yorker by birth and a wine merchant by occupation.

The *Sparrowgrass Papers*, which were exaggerated accounts of his experiences at his country home, Chestnut Cottage, in Yonkers, were published first

in *Putnam's Monthly*, and were immediately appreciated as the work of a true humourist. Cozzens published a number of fugitive pieces, both in prose and verse, and was the writer of several books, but he will be remembered as the author of the *Sparrowgrass Papers*.

His fame was not merely local. Thackeray, who loved a humourist with fraternal affection, was his friend and correspondent. Halleck, writing to General Wilson in 1867, says: "I have long more than fancied, I have felt, that Mr. Cozzens, in that department of genius to which Mr. Irving's Knickerbocker belongs, is the best, or among the best writers of our time in any language." This was *apropos* of the work called *The Sayings of Doctor Bushwacker*, which, in spite of Halleck's eulogium, is hardly known to a generation of readers that still cherishes Knickerbocker as one of the bright examples of American genius.

We cannot long dwell with the Knickerbocker group without coming in close contact with the patient collector of every printed scrap of American writing. Evart Augustus Duyckinck, compiler, with the assistance of his brother, of the monumental cyclopedia that bears his name, was the preserver of many a local reputation. There are numberless early American authors who were only rescued from drowning in the sea of oblivion by being forcibly dragged into Duyckinck's literary life-boat. He had out a drag-net that seemed not to have missed even the smallest fry; but he was

not the less appreciative of the merits of the abler men of successive generations, and was in close friendship with nearly all those of his own time. Mr. Duyckinck's biographer writes of him as "a scholar of singularly pure and stainless character." He also was a lawyer as well as a student and man of letters, and was a "Hudson-Riverite" by virtue of long residence. His grave lies in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, at Tarrytown, a short distance to the north-west of Washington Irving's plot.

For a number of years subsequent to 1847, Mr. Duyckinck conducted *The Literary World*. There was, however, an intermission of one year in his editorial labours, during which Hoffman was in charge of the paper. *The Literary World* was established by Duyckinck and his brother, and was considered by the poet Dana to be the best journal of its kind ever published in America. One of the bibliographer's associates and warm admirers was William Allen Butler, the author of *Nothing to Wear*, who pronounced an eulogy upon his memory at a meeting of the New York Historical Society in 1879. Mr. Butler, himself a member of the bar, was of a well-known Hudson River family. His father was Benjamin F. Butler of Albany, in whose office Martin Van Buren studied law.

The pages of Duyckinck, Griswold, and other editors disclose names once fragrant, but now withered as the handful of pressed rose petals that flutter out, leaving a faint, ghostly impression and a fleeting, musky

perfume. There, for instance, we find reference to James Gordon Brooks, who was born in 1801, at Claverack, in Columbia County. He studied law at Poughkeepsie and passed most of his life at Albany, where he devoted much of his time to literary labour. It is said of him that, "half a century ago the now-forgotten singer's name was one of the brightest poetical names of the day, and always mentioned along with those of Bryant, Dana, Halleck, Percivale, Pierpont, Pinckney, Sprague, and Woodworth." Leggett, in his *Biographies of American Poets*, included Brooks and excluded Dana.

Another early poet, once of considerable celebrity, but long since forgotten, was Henry Pickering. He was born in the latter part of the eighteenth century at Newburgh, in the house which is now known as Washington's Headquarters. His own description of that house may be appropriately quoted here:

Square and rough-hewn, and solid is the mass,
 And ancient, if aught ancient here appear,
 Beside yon rock-ribb'd hills: but many a year
 Hath into dim oblivion swept, alas!
 Since bright in arms, the worthies of the land
 Were here assembled. Let me reverent tread;
 For now, meseems, the spirits of the dead
 Are slowly gathering round, while I am fann'd
 By gales unearthly. Ay, they hover near—
 Patriots and Heroes—the august and great—
 The founders of a young and mighty state,
 Whose grandeur who shall tell? With holy fear,
 While tears unbidden my dim eyes suffuse,
 I mark them one by one, and marvelling muse.



I gaze, but they have vanish'd; and the eye,
 Free now to roam from where I take my stand,
 Dwells on the hoary pile, let no rash hand
 Attempt its desecration: for though I
 Beneath the sod shall sleep, and memory's sigh
 Be there for ever stifled in this breast,—
 Yet all who boast them of a land so blest,
 Whose pilgrim feet may some day hither hie,—
 Shall melt, alike, and kindle at the thought
 That these rude walls have echoed to the sound
 Of the great Patriot's voice! that even the ground
 I tread was trodden too by him who fought
 To make us free; and whose unsullied name,
 Still, like the sun, illustrious shines the same.

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, of Irving's generation, was a native of the very Dutch town of Albany, though of English ancestry. His books cover a wide field of travel, history, and scientific research, but it was particularly in the field of ethnology that he excelled, and his monumental works relating to the history, mode of life, and traditions of various Indian tribes have given him a permanent place among great American investigators. But we cannot accord to Schoolcraft any prominent place in the literary associations of the Hudson, for his work was mainly the result of thirty years of sojourn and study among the redskins upon the frontier.

John Romeyn Brodhead, the patient compiler of the ten great tomes that contain transcripts of all discoverable documents relating to the early history of New York, was born in Saugerties. He ransacked the libraries of The Hague and of London, scenting an old

document with the unerring sense of a true bookworm, and coming home at last laden with wonderful spoil. To his stupendous work we have been indebted for many of the facts contained in the early pages of this volume.

When a great impulse was given to botanical study by the group of scientists, of which Linnæus was the most distinguished member, the New World became a fruitful field for original research. John Bartram of Philadelphia, Mark Catesby in the Carolinas, John Clayton in Virginia, John Logan in Pennsylvania, and near a dozen others dug the fields, delved among the rocks, and explored the forests in search of the unclassified flora of America. At the same time, New York presented her champion in the person of the distinguished citizen, Cadwallader Colden. He lived near Newburgh in the early half of the eighteenth century, devoting himself assiduously to the study of botany. At his place, which he named Coldenham, he spent the delightful leisure years of a life that had known, and was destined to know, many activities. There he collected, cultivated, and classified plants, assisted by his daughter, of whom Peter Collinson wrote to Linnæus that she was "perhaps the first lady who has so perfectly studied your system. She deserves to be celebrated."

Cadwallader Colden, whose full name was afterwards shared by his no less famous grandson, was a successful physician of Philadelphia from 1708 to 1718, when



THE RIVER ROAD NEAR COLDENHAM

he removed to New York. After filling several public offices, among them that of Surveyor-General, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor in 1761, and, as the political lives of his immediate superiors were usually brief, he became, by virtue of his experience and great ability, practically the chief executive of the State for fifteen years. He was the author of several books, the most important one being a *History of the Five Nations of Canada*. He did not survive the Revolution, his death occurring a short time after the battle of Harlem Heights. He died in Long Island at the age of seventy-eight years.

A century later, another celebrity among nature students lived near the shore of the river, not many miles from Coldenham. Many an elderly man will remember with pleasure and no small degree of gratitude America's first landscape-gardener,—first in eminence if not in time,—Andrew Jackson Downing. He had two qualities that are not always combined in one individual, namely, artistic sensibility and practical sense. The latter enabled him to make the former effective. Before his day we are led to believe that in the laying out of rural estates, grotesque and chaotic arrangement of natural material was the rule rather than the exception. Mr. Downing not only possessed taste and sense, but he managed to impart them to others, and in the exercise of his chosen profession became widely and favourably known, especially to residents of the Hudson River towns.

His books were *A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening* and *Fruit and Fruit Trees of America*, both of them widely read. He was for some time the editor of *The Horticulturalist*, published in Albany. Mr. Downing was one of those who met death on the steamer *Henry Clay*, that was burned at Riverdale in 1852.

From 1830 to 1842, while the Knickerbocker authors were still many of them in the hey-day of their powers, and a new generation of writers were just commencing to be heard, Dr. George W. Bethune was the pastor of the Reformed Church at Rhinebeck. He will be remembered as a scholarly man of sweet, rare character. His contributions to Christian hymnology possibly constitute his chief claim to remembrance, though he devoted nearly twenty years of his life to public speaking and writing. While James K. Polk was President, Doctor Bethune was offered the appointment to the chair of Moral Philosophy at West Point, which he felt obliged to decline, as he also did the chancellorship of New York University, to which he was chosen as the successor of Mr. Frelinghuysen. He lived just long enough to make a stirring address at the great Union meeting, held in New York on the 20th of April, 1861, departing soon after that to Italy, where he died.

The name of Alfred B. Street belongs to the Hudson. He was born at Poughkeepsie, passed many years of his life in Albany, was descended from an old

Hudson River family,—the Livingstons,—and did not neglect to celebrate with his pen the wilder beauties of his native region. Street's poems, particularly those dealing with the sterner aspects of nature, gave him an early rank among the best American poets. In his day, among both poets and painters, there was a painstaking fashion of presenting minutiae. Breadth of effect was apt to be sacrificed to delicacy of detail. He wrote as artists of his day painted; every leaf on every last twig was described with conscientious care.

His almost passionate love for nature was retained through the cares and activities of professional life, and the influence of the wild, rugged scenery amidst which several years of his boyhood were passed never deserted him. He loved to sing of "sweet forest odours" that

Have their birth
 From the clothed boughs and teeming earth;
 Where pine-cones dropp'd, leaves piled and dead,
 Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
 With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
 A thick, elastic carpet spread;
 Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,
 Resolving into soil, is sunk;
 There, wrench'd but lately from its throne,
 By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
 Its huge roots mass'd with earth and stone,
 One of the woodland kings is cast.

Street wrote many biographies and descriptive works. *The Indian Pass*, already referred to, and

Pictures in the Adirondacks were published in 1869. He was for many years State Librarian, dying in 1881.

Among all the writers to whom our pen has pointed (veering madly as a weathercock on a March day or a needle amidst a hundred electric points), none has a stronger claim to Hudson River celebrity than Susan and Anna B. Warner. While others have lived upon one bank or the other of the river, they have spent their lives almost in the midst of it, on an island in the very wonderland of the Highlands.

Henry Warner, a member of the New York bar, removed to Constitution Island with his family before the middle of the nineteenth century. An old house, occupied as headquarters during the Revolution, was added to and partly rebuilt by him, and is still the residence of his surviving daughter, Miss Anna B. Warner.

Susan Warner, to quote the words of Evert Duyckinck, "made a sudden step into eminence as a writer, by the publication, in 1849, of *The Wide, Wide World*, a novel in two volumes. It is a story of American domestic life, written in an easy and somewhat diffuse style." *The Wide, Wide World* was soon followed by *Queechy*, and this by a theological work called *The Law and the Testimony*. Her earlier writings were published over the pen name of Elizabeth Wetherell. Duyckinck did not tell the half when he said that Miss Warner made a sudden step into eminence by the publication of her first novel. During the first ten years

over one hundred thousand copies were sold of the American edition, a record which, bearing in mind the limited public of the day, was noteworthy, and it has remained in steady demand during the half century since its first issue. Some hundreds of thousands of copies were sold in European editions, which brought to the writer fame, if not wealth.

The sisters frequently worked together. The younger, who had chosen Amy Lathrop as her literary title, made her bow to the reading public with a novel called *Dollars and Cents*; but she was associated with the elder Miss Warner in the production of *The Hills of the Shatemuc*, the title being one of the Indian names for the Hudson River. Some of the most successful and delightful of Miss Anna Warner's books have been written for juvenile readers.

But there has been a work, self-imposed and long continued, in which the world of publishers and readers have had no part, that give to the Warner sisters an almost pre-eminent claim to recognition in this chapter. It is probable for nearly a generation not a class has gone out from West Point that has not in some measure been moulded by the influence of these gifted women. Year after year it was their custom to welcome a group of cadets from the National Academy for religious instruction every Sunday afternoon, a favoured few remaining sometimes to partake of their hospitality.

It is safe to say that there is hardly an officer in the

regular army of the United States to-day to whom the name of the two sisters is not familiar, and the impression of their work has gone wherever the flag has gone.

When Miss Susan Warner died, in 1885, the Government, upon special application of the cadets, permitted her burial in the military cemetery at the Point,—an honour, it is said, never granted to any other woman. Miss Anna Warner still carries on the work that her sister laid down nearly eighteen years ago.

How they come crowding, the names of those who belong, if not under the very central dome of our Hall of Fame, at least within its ample corridors! There, for instance, are the Primes: the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Scudder Prime, the father of many well-known sons and author of several hardly remembered books, was Principal of the Female Academy at Sing Sing in 1830, and afterwards continued the same occupation at Poughkeepsie. Samuel Irenæus, afterwards the editor of the *New York Observer*, was associated with him in his educational work. Edward D. was also of the *Observer*; and William C., at one time connected with the *Journal of Commerce*, is widely known as one of the most entertaining writers of travel in foreign lands that America has produced.

All the world knows that Henry Ward Beecher made his summer home at Peekskill. His great personality makes him a national figure, to whom it is impossible



WHERE THE BROOKS MEET—IDLEWILD

to assign merely local limits; but the writer likes to recall a walk over one of the rough Highland roads, while, beside him, leading his horse by the reins, the great orator forgot his greatness to talk in a wise, sweet way of wayside things.

Mrs. Frémont—Jessie Benton Frémont—used to live just above Tarrytown, and the house that was General Frémont's had formerly been the home of James Watson Webb, the well-known journalist.

Benson J. Lossing, himself, next to Irving, the ablest and most delightful chronicler the Hudson has had, was a resident of Poughkeepsie. His work, *The Hudson*, was first published serially in an English periodical, being brought out in book form in America just after the Civil War.

The neighbourhood of Storm King seems to have been particularly attractive to literary workers. A mile or two south of Idlewild, in her delightful cottage of Cherry Croft, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr evolves the books that have made her the friend of most of the girls in America. Her workroom is in the tower that commands a view that an eagle might envy,—a view of river and hill, farmland and town,—that melts at last in a horizon that is sixty miles distant. Next door to Cherry Croft is Julian Hawthorne's summer home, and nearer the foot of the hill lives Dr. Lyman Abbott, at whose house, it need hardly be suggested, Hamilton Wright Mabie is a familiar visitor. Mr. Mabie is himself a Hudson River man, in his youth a resident of

Tarrytown, where his earliest literary aspirations were fostered by congenial associates. Of the little coterie whose comradeship has not been without an influence upon his subsequent career, no name is more prominently suggested than that of Marshal H. Bright, the able editor of *Christian Work*.

John Burroughs has what Bradford Torrey would call a rambler's lease, that covers half the country above the Highlands. He can vie with old "Sherd" Minnerly, who "knew all the fish in the river by their Christian names," in that he is intimate with all the feathered creatures that nest on the shores. His own stated residence is a properly constituted country home, where he raises the best Niagara grapes that come into the market; but, to satisfy the cravings of a born woodsman, he has built for retiring a less pretentious nest, which he calls Slabsides, a little "city where nobody lives," and the number of those who find it are few.

Stephen Henry Thayer, long a resident of Tarrytown, has given us, in many a sweet transcript, the voices of the woods and waters of Sleepy Hollow. His lines upon the Nyack bells, heard at evening on the opposite shore of the Tappan Zee, are peculiarly tender in sentiment:

The lurking shadows, dim and mute,
Fall vaguely on the dusky river;
Vexed breezes play a phantom lute,
Athwart the waves that curl and quiver:

And hedged against an amber light,
The lone hills cling, in vain endeavor,
To touch the curtained clouds of night,
That, weird-like, form and fade for ever.

.

Then break upon the blessed calm,—
Deep, dying melodies of even,—
Those Nyack bells; like some sweet psalm
They float along the fields of heaven.

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Now laden with a nameless balm,
Now musical with song thou art;
I tune thee by an inward charm,
And make thee minstrel of my heart.

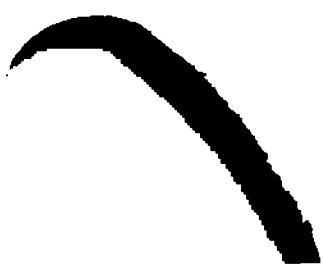
O bells of Nyack, faintly toll
Across the starry-lighted sea,
Thy murmurs thrill a thirsty soul,
And wing a heavenly hymn to me.

There is not space to mention all. We have with us as this is written, Doctor David Cole, at Yonkers, a veteran in educational work, in pulpit work, in historical work; Joel Benton at Poughkeepsie; Harrold Van Santvoord at Kinderhook. We remember that E. P. Roe, when he was "Driven Back to Eden," found the delectable mountains of that blessed country above the Highlands, with John Burroughs established as a sort of titular angel to show him the glories of the land.

General Adam Badeau, the biographer of General Grant, was a Tarrytownian by birth, and in his youth edited a lively little paper called the *Pocantico Gazette*,

which was devoted mainly to local matters. The Rev. Charles Rockwell, who signed himself "Dutch Domine of the Catskills," published, about thirty years ago, a very charming book relating to that region, to which we are indebted for valuable material.

From mouth to source, from the last stone of the Battery to the first spring that wells in Indian Pass, the Hudson is replete with literary associations, and these crowding memories enrich it beyond measure. Already it begins to take rank among the storied rivers of the world, and the Thames and the Seine, the Rhine and the Nile admit it to their fellowship.



Chapter XVII

Around Haverstraw Bay

WITH many a pleasant point and bay, the river shore used to stretch between Tarrytown and Ossining, but now that undulating line has been almost straightened by the tracks of the New York Central road. The station at Scarborough is an isolated building, an outpost for the village that lies eastward over the hill. In the distance one sees a massive group of low, marble buildings, the melancholy residence of convicts,—it is the State prison at Sing Sing.

It is natural, but unfortunate, that the fair fame of one of the most attractive of Hudson River towns should for years have been damaged by such an ogre squatting at its very gates. Nor is it surprising that there has been a resolute and recently successful effort to change the name of the village from Sing Sing to Ossining.

Ossining is a corruption of Ossin-sing, an Indian name, which, according to Schoolcraft, signified “sing-ing stones.” The brook which ran through the place was “Sint Sink,” and the village, according to the old maps, “Sink Sink.”



The land here rises almost abruptly from the river, reaching with the first half mile an altitude of three hundred feet above tide level. The plateau above is the residence portion of the place and very attractive. Long ago, when New York was still a British possession and Sing Sing a part of the mammoth estate that owned the sway of the Philipse family, silver and copper were sought in the neighbourhood. A mine was worked where the prison now stands, the shaft having been within a few yards of the north wall. Not far away, at the mouth of the kill that finds its way to the Hudson, through a deep gore, from the plateau above, the smelting furnace was erected. There the ore was reduced, the precious metal being shipped to England. The Revolution put a stop to the operations of the mine, which seems never to have been reopened. At the time of its abandonment, the length of the works is said to have reached one hundred and twenty feet.

According to Bolton, the historian of Westchester County, Colonel James, who was superintending the mine, had command of a regiment stationed at Sing Sing in 1774. At the commencement of hostilities it was ordered to Boston. According to certificates signed and sworn to by several reputable citizens, the mine was a very rich one and was worked with energy to the last; but modern attempts to revive the silver dream have not been successful.

Immediately after the Revolution, according to an-



VIEW SOUTH FROM SING SING ABOUT 1848

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other authority, there were only three dwelling-houses in Sing Sing. Moses Ward had a stone house that was also a fort, about where the intersection of Main Street and the Croton aqueduct occurs. There were even in his day numerous Indians in the neighbourhood, but they seem to have been generally peaceful fishermen. Many of them, it is said, found their lodging in what used to be known as the Great Kill cave, near the brook already referred to.

Years ago, Sing Sing was the terminal station for the stages that ran on the Bedford Pike. Hachaliah Bailey of Somers, who had a stage route between New York and Danbury, Conn., made the Bedford Pike line a connecting link between the latter place and his steamboat, the *John Jay*, that touched at the Sing Sing wharf. This satisfied the popular conception of rapid transit, before the days of the railroads.

Ossining has long been noted for its excellent schools. One or two military academies and a girls' seminary have had for many years a more than local reputation.

The northern boundary of the village is the Croton River, important as a tributary to the lower Hudson, but still more so as the sole source of the water supply of New York City for more than a generation.

The Indians called the stream Kitchawan, and so it is named in the old land grants. The mouth of the stream is crossed by a drawbridge belonging to the railroad. Not far above is the reservoir from which the "old" Croton aqueduct carries the water to the

city. Its capacity is 100,000,000 gallons a day, but this supply was found to be inadequate for the rapidly growing city, and a new aqueduct, commenced in 1884 and finished in 1890, was constructed to the east of the earlier one. This has a capacity three times as great as the first, and taps the numerous lakes of a watershed embracing between three and four hundred square miles.

Above the bay into which the Croton enters is the old house of the Van Cortlandts, for we have now passed from the domain of Philipse to that of his neighbour and brother-in-law. From a paper published by Benson J. Lossing in *Harper's Monthly*, about ten years after his *Hudson* appeared in book form, we quote the following description of the Van Cortlandt manor-house:

Up the narrowing bay at the east, below Croton Point and beyond the line of the Hudson River Railroad, may be seen, near its head, a quaint old mansion.

The water, once deep, now rapidly changing into salt meadow land, is Croton Bay, in which Henry Hudson anchored his little exploring vessel. The mansion is the Van Cortlandts' manor-house, one of the most ancient and interesting, in its association of its class upon the Hudson. Recent [1876] discoveries, while repairing it, of loopholes for musketry near the floor of the dining-room clearly show that it originally composed a fort, which was probably built by Governor Dongan. John Van Cortlandt enlarged it to its present dimensions in the early years of Queen Anne's reign. . . .

Over the main entrance to the manor-house hangs the strong bow of Croton, the Sachem whose name has been given to the Kitchawan River and Bay, and within the mansion are interest-

ing mementoes of the country from which and the family from whom the Van Cortlandts came,—the Dukes of Courland, in Russia.

The Van Cortlandt house has a ghost that wanders at times through the rooms with a sound of rustling silks, and another that treads heavily through the halls.

But even earlier than the building of the manor-house, Chief Croton, the Sachem who ruled the point and neighbourhood of the stream that bears his name, haunted the spot with his warriors. An Indian fort had been built where the manor-house afterwards stood, and there the chief made his last stand against the fierce enemies that swept down on one of their forays from the north. Encompassed and overwhelmed, amid showers of arrows and surrounded by the smoke and flames of his burning palisades, he fought with desperate valour, as one by one his companions fell; till, at length, he stood alone and wounded; then, as his foes rushed forward, he fell headlong into the blazing fire. But again and again, it is said, he has appeared in great crises, urging men to courageous deeds.

The Kitchawans, or Kitchawonks, had an important village on the neck connecting the point with the mainland. The oyster beds in the vicinity were especially valued by them, and were, no doubt, the object of frequent disputes. The Indian name of the point was Senasqua. An early settler on the point was one Teller, and the land became known to rivermen as

Teller's; but after a while this man died, and his wife, Sarah, surviving him by some years, the neighbours, with easy formality, dubbed it Sarah's Point. Then the Cortlandt name was attached to it; and after that, Doctor Underhill, having built his handsome Italian villa and established his famous grapery there, stood god-father to the locality. Somewhere in the course of its history the name of old Chief Croton was attached to it, and is gradually superseding all the others. From the Underhill vineyards have gone out unnumbered thousands of bottles of sweet Catawba wine.

At the old ferry-house at Croton, a party of New York yeomen, under the command of Captain Daniel Williams, were surprised and captured in 1782 by a party of British cavalry.

But there was one incident in the history of this place that seems to have been the small pivot upon which the great structure of America's future swung. From Haverstraw, on the other side of the river, on the twenty-second of September, 1780, Major André saw the war-ship *Vulture* drop down the river to escape a galling fire from Teller's Point. Fresh from his interview with Arnold, the British spy was anxious to return to New York by the only safe way,—the way by which he had come. His uneasiness at the departure of the *Vulture* from her anchorage may be imagined. Once on board of her, all danger of detection and capture would have flown, and the details of Arnold's treacherous plan would in all human proba-

bility have been worked out successfully. But there was a guard at Teller's Point, and the *Vulture* made an admirable target. That was all; yet it certainly cost André his life and Arnold his reward—and possibly cost King George a kingdom.

Early on the twenty-first, Arnold had, in expectation of his meeting, left the Robinson house, his head-



CROTON AND VERPLANCK'S POINTS AND ANTHONY'S NOSE—FROM HILL BACK OF SING SING

quarters, and proceeded to Verplanck's Point; from thence he went to the house of Joshua Hett Smith, on the opposite side of the river.

When he crossed over to Stony Point [to quote Judge Dykman's admirable account], he dispatched an officer in his own barge up the river to Peekskill creek, and thence up Canopus creek to Continental Village, with orders to bring down a row-

boat from that place, and directed Major Kerse, the quartermaster at Stony Point, to send the boat, the moment it should arrive, to a certain place in Haverstraw creek (now called Mine-secongo creek), which I assume to have been Colonel Hays's dock. . . . After receiving intelligence of the arrival of the boat, Arnold induced two of Smith's tenants . . . to row Smith in the boat to the *Vulture* that night and directed them to muffle their oars with sheepskin. There was an old lane leading from Smith's house to Colonel Hays's landing, through which they doubtless passed to find the boat.

. . . The landing [of André, from the *Vulture*] was made at a dock used as a shipping place for wood and stone. A portion of this dock still remains. There is an old stone house three hundred feet north of the dock and an abandoned stone quarry north of the house, and the landing place is therefore easily found. There was a road leading up from the dock to the Long Clove road and traces of that old disused way are yet distinctly visible. Upon that way below the Long Clove road there is a small plateau, comparatively level, encircled by firs, where the interview between Arnold and André probably took place.

André, finding the *Vulture* gone, hid at the house of Smith till near the close of the day, when he and his host started for King's Ferry, on the Stony Point side. From there they crossed to Verplanck's Point, and André went on to his doom.

The present aspect of Haverstraw is not one to whet expectation for a great historic event. The chief industry is the making of bricks, and the part of the population most in evidence from the river shore is such as busy brick-yards naturally gather; but there are, nevertheless, pleasant country-seats in the neighbourhood, and, beyond the range of the brick-yards, dwellers of another sort have their homes. The view




HIGH TAUR AND THE SHORT CLOVE—HAVERSTRAW

of a serpent or dragon,—with darting tongue and blazing eyes, and body and tail that seemed like metal at a white heat.

Hugo's wife saved her husband and extinguished the fire with holy water, but lost her own life in doing so. Then seven years more, and his only son was snatched away. Again seven years, and Hugo, upon the summit of High Taur, was shown the treasures of the earth which he might win, only at the peril of his soul, but his daughter's prayer and touch saved him. There, in the depths, the salamander glowed, but his spell was powerless.

Then appeared in the mountain a knightly man, between whom and the daughter of Hugo there sprang up a pure passion. She in her innocence would have expressed her love for him, but he repelled her gently, saying: "When you slept, I came and put a crown of gems on your head; that was because I was in the power of the earth spirit. Then I had power only over the element of fire, that either consumes or hardens to stone; but now water and life are mine. Behold! wear these, for you are worthy." Then he touched the tears that fell from the girl's eyes and they turned into lilies in his hands, and he placed them upon her brow. He told her that, having left heaven for love of man, passing through the ordeal of the fire, he was liberated by her mother's act and took a child's form. He rehearsed his trials, his love for her, the danger he encountered of becoming again an earth



spirit. While they conversed, Hugo and his followers burst upon them. Misunderstanding his daughter's agitation, the old man in a rage ordered his followers to seize the stranger and fling him into the furnace.

What the girl saw, when this inhuman decree had been obeyed, was a form clad in robes of silver float from the furnace and drift upward into the night. It is said that that sight brought peace to her soul and serenity to her countenance, which is hardly less strange than all the other incidents of this marvellous tale.

Chapter XVIII

The Storming of Stony Point

BETWEEN Croton Point and Peekskill, above the railway station, are scattered pleasant residences. A few miles to the north is the little village of Cruger's; then, just above Montrose's Point, back of the bay that forms the south shore of Verplanck's Point, is the historic ground where Baron Steuben laboured to lick the raw material of '76 into serviceable battalions.

The history of Verplanck's Point is intimately connected with that of Stony Point, on the opposite side of the river. The storming and reduction of Stony Point by the American army under General Wayne occurred on the night of the 15th of July, 1779. It was one of the brilliant achievements of the Revolution, and, indeed, in some respects, can hardly be excelled by any action in our history.

The British had retired from Philadelphia; Washington's army had passed through the trying experience of Valley Forge, and Monmouth had been fought. Now the old struggle for supremacy on the Hudson was renewed. Sir Henry Clinton had captured the

American posts at Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, opposite; while Washington still held the important fortresses in the Highlands.

Clinton's attack was made on the first of June. The American force at Stony Point consisted of six hundred men, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, while at Verplanck's, Lieutenant-Colonel Webster had a detachment of about the same numerical strength. They yielded to the combined land and water attack of a greatly superior foe, who proceeded, after the reduction of the forts, to increase their armament and man them with strong garrisons. Washington at once saw not only the military disadvantage of having his outposts in the hands of the enemy, but realised also how bad an effect such a condition of affairs would produce upon the sentiment of the country. He discussed the possibility of dislodging the invaders. An amusing and characteristic (and possibly true) anecdote records a conversation supposed to have taken place between the Commander and General Wayne on this topic. Asked whether he thought he could storm Stony Point, the impetuous Wayne—"Mad Anthony"—replied:

"I'll storm hell, if you'll make the plans, sir!"

Washington looked at him meditatively for a moment, and then replied quietly:

"Better try Stony Point first, General."

Try Stony Point they did. That "Gibraltar" of the Highlands, to use Washington Irving's phrase,

presented an obstacle worthy of the mettle of the best troops in the world. Two hundred feet in height, with bold, rocky sides descending precipitously to the shore, and surrounded on the landward side by a marsh, this fortress could only be won by the same soldierly qualities that had made the British masters of it forty-five days earlier.

The utmost secrecy was preserved in preparing for the enterprise. Not more than half a dozen officers knew of the movement on foot. The main army of the Americans was encamped about ten miles back of West Point, within reach either of the Jerseys or the Hudson. A strong detachment occupied West Point, Constitution Island, and that neighbourhood, and two Connecticut brigades were on the east side of the river. Washington's headquarters at this time were at New Windsor.

The column destined for the attack upon Stony Point marched from Sandy Beach, fourteen miles above, at noon of the fifteenth. The soldiers numbered twelve hundred light infantry. Their march was over bad roads and rocky hills and through heavy swamps. They halted after nightfall at the house of a man named Springsteel, a mile and a half from the British position, and here the final arrangements for the attack were completed.

General Wayne's disposition of the troops before Stony Point was as follows: The column on the right, to be led by Wayne himself, consisted of the regiments



STONY POINT AND HAVERSRAW FROM VERPLANCK'S JOINT



of Meigs and Febiger, and a detachment commanded by Major Hull; Butler's regiment constituted the left column; and Major Murfee was ordered forward in the centre to engage the attention of the British garrison by a feint. Two bodies of volunteers, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury and Major Posey on the right, and Major Stewart on the left, served as pioneers to precede the main body of the assailants; and in the van of each company of pioneers was "a forlorn hope" of twenty men, led by Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox. It was their work to remove the obstructions in the way of the troops.

It was nearly midnight when the advance commenced. Absolute silence was enjoined, and like spectres the two storming parties faded from each other's sight in the gloom. The marshes were overflowed with two feet of water, and through this the men followed their officers, eager and alert, for the object of the expedition was no longer a secret to any one.

Not a musket was loaded, except in Murfee's command, for the attack was to be made entirely with the bayonet. What greater evidence could be offered of the value of three arduous years in transforming into stern, reliant soldiers the raw material of 1776?

The almost perpendicular wall that confronted them after the passage of the morass was to be scaled before the British works, dimly silhouetted against the night sky, could be attacked. Between the summit and the

base, several lines of abatis were to be encountered. To right and left the attacking wings ascended, while Murfee and his men kept a straight course for the centre of the works. Suddenly a shot rang out; a sentinel had discovered the invaders. With a cheer the Carolinians replied, waking a thousand echoes by their volley, and drawing in return the concentrated fire of the garrison. In a few minutes the roar of cannon joined with the rattle of musketry, and the devoted centre was the object of the British attentions, while the real attacking parties, giving no indication of their approach, were pushing eagerly forward.

An officer saw one of his men step aside and commence to load his musket. Ordering him to desist, he was met with the surly question, "How am I going to fight if I don't load?" Seeing that the fellow was obstinate and refused to obey, the officer ran him through with his sword. This was done in accordance with general orders given before the attack commenced, and was necessary under the circumstances, as it probably prevented a premature betrayal of the attack.

But when at last the discovery was made, the storming parties found themselves the targets for a hail of bullets. The top of the hill was a volcano of "villainous saltpetre" and men in the American ranks began to drop. Colonel Hay fell, wounded in the thigh; Captain Selden received a wound in the side; seventeen out of twenty men in the advance fell, either killed or



injured. Wayne received a flesh wound in the head, and called upon two of his officers to carry him into the works, for he thought that he was mortally wounded and wished to die at the head of his troops.

Still not a shot came from the grim, eager, undeviating ranks of the Americans in reply to the reverberating volleys of the enemy, but they entered the works with the bayonet and they subdued the garrison at close quarters.

Then the silence was broken. A cheer rang out,—a cheer that reached the ears of the men on the British war-ships in the river, satisfying those good servants of King George that their own side had succeeded in repulsing their assailants. Not till the guns of the fort were turned upon them by the Americans were they convinced of their error.

Verplanck's Point was not taken from the enemy, and Washington soon abandoned Stony Point; but the value of Wayne's brilliant deed was permanent, as it not only inspired the patriots throughout the country with renewed confidence, but won them increased respect from their foes.

An interesting letter, written just after the battle of Stony Point by one who participated in that memorable action, was contributed to *The Magazine of American History*, several years ago, by the Hon. James W. Gerard. It was addressed to Doctor Daniel Sheldon, and dated July 1, 1779. From its graphic pages we may be permitted to quote briefly:

Perhaps you have heard of the prowess of our troops at Kingsferry, it may be from vague reports and hearsay. The morning of the 16th inst, General Wayne with a party of infantry attacked the enemy's works at Stony Point—the garrison consisted of about six hundred men—it being the dead of night they were not discovered until they had got within about sixteen rods of the works, the alarm was instantly given, but such was the dexterity of our men that they gained some part of the enemy's works before their picket guard. Our men were distinguished by having white paper in their hats and by these words *The Fort is our own*. The fire for a few minutes was very fierce from them, but our people never fired a gun until they had gained the Fort—most of the enemy were killed with Bayonets after our people were in the works—we had nine men killed, and about thirty or forty wounded.

The enemy's loss was sixty killed and forty wounded—447 rank and file marched out of the fort the next morning with twenty-four commissioned officers. Doct^r Auchmuty of New York was their surgeon—some few men made their escape in boats to the other side the River, others in attempting to swim were drowned—S. C. M. Johnson commanded the Britons. General Wayne's party tis said consisted of about 4200 men. There were five deserters from us in the fort, three of which they hanged with little ceremony—10 pieces of cannon, a large number of small arms, with military stores of all kinds fell into our hands. Sunday we should have attacked the fort on this side the River, but General Clinton's arrival at Croton Bridge with a large force prevented it. It must otherwise have fallen into our hands soon.

Your Friend and Brother

RICHARD SILL.



Chapter XIX

At the Gate of the Highlands

JOHAN PEAK, some time before 1685, lived on a creek, or "kill," that has been ever afterwards called by his name. It was on the land claimed by Chief Sirham, sachem of the Sachus Indians, and became afterwards part of the broad manor of Cortlandt. Three hundred acres were bought in the year above mentioned, for the value of three hundred guilders in sea-want. The grounds of the New York State camp for military instruction occupy part of that purchase.

The pleasant village of Peekskill has a memorable history, associated as it was during the War for Independence with important military movements. From its position, so near the lower gate of the Highlands, it was destined to be ridden over by both of the opposing armies. We have spoken elsewhere of some of the more noteworthy occurrences of Revolutionary days, as they presented themselves in sequence with other events. Fort Independence occupied the point above, the stores and barracks that the British burned were near by, Washington once had his headquarters here

for a short time, and here old Israel Putnam commanded in 1777. Paulding, one of the captors of



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE HUDSON FROM A PEAK IN THE HIGHLANDS
(Drawn by W. G. Wilson)

André, was born in Peekskill and was buried there in 1818. André himself stopped at the Wayside Inn on the day following his memorable interview with Arnold.



Washington made a flying visit to Peekskill after the battle of White Plains to reconnoitre; Lee came here while tardily and reluctantly obeying Washington's orders to advance into New Jersey. General Heath was then in command of the post and had received positive orders from Washington to retain all the troops then with him. General Lee, as Heath's senior in rank, ordered that two of the latter's regiments at Continental Village should accompany his own troops across the river. Heath instantly refused to give the necessary directions, exclaiming, "I have received positive written orders to the contrary."

Lee replied that he would then give the orders himself, to which Heath could not do otherwise than to assent. "That makes all the difference," he said. "You are my senior; but I will not myself break those orders." He then showed Lee General Washington's letter of instructions, upon which his visitor made some comment to the effect that being upon the ground he would feel at liberty to act according to his own judgment in the matter. He attempted then to give the order through Heath's adjutant, but the latter was sternly forbidden by his chief to have any part in the affair. "Sir," said he to Lee, "if you come to this post and mean to issue orders here which will break the positive ones I have received, I pray you to do it yourself and through your own deputy Adjutant-General, who is present, and not draw me or any of my family in as partners in the guilt."

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... under Rochambeau, marched
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 ... the King of Prussia! These

... Washington stopped at one
 ... and where not a few of the

notable figures of Revolutionary story were entertained from time to time, was that built by the Hon. Pierre Van Cortlandt in 1773. This must not be confounded with the manor-house at Croton, to which reference has already been made. A year after the building of the Peekskill house, Van Cortlandt seems to have been living in the older one at the Point, for it was there that Governor Tryon visited him in 1774, to secure, if possible, his interest for the King's cause in the approaching contest.


In 1775, Philip, the son of General Van Cortlandt, accepted a commission in the Continental army, an act which incurred the enmity of the Royalists against the whole family and led to bitter persecutions.

The Peekskill house was the one occupied by Mrs. Beekman during the war. On one occasion she faced a party of Tories, led by Colonel Fanning, and sharply rebuked them for calling her father "an old rebel." "I am the daughter of Pierre Van Cortlandt," she exclaimed, "and it becomes not such as you to call my father a rebel." So she turned them out of the house.

The little hamlet of Continental Village, on Canopus creek, just above Peekskill, was the place where the stores for the American army in the Highlands were accumulated. Gallows Hill, the place where Palmer the spy was executed, is a little north of a highway that intersects the Albany Post road, or Broadway, from the east; near the southern side of that hill was the house to which André was taken after his capture.

John Paulding, the captor, lived for a number of years after the event which made him famous on a farm on the Crom-pond road, about three miles east of Peekskill. A number of tales concerning him are current, for one of which we have space. He was attentive to a young woman named Teed whose brother was a loyalist. Upon one of his frequent visits to the home of his lady-love, he was set upon by a number of Tories and forced to seek refuge in a barn, from which he fired upon his assailants, wounding some of them. Young Teed was one of the party and conducted a parley with the beleaguered lover, who finally agreed to surrender himself. He was handed over to the British officer near by and taken a prisoner to the Sugar House, on Liberty Street, New York. From that dreadful prison he managed to escape, and through the aid of a negress, who disguised him in the green coat of a Hessian soldier, he finally reached the American lines. A few days later, while wearing the same conspicuous garment, he assisted in capturing Major André at Tarrytown.

After the foregoing cursory glance at Peekskill's historic past, which we reluctantly leave, we must make an equally rapid survey of more recent days. Of the many eminent men that the inhabitants of the town have delighted to honour, there are several that we may not be forgiven for omitting. One of these is Henry Ward Beecher, whose summer home was a short distance east of the village. Senator Chauncey



M. Depew was born in this place, and has enlivened a thousand dinner-tables with his more or less apocryphal recollections of it. Then there is the long roster of those who went out to battle for the Republic on Southern battle-fields in the dark days of the Civil War. To name any, when we have not room for all, would be to make a distinction that their patriotism neither suggests nor warrants.

In 1882, the Governor of New York, Alonzo B. Cornell, sent a committee of officers of the National Guard to select a site for a military camp of instruction. The choice finally rested upon the plateau to the north of Annsville creek, which comprised ninety-seven acres belonging to the estate of John McCoy. This was purchased, with an additional tract for a rifle-range. Here, at an elevation of a hundred feet above the river, all arrangements were made for the convenience of a permanent camp. A reservoir was formed by damming a brook, and the water distributed in pipes through the grounds, while facilities for cooking on a large scale have also been perfected. Here, summer after summer, the various regiments of the National Guard have succeeded each other in encampments that have come to be a feature of the service.

The point known as Roa Hook was the site of Fort Independence. A hotel occupied the spot in the forties and some of the steamboats made it a stopping place; but the working of valuable gravel pits gradually undermined the bluff on which it stood.

Peekskill looks out upon the Dunderberg and Bear Mountain. Verplanck's Point stretches to the south, and northward is the deep, narrow channel of the Highlands. Irving compared Peekskill Bay with Lake Como; it would be difficult in any part of the world to find a spot the natural features of which conspire to form a scene of more exquisite loveliness. From the lighthouse at Stony Point to that on Iona Island the grand sweep of the opposite shore appeals to the imagination, producing a sense of delight. The trains that creep about the base of the Dunderberg are pigmy affairs; the swift current that flows through the Horse Race and into Seylmaker's Reach catches broken reflections of the towering masses above them, and all the contrivances of man—his wharves, his boats, and his villages—cannot impair the invincible majesty of nature.

Some years ago there was a coffer-dam and pumping station at the foot of the Dunderberg, and the story that is connected with them is one of several of a similar character that the river can boast. Some one of the skippers of the numerous river craft came to an anchor near the foot of the mountain, but found, when he wished to resume his course, that his anchor's flukes were caught in something heavy that could not be detached from the bottom without great effort. However, yielding to the persuasion of the windlass, the obstacle, whatever it was, after a while began to come slowly to the surface, with many an uneasy tug. The skipper's curiosity was great, and richly was it

rewarded, for, with one supreme effort, the crew raised to the surface and into the vessel—a small cannon!

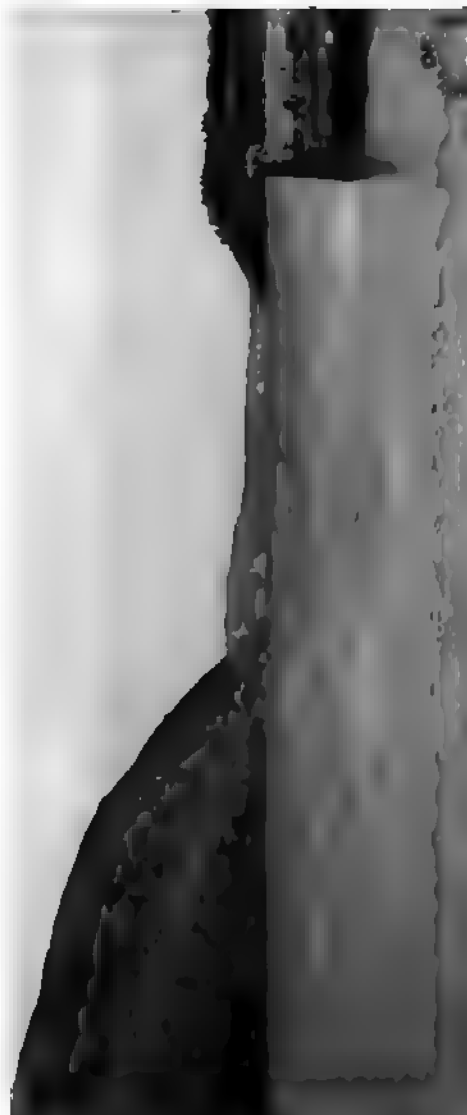
It might have been taken as a natural inference that the rusty weapon belonged to some British vessel of war, or was a trophy of American valour; but not so did the wiseacres decide. It was gravely pronounced to be a relic of Captain Kidd!

Then a speculator worked up the idea and interested a number of people of the class that the proverb mentions as being soon parted from their money, and a company was formed with \$22,000 capital to explore for the wealth that everybody at once knew must be lying there. People talked of the auger that had bored through the deck of the sunken ship and brought up silver with it. To be sure, no one had seen the silver, but the auger was probably not denied to any seeker after conviction. The work went on merrily for some time, but after a while funds ran low and faith began to waver, and the pumping station no longer pumped. Well, after all, was it any more silly than to be duped into subscribing to a company that engaged to make gold out of sea-water?

From the veracious chronicle of the adventures of that delightful son of Manhattan, Dolph Heyliger, as told by Washington Irving, we get an invaluable treasure of goblin lore. The Dunderberg is particularly mentioned as being the haunt of unearthly creatures whose instinct for mischief was calculated to keep the toiling sons of the river in perpetual disquiet.

It is certain that strange things have been seen in these highlands in storms. The captains of the river craft talk of a little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk-hose and sugar-loafed hat, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, which they say keeps about the Dunderberg. They declare that they have heard him, in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in Low Dutch for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder-clap. That sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps in broad breeches and short doublets; tumbling head-over-heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air; or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Antony's Nose; and that, at such times, the hurry scurry of the storm was always greatest. One time a sloop, in passing by the Dunderberg, was overtaken by a thunder gust, that came scouring round the mountain, and seemed to burst just over the vessel. Though tight and well ballasted, she laboured dreadfully, and the water came over the gunwale. All the crew were amazed when it was discovered that there was a little white sugar-loaf hat on the mast-head, known at once to be the hat of the Heer of the Dunderberg. Nobody, however, dared to climb to the mast-head and get rid of this terrible hat. The sloop continued labouring and rocking, as if she would have rolled her mast overboard, and seemed in continued danger either of upsetting or of running on shore. In this way she drove quite through the highlands, until she had passed Pollopol's Island, where, it is said, the jurisdiction of the Dunderberg potentate ceases. No sooner had she passed this bourn, than the little hat spun up into the air like a top, whirled up all the clouds into a vortex, and hurried them back to the summit of the Dunderberg; while the sloop righted herself, and sailed on as quietly as if in a mill-pond. Nothing saved her from utter wreck but the fortunate circumstance of having a horse-shoe nailed against the mast—a wise precaution against evil spirits, since adopted by all the Dutch captains that navigate this haunted river.

There is another story told of this foul-weather urchin by Skipper Daniel Ouselsticker of Fishkill, who was never known to tell a lie. He declared that, in a severe squall, he saw him



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seated astride of his bowsprit, riding the sloop ashore, full butt against Antony's Nose, and that he was exorcised by Dominie Van Gieson, of Esopus, who happened to be on board, and who sang the hymn of St. Nicholas; whereupon the goblin threw himself up in the air like a ball and went off in a whirlwind, carrying away with him the nightcap of the Dominie's wife; which was discovered the next Sunday morning hanging on the weathercock of Esopus church steeple, at least forty miles off! Several events of this kind having taken place, the regular skippers of the river, for a long time, did not venture to pass the Dunderberg without lowering their peaks, out of homage to the Heer of the mountain; and it was observed that all such as paid this tribute of respect were suffered to pass unmolested.

Chapter XX

The Spirit of '76

THE military and naval operations along the Hudson and its shores during the War for Independence cannot be exhaustively discussed in a work that of necessity covers so wide a field as the present volume. At the most, we may only hope to indicate, by the selection of several incidents, the character of the invasion and the spirit of those who opposed it.

Toryism, it may be said in passing, was not entirely confined to the cities, yet it had its strongholds there, and the general temper of the country people seems to have inclined towards the Continental cause.

Before the battle of Long Island, in August, 1776, the New York Convention sent delegates to stir up the yeomanry along the river. As the enemy's ships were at anchor near Tarrytown, powder and ball were sent to that place. Colonel Hammond, of local celebrity, was actively engaged in organising the militia for defence; Colonel Pierre Van Cortlandt, of the Croton manor of that name, was an active and efficient guardian of the east shore of the Tappan Zee; while Colonel

Hay kept guard with his regiment over the western shore, from Nyack to the Highlands, the centre of his operations being at Haverstraw.

The yeomen on both sides of the river patrolled the shores even as they guarded the highways, and tradition asserts that wives and daughters stood beside the men as they shouldered the flint-lock guns and handled powder-horns and bullet-pouches. Whenever the foe might appear, rustic marksmen were ready to re-enact Lexington and Concord.

The British war-ships, shifting ground occasionally with the tide, or to avoid the galling attentions of the sharp-shooters, that annoyed them like so many wasps, were not holding their ground in the Tappan Zee and Haverstraw Bay from any holiday motive. Their boats were out constantly making soundings, locating shoals, determining the course of the channel, and preparing charts for the service of the flotilla. The Tories alongshore were suspected of furnishing both provisions and information.

A tender beat up from Haverstraw Bay nearly to Fort Montgomery in the Highlands, when General Clinton greeted the unwelcome visitor with a ball from a 32-pounder, that had the effect of sending her about in short order.

But soundings and observations had been completed, and the chart of the river was sufficiently accurate to enable the war-ships to move up without other peril than that encountered from the American

guns. They therefore advanced to within six miles of Fort Montgomery. George Clinton anticipated an effort to slip by him at night, and gain the defenceless reaches of the river above the Highlands, where the enemy might not only ravage the country, but destroy the little fleet that was then being built at Poughkeepsie. He therefore placed a guard at a point nearly midway between the vessels and the fort, with material at hand for a mammoth signal fire, and similar piles of combustibles were placed at intervals all through the Highlands, except at the fort. In case of activity on the part of the fleet, its every movement would be illuminated.

As a further safeguard, fire-rafts were brought down from Poughkeepsie and held in readiness, like hounds in leash, ready to be let loose at the favourable moment. "They were to be lashed together," we read, "between old sloops filled with combustibles and sent down with a strong wind and tide, to drive upon the ships."

Besides these preparations, an effective barrier was to be made by stretching a huge iron chain across the river in an oblique direction, from Fort Montgomery to Anthony's Nose.

Van Cortlandt and others were busy at this time in organising the river guard, a fleet of whale-boats, manned by patriotic rivermen, and stationed in the bays and coves of the Tappan Zee and Haverstraw. This organisation afterwards did yeoman's service, reconnoitring, acting as despatch bearers, cutting off

intelligence and supplies destined for the enemy's ships, and more than once engaging in close conflict with the King's marines. Oar galleys, mounting light guns in their bows, were also put in commission.

There are a few brighter lights in the dark picture of that time. The *Phœnix* and *Rose*, the British war-vessels that had ascended the river, were attacked at their anchorage in the Tappan Zee by a fleet of six "row galleys," and a spirited fight kept up for two hours. The galleys "hulled the ships repeatedly, but sustained great damage in return."

This exploit was soon followed by another that is worthy the tribute of enduring verse. The story has been graphically told by Irving in his *Life of Washington*:

Two of the fire-ships recently constructed went up the Hudson to attempt the destruction of the ships which had so long been domineering over its waters. One succeeded in grappling the *Phœnix*, and would soon have set her in flames, but in the darkness got to leeward, and was cast loose without effecting any damage. The other, in making for the *Rose*, fell foul of one of the tenders, grappled and burnt her. The enterprise was conducted with spirit, and though it failed of its main object, had an important effect. The commanders of the ships determined to abandon those waters, where their boats were fired upon by the very yeomanry whenever they attempted to land; and where their ships were in danger from midnight incendiaries, while riding at anchor. Taking advantage of a brisk wind and favoring tide, they made all sail early on the morning of the 18th of August and stood down the river, keeping close under the eastern shore, where they supposed the guns from Mount Washington could not be brought to bear upon them. Notwithstanding this precaution, the *Phœnix* was thrice hulled by

shots from the fort, and one of the tenders once. The *Rose*, also, was hulled once by a shot from Burdett's Ferry. The men on board were kept close, to avoid being picked off by a party of riflemen posted on the river bank. The ships fired grape-shot as they passed, but without effecting any injury. Unfortunately, a passage had been left open in the obstructions on which General Putnam had calculated so sanguinely; it was to have been closed in the course of a day or two. Through this they made their way, guided by a deserter; which alone, in Putnam's opinion, saved them from being checked in their career, and utterly destroyed by the batteries.

We have noticed these actions particularly, because they were among the very first marine engagements recorded in our national history.

Only a few months after the excitement caused by this "eruption of the *Phœnix* and the *Rose* into the quiet waters of the Hudson" had begun to subside in a measure, we find the war-ships again brushing past the American defences at Fort Washington. The new vessels designed for obstruction, the sloop with Bushnell's submarine engine on board, a schooner, and several scows were driven ashore, captured, or sunk. The galleys made strenuous efforts to escape, some by darting into convenient bays and others by trusting to their speed and ability to sail over shallows where the British must have grounded. But two of them ran ashore, and the crew took to the boat and made for land with all possible speed, their vessels falling into the hands of the British.

All was hurry and alarm at Spuyten Duyvil, Yonkers, and other places along the lower river shores,

and fleet craft carried the news and spread the consternation from Manhattan to the Highlands. The thrill of anticipation again disturbed the garrisons of the Highland forts, and swift messengers were sent to Fishkill, where the Provincial Congress was sitting, presided over by Peter R. Livingston. The Committee of Safety, at their wit's end, wrote an appealing letter to Washington, detailing the dangers and picturing the inadequacy of the American force in the Highlands, and praying him to send reinforcements thither.

Among the budgets of advice and the plans for defence that poured in at that time, one letter, written by John Jay, member of the secret committee for the defence of the Hudson, to Gouverneur Morris, chairman of another committee, is worth quoting. He says:

Had I been vested with absolute power in this State, I have often said, and still think, that I would last spring have desolated all Long Island, Staten Island, the city and county of New York, and all that part of the county of Westchester which lies below the mountains. I would then have stationed the main body of the army in the mountains on the east, and eight or ten thousand men in the Highlands on the west side of the river. I would have directed the river at Fort Montgomery, which is nearly at the southern extremity of the mountains, to be so shallowed as to afford only depth sufficient for an Albany sloop, and all the southern passes and defiles in the mountains to be strongly fortified. Nor do I think the shallowing of the river a romantic scheme. Rocky mountains rise immediately from the shores. The breadth is not very great, though the depth is. But what cannot eight or ten thousand men, well worked, effect? According to this plan of defence, the State would be absolutely

impregnable against all the world, on the sea side, and would have nothing to fear except from the way of the lake. Should the enemy gain the river, even below the mountains, I think I foresee that a retreat would become necessary, and I can't forbear wishing that a desire of saving a few acres may not lead us into difficulties.

Mr. Jay at the same time applied for leave of absence, stating as a reason his solicitude for the welfare of his aged parents, whom he desired to remove to a place of safety.

When, after the winter of 1776-77, the river was again free from ice so as to be navigable, General Howe sent a squadron of war-vessels, with troops, to destroy or capture American stores, one of the principal depots for which was at Peekskill. General McDougall was, during the absence of General Heath, in command there, and, learning of the approach of the British, he undertook to remove most of the supplies to a place of greater security. The enemy landed five hundred men, with four field-pieces, at Lent's Cove, on the southern side of Peekskill Bay. McDougall, whose command numbered less than three hundred, retreated, having set fire to his barracks and store-houses. He fell back about two miles on the road to Continental Village, where the stores had been sent, and occupied a strong post that Washington had noted in his reconnoissance after the battle of White Plains in the previous autumn.

Colonel Willett hastened to McDougall's relief from Fort Constitution, and after a sharp skirmish the



NEAR FORT MONTGOMERY

British decamped, returning down the river without having accomplished the object of the expedition.

This affair aroused new anxiety for the Highland passes and their defence. General George Clinton, who had command of the Highland forts, ordered out the militia of Westchester, Orange, and Dutchess counties. He also strengthened the chain previously extended across the river from Fort Montgomery. General McDougall, still in command at Peekskill, received instructions from Washington to co-operate with Clinton in putting the fortifications in as perfect condition as possible for defence. Clinton was directed to put as large a force as he could spare on the mountains west of the river.

General Greene was ordered to the Highlands to inspect the forts and report upon the possibility of attacks by water or land. He was accompanied by General Knox, and, with McDougall, Clinton, and Wayne, made the required examination. These five generals recommended that the heavy chain and cables stretched across the river be completed and made effective.

Arnold was now offered the general command of the Hudson, but declined. Putnam, who was named in his place, hastened to the Highlands, and entered with alacrity into the completion of Clinton's defences.

It was while at Verplanck's Point that Putnam had that famous brief correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton regarding a spy taken within the American

lines. A vessel of war, proceeding with haste from New York, landed a flag of truce at Verplanck's Point with a message from the British general, claiming the spy, Edmund Palmer, as a lieutenant in the King's service. Putnam did not waste words in writing his reply:

HEADQUARTERS, 7th Aug. 1777.

Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P. S.—He has, accordingly, been executed.

That the temper of the country was such as to give great satisfaction to the leaders at this time may be gathered from Clinton's own words: "I never knew the militia to come out with greater alacrity." But he adds, in the same connection, "as a great many of them have harvests in the field, I fear it will be difficult to detain them long, unless the enemy will make some movements that indicate a design of coming this way suddenly, and so obvious as to be believed by the militia."

With Burgoyne trying to force his way to Albany from the north, and Clinton planning to co-operate with him by way of the Hudson, the general anxiety regarding the Highlands increased as the season advanced. The forts, by autumn, were feebly garrisoned. On the 29th of September, Putnam, from his

headquarters at Peekskill, wrote to General George Clinton as follows:

I have received intelligence on which I can fully depend, that the enemy had received a reinforcement at New York last Thursday, of about three thousand British and foreign troops, that General Clinton has called in guides who belong about Croton River; has ordered hard bread to be baked; that the troops are called from Paulus Hook to Kings Bridge, and that the whole troops are now under marching orders.

I think it highly probable the designs of the enemy are against the posts of the Highlands or of some part of the counties of Westchester or Dutchess. . . . The ships are drawn up in the river and I believe nothing prevents them from paying us an immediate visit but a contrary wind.

Clinton, absent from his military post while attending to his civil duties as Governor, received this urgent letter at Kingston, and at once hastened to the Highlands, collecting all the militia that he could, more effectually to man the defences.

Irving has given the following description of the forts at that time:

We have spoken of his (Clinton's) Highland citadel of Fort Montgomery, and of the obstructions of chain, boom, and *chevaux-de-frise* between it and the opposite promontory of Anthony's Nose. Fort Clinton had subsequently been erected within rifle shot of Fort Montgomery, to occupy ground which commanded it. A deep ravine and stream, called Peploep's Kill, intervened between the two forts, across which there was a bridge. The governor had his headquarters in Fort Montgomery, which was the northern and largest fort, but its works were unfinished. His brother James had charge of Fort Clinton, which was complete. The whole force to garrison the associate forts did not exceed six hundred men, chiefly militia, but they

had the veteran Colonel Lamb, of the artillery, with them, who had served in Canada, and a company of his artillerists was distributed in the two forts.

Early in October, Sir Henry Clinton sailed up the Hudson with a fleet carrying three or four thousand British troops and Tories. The object of the expedition was to take the forts, Montgomery and Clinton, opposite Anthony's Nose. There were American stores there, that had been collected in the neighbourhood, and the destruction of these was the ostensible object of the expedition; but it is almost certain that the idea of relieving Burgoyne by a diversion carried greater weight.

A body of troops was landed at Tarrytown, marched a short distance into the country, returned, and re-embarked. This ruse had the desired effect of deceiving General Putnam at Peekskill. On the next day, the fifth, Clinton landed in force at Verplanck's Point, below Peekskill, thus strengthening the impression already created that Fort Independence and the eastern shore of the river were to be the scene of his attack.

Almost immediately, however, the greater part of the troops were ferried across in barges from Verplanck's to the opposite shore, and while a body of Tories on shore and the war-ships in the river kept up the pretence of attacking Fort Independence, Clinton hurried the main body of his command, by a circuitous route, over the hill passes back of the Dunderberg, towards Forts Montgomery and Clinton. General Put-

nam was completely outwitted and even sent to the Governor, General George Clinton, for reinforcements. But that active officer was not deceived. He had despatched scouts to the southern extremity of the Highlands, and they soon returned with the intelligence that the enemy were crossing to Stony Point in large numbers. He therefore made ready with all the haste possible to receive the unwelcome visitors, and in his turn sent to Putnam for aid. But, through the treachery of the messenger, his appeal did not reach its destination.

Dividing his force, Sir Henry Clinton sent Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, with nine hundred men, to take a circuitous course by the western side of Bear Hill and approach Fort Montgomery from the north or north-west—that is to say, in the rear. Sir Henry proceeded towards the river from the point of division, which was between the Dunderberg and Bear Hill. He then intended to advance along a neck of land lying between the river and Sinipink Pond and fall upon Fort Clinton.

A reconnoitring party sent out by the Governor fell in with Sir Henry's advance-guard, and opened the day's fighting, falling back towards the fort after a sharp skirmish.

Campbell, advancing along the Bear Hill ravine, was met by a sudden outburst of cannon and musketry, against which for a time his men could make no headway. Filing off into the woods they attempted to

surround their assailants, and finally succeeded in driving them into the fort.

The resistance at both of the forts was obstinate. The garrisons were insufficient to man the works, but even after the enemy, by sheer force of numbers, had effected an entrance, the defenders refused to surrender and literally fought their way out, many of them escaping by the woods and down the precipitous rocks. Two hundred and fifty were either slain or captured by the British.

Putnam did not suspect the true direction of the British advance till the reverberations of the battle, thundering along the cliffs of the Highlands, revealed the true state of affairs.

The escape of the brothers George and James Clinton was almost marvellous. The Governor leaped down the rocks to the riverside, a breakneck proceeding, but accomplished without injury, and crossed the river in a boat, to join Putnam on the other side. His brother, though wounded, "slid down a precipice, one hundred feet high, and escaped to the woods."

The American frigates and galleys stationed above, finding it impossible to escape the advance of the British ships or withstand their fire, were consigned to destruction, and one after another went up in flames. Then the victorious enemy proceeded to destroy the *chevaux-de-frise* and clear the river. Proceeding through the passage thus made, Sir James Wallace and General Vaughn advanced to Kingston, then the State



STORM KING. FROM NEAR STORM KING STATION

capital; but this is another story, and will find its place in another chapter.

The main object of Sir Henry Clinton's attack, which was to create a diversion in favour of General Burgoyne, was a complete failure, as that officer, in the course of ten days, yielded to the harassing attentions of his foes.

Chapter XXI

A Voyage up the Hudson in 1769

A HITHERTO unpublished account of a voyage up the Hudson in 1769 is here presented. It is taken from a manuscript journal, written by the proprietor of the great tract of land in the interior of New York State, that was known to the old map-makers as the Smith patent:


With a View to survey a large Tract of Land then lately purchased from the Indians I departed from Burlington for Otego May 3d, 1769, in company with Rich'd Wells, now of Philadelphia, and the Surveyors Joseph Biddle Junr. & William Ridgway, as also John Hicks. May 5th. In the Morning we arrived at Paulus Hook Ferry, went over and dined at Burns's Tavern in New York & this we deemed an indifferent House, here we saw the Govr. Sir Henry Moore and other noted men, in the Afternoon we took passage in a sloop, Richd. Scoonhoven, Skipper, for Albany, had fine weather and found it extremely agreeable Sailing with the country Seats of the Citizens on the Right Hand, the high Lands of Bergen on the Left and the Narrows abaft. We sailed about 13 or 14 Miles & then came to Anchor for the Night, the great Rains just before we set out had caused the Water of the North River to taste almost fresh at this Place. The Bergen Shore is high and Rocky & the Eastern Side diversified with Hill and Gully.

6th. These Albany Sloops contain very convenient Cabins. We eat from a regular Table accommodated with Plates, Knives

& Forks & enjoyed our Tea in the Afternoon, we had laid in some Provision at N. York & the Capt. some more so that we lived very well, our Commander is very jocose & good company. About 7 ocloc we passed Spite the Devil (why so called I know not) or Harlem River which divides the Manhattan Island from the Connecticut, the Entrance here appears to be narrow, bounded on each side with high Land, Kings Bridge said to be about a Mile from this Entrance but not in Sight. The Bergen Coast continues to be lined with lofty Rocks, thinly overspread with Cedars, Spruce & Shrubs. Nearly opposite to Tappan we took a Turn on Shore to a Part of Col. Philips's Manor, from the Hills of which are beautiful Prospects. All the Country on both sides of the River from the City is hilly. The Manor of Philipsburg according to our Information, extends about — Miles on the River and about 6 Miles back and is joined above by the Manor of Cortland, this Morng. the Sloop passed by Col. Philips's Mansion House and Gardens situate in a pleasant Valley between Highlands, the country hereabout excels ours by far in fine Prospects and the Trees & Vegetables appear to be as forward almost as those at Burlington when we left it, but I conceive that our countrymen excel the People here in cultivation—hardly any Houses appear on the Bergen Side from Paulus Hook to the Line of Orange County. The Tenant for Life here tells me he pays to Col. Philips only £7, per Annum for about 200 acres of Land & thinks it an extravagant Rent because on his demise or Sale his Son or Vendee is obliged to pay to the Landlord one Third of the Value of the Farm for a Renewal of the Lease. The Skipper gave here 5 coppers for a Quart of Milk & Mr. Wells bought Ten small Rock Fish for 12 coppers. The Freight of a Bushel of Wheat from Albany to N. York according to our Skipper is Four Pence, of a Barrel of Flour one Shilling and of a Hogshead of Flour 7/6 and he thinks they have the same rates from Kaatskill. In the Night we ran ground among the Highlands about 50 Miles from N. York between Orange and Dutchess Counties. The Highlands here are not so lofty as I expected and the River at this place appears to be about Half a Mile wide.

7th Our Company went on Shore up the Rocks to a miserable

Farm and House in Orange & left with the Farmer a Direction for Otego (the Name of a Creek of the River Susquehannah whereon & in the Vicinity we afterwards formed a Settlement) as he and a few of his Neighbours seemed desirous to seek new Habitations, he pays Seven Pounds a Year Rent for about 100 acres including Rocks and Mountains—Hudson's River is strait to the Highlands, but thro them very crooked, many Strawberries are to be seen about the Banks & stony Fields. Martiler's Rock stands in a part of the River which is exceeding deep with a bold Shore encircled on either Hand by aspiring Mountains & thro them there is a View of a fine Country above, here it is chiefly that the sudden Flaws sometimes take the River Vessels for which Reason they have upright Masts for the more expeditious lowering of the Sails on any sudden Occasion—beyond the above Rock lies Pollaples Island—but a few Wheat and Rye Fields appear along the East Side of the River from N. York hither and a very few Fields are ploughed as if intended for Indian Corn, the Lands seem proper for Sheep or perhaps (if the severity of our Winters will admit) for Vineyards. On the West Side among the Highlands are only a few Houses seated in the small Vallies between the Mountains. From the streights between Butter Hill and Broken Neck Hill & below them there is a distant Prospect of the Kaatskill Mounts. to the N. W. Murderers Creek which runs by the Butter Hill divides the Counties of Orange and Ulster, there are a few Houses at the Mouth of the Creek. The soil in these Parts is broken, stony and few places proper for the Plow. What grain we saw growing was but indifferent. About one ocloc we passed by the Town of New Windsor on the Left, seeming at a Distance to consist of about 50 Houses Stores and Out houses placed without any regular Order, here end the Highlands. This Town has some Trade and probably hereafter may be a place of Consequence as the fine Country of Goshen is said to lie back about 12 or more Miles. On the East Side of the River a little above Windsor is the Fish Kill & Landing whence the Sloops carry the Produce of that Side for Market. The North River is here thought to be near Two Miles wide and the General Range of the Highlands by the Compass as taken on the N. Side by our





BROKEN NECK (BREAKNECK) HILL

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Surveyors is W. S. W. & E. N. E. We took a Turn on Shore at Denton's Mill called 60 Miles from N. York and walked above Two Miles down the River to Newbury a small scattered Village & to Denton's Ferry, we found excellent Cyder at both. The New England men cross here & hereabouts almost daily for Susquehannah, their Rout is from hence to the Minisink's accounted only 40 Miles distant, & we are told that 700 of their Men are to be in that Country by the first of June next, A sensible Woman informed Us that Two Men of her Neighbourhood have been several Times across to those Parts of Susquehannah which lie in York Government & here the people say our Rout by Albany is above 100 Miles out of the Way, this is since found to be true, yet that Rout is used because it is the only Waggon Road to Lake Otsego. The Lands near Hudsons River now appear less Hilly tho not level, & a few Settlements are visible here and there, the Houses & Improvements not extraordinary. Denton's Mill above mentioned has a remarkable large Fall of Water forming a beautiful Cascade, we saw several other Cascades and Rills—divers LimeKills and much Lime Stone on each Shore hereaway & some Appearance of Meadow Land of which we have hitherto seen very little, Lime Stone, it is said, may be found on either Side of the River from the Highlands to Sopus. We have the pleasure of seeing sundry Sloops & Shallops passing back and forwards with the Produce of the Country and Returns, in the Evening we sailed thro' a remarkable Undulation of the Water for a Mile or Two which tossed the Sloop about much and made several passengers sick, the more observable as the Passage before and after was quite smooth & little Wind stirring at the Time, We anchored between Two high Shores bespread with Spruce, Chestnut Oaks and other Trees, very like the towering Banks of Bergen.

8th. There is a high Road from New York to Albany on both sides of the River, but that on the East side is most frequented; both Roads have a View now and then of the River. Poughkeepsing the County Town of Dutchess stands above the FishKill a little beyond the rough Water already noted, We passed the Town in the Night. Slate Stone Rocks on the West Shore at and below Little Sopus from whence N. York has of

late been supplied: they reckon Little Sopus Island to be Half-Way between N. York and Albany. the Weather yesterday and to day very warm but the Mornings and Evenings are cool. Our Skipper says there are at Albany 31 Sloops all larger than this, which carry from 400 to 500 Barrels of Flour each, trading constantly from thence to York & that they make Eleven or 12 Trips a year each. The general Course of Hudson's River as taken by compass is N. & by E. and S. and by W. in some Places North North and South. Between the Highlands and Kaatskill both these Mountains are in view at the same Time. At Two ocloc we arrived off the Walkill, there are 2 or 3 Houses at the Mouth of the Creek & a Trade carried on in Six or Seven sloops. Kingston the County Town of Ulster stands about Two Miles distant but not visible from the Water (this Town has been since burnt by the British Gen. Vaughan) The Kaatskill Mountains to the N. W. appear to be very near tho they are at a considerable Distance. The Country on both Sides continues still hilly and rugged and what Wheat is growing, looks much thrown out and gullied—more Houses & Improvements shew themselves along the Sopus Shore and Opposite being an old settled Country—our Vessel came to Anchor a little above the Walkill about 60 Miles from Albany. We went on shore to Two stone Farm Houses on Beekman Manor in the County of Dutchess, the Men were absent & the Women and children could speak no other Language than Low Dutch, our Skipper was Interpreter. One of these Tenants for Life or a very Long Term or for Lives (uncertain which) pays 20 Bushels of Wheat in Kind for 97 Acres of cleared Land & Liberty to get Wood for necessary Uses any where in the Manor—12 Eggs sold here for six pence, Butter 14d per pound and 2 shad cost 6d. One Woman was very neat & the Iron Hoops of her Pails scowered bright, the Houses are mean. We saw one Piece of good Meadow which is scarce here away, the Wheat was very much thrown out, the Aspect of the Farms rough and hilly like all the rest and the Soil a stiff clay. One Woman had Twelve good countenanced Boys and Girls all clad in Homespun both Linen and Woolen, here was a Two wheeled Plow drawn by 3 horses abreast, a Scythe with a short, crooked Handle and a Kind of Hook both

used to cut down Grain, for the Sickle is not much known in Albany County or in this Part of Duchess.

9th We arose in the Mornng. opposite to a large Brick House on the East Side belonging to Mr. Livingston's Father to Robert R. Livingston the Judge, in the Lower Manor of Livingston. Albany County now on either Hand, & sloping Hills here and there covered with Grain like all the rest we we have seen, much thrown out by the Frost of last Winter. Landing on the West Shore we found a Number of People fishing with a Sein, they caught plenty of Shad and Herring and use Canoes altogether having long, neat and strong Ropes made by the People themselves of Elm Bark. Here we saw the first Indian a Mohicon named Hans clad in no other Garment than a shattered Blanket, he lives near the KaatsKill & had a Scunk Skin for his Tobacco Pouch, the Tavern of this Place is most wretched—Trees are out in Leaf, Cattle and Sheep, nothing different from ours, are now feeding on the Grass which seems to be nearly as forward as with us when we left Burlington, the Trees quite as forward & the White Pine is common, One Shad taken with the rest had a Lamprey Eel about 7 Inches long fastened to his Back, I was informed hereby a person concerned in measuring it that the Distance from KaatsKill Landing to Schoharie is $32\frac{1}{2}$ Miles reckoned to Capt. Eckerson's House, a good Waggon Road and Produce brot. down daily from thence to Cherry Valley half a Day's Journey, that People are now laying out a New Road from SopusKill to Schoharie which is supposed to be about $32\frac{1}{2}$ Miles, Sopus Creek is about 11 Miles below KatsKill Creek and a Mile below where we now landed, they say that 7 or 8 Sloops belong to Sopus—the Fish are the same in Hudsons River above the salt Water as in the Delaware—the Skipper bought a Parcel of Fish here cheap, these Fishermen draw their Nets oftener than ours not stopping between the Draughts. At 3 ocloc we passed by the German Camp a small Village so called having Two Churches, situated on the East Side of the River, upon a rising Ground which shews the Place to Advantage, some Distance further on the same Side of the River we sailed by the Upper Manor House of Livingston, a Quantity of low cripple Land may be seen on the opposite Side & this reaches 4 miles

to the KaatsKill called 36 Miles from Albany off the Mouth of this Creek we have a View of the large House built by John Dyer the Person who made the Road from hence to Schoharie at the Expence of £400, if common Report may be credited—Two Sloops belong to KaatsKill, a little beyond the Mouth whereof lies the large Island of Vastic—there is a House on the North Side of the Creek and another with several Saw Mills on the South Side but no Town as we expected. Sloops go no further than Dyer about Half a Mile up the Creek, the Lands on both Sides of KaatsKill belong to Vanberger, Van Vecthe, Salisbury, Dubois & a Man in York, their Lands, as our Skipper says, extend up the Creek 12 Miles to Barber the English Gentleman his Settlement, the Creek runs thro the KaatsKill Mounts. said hereabouts to be at the Distance of 12 or 14 Miles from the North River but there are Falls above which obstruct the Navigation (these particular Enquiries were made because this was supposed to be the nearest Port to our newly purchased Territory.) We landed in the Evening on the KaatsKill Shore 4 Miles above the Creek but could gain no satisfactory Intelligence only that the Dutchess of Gordon and her Husband Col. Staats Long Morris were just gone from Dyer's House for Cherry Valley & Susquehanna with Two Waggons, they went by the Way of Freehold at the Foot of the Mountains on this Side and so over them to Schoharie guessed to be about 32½ Miles as was said before.

10th. We passed by Sunday Islands whereof Scutters Island affords a good low Bottom fit for Meadow and some of it is improved, Bear's Island said to be the Beginning of the Manor of Renslaerwic which extends on both Sides of the River, the Lords of Manors are called by the common People Patroons, Bearen Island or Bears Island just mentioned is reputed to be 12 Miles below Albany—Cojemans Houses with Two Grist Mills & Two Saw Mills stand a little above on the West Side and opposite is an Island of about Two Acres covered with young Button Wood Trees which Island, our Skipper says, has arisen there to his Knowledge within 16 years and since he has navigated the River—more low, bottom Land is discovered as we pass up, generally covered with Trees being cleared might be

made good Meadow by Banking an Improvement to which the Inhabitants are altogether Strangers, the upper End of Scotoc's Island is a fine cleared Bottom not in Grass but partly in Wheat & partly in Tilth, however there was one rich Meadow improved, we saw the the first Batteaux a few Miles below Albany, Canoes being the Common Craft. One Staat's House is prettily fixed on a rising Ground in a low Island, the City of Albany being 3 miles a Head we discovered for the first Time a Spot of Meadow Ground, ploughed and sowed with Peas in the Broad Cast Way, the Uplands are now covered with Pitch Pine & are sandy and barren as the Desarts of N. Jersey, as we approach the Town the Houses multiply on each shore and we observe a person in the Act of Sowing Peas upon a fruitful Meadow on an Island to the right. The Hudson near Albany seems to be about Half a Mile over. Henry Cuyler's Brick House on the East Side about a mile below the Town looks well & we descry the King's stables a long wooden Building on the left & on the same side Philip Schuyler's Grand House with whom at present resides Col. Bradstreet (since deceased & Schuyler is now a Major Gen. in the Service of the United States) Col. John Van Renslaer has a good House on the East Side. At Half after 10 oCloc we arrived at Albany estimated to be 164 Miles by Water from N. York and by Land 157. In the afternoon we viewed the Town which contains according to several Gentlemen residing here, about 500 Dwelling Houses besides Stores and Out Houses. The Streets are irregular and badly laid out, some paved others not, Two or Three are broad the rest narrow & not straight, most of the Buildings are pyramidically shaped like the old Dutch Houses in N. York, we found Cartwright's a good Tavern tho his charges were exorbitant & it is justly remarked by Kahn the Swedish Traveller in America that the Townsmen of Albany in general sustained the character of being close, mercenary and avaricious—they deem it 60 miles from Albany to Cherry Valley—We did not note any extraordinary Edifices in the Town nor is there a single Building facing Albany on the other Side of the River. The Fort is in a ruinous neglected Condition and nothing now to be seen of Fort Orange erected by the Dutch but part of the Fosse or Ditch which surrounded it. The Barracks

are built of Wood and of ordinary Workmanship the same may be said of the King's Store Houses. The Court House is large and the Jail under it, one miserable Woman is now in it for cutting the Throat of her Child about 5 years old. There are 4 Houses of Worship for different Denominations and a public Library which we did not visit, most of the Houses are built of Brick or faced with Brick. The Inhabitants generally speak both Dutch and English & some do not understand the latter. The Shore and the Wharves 3 in Number abounded in Lumber. Stephen VanRenslaer the Patron or Lord of the Manor of Renslaerwick his House stands a little above the Town he is a young man (since deceased)—the Site of the Town is hilly and the Soil clay but round the place it is a mere Sand bearing pine Trees chiefly of the Pitch Pine, some Lime or Linden Trees as well as other Trees are planted before the Doors as at N. York and indeed Albany has in other Respects much the Aspect of that City, the Houses are for the most Part covered with Shingles made of White Pine, some few with red or black Tiles. In one of the Streets there is a Sign of the Jersey Shoe Ware House being supplied in Part with Shoes by Henry Guest of N. Brunswick, there is a Town Cloc which strikes regularly. We saw some Indians here & found the Weather very warm and sultry.

11th Having hired an open Waggon the Company quitted Albany early in the Mornng. intending for Schenectady by way of Cahoe's Falls, the Fare of the Waggon with Two Horses was 20p. It is called 7 miles from the City to the Mouth of the Mohawk's River & from thence to the Cahoes 5 Miles, from the Cahoes to Schenectady 16 Miles from Albany to Schenectady in a Direct Line along the usual Road 17 Miles (there are now Mile Stones set up) The Patroons House at the North End of Albany is a large handsome Mansion with a good Garden & Wheat Field that reaches down to the North River, the Road leads along the Bank for about 6 or 7 miles from Albany and the rich Bottom on each side of the River is near Half a Mile broad consisting of a black Mould very level & low, proper for the best Sort of Meadow, but here sown with Wheat and Peas both which look well, some of the Peas are up and some are now sow-

ing, very little Indian corn is raised in these Parts & that not planted in Furrows & Rows but at random, one Field excepted, they plant three or 4 Feet apart in the Hills & the same Ground every year, the Land back of this fertile Space is covered with the Pitch and White Pine chiefly and yet not bad Land, and along the Mohawks River also this rich flat Ground extends from a Quarter to Half a Mile wide, but somewhat narrower on the upper parts of that River. This Stream at the Cahoes is reckoned to be about a Quarter of a Mile in Breadth & the Falls extend quite across, the Heighth of the Fall is conjectured by Mr. Wells & the Two Surveyors to be 60 Feet or upwards but I have seen a Copper plate that calls it 75, tho' upon ocular view it appears less, the Fall is almost perpendicular, the whole Body of the River brawling over a Slate Rock, the Banks of the River consist of this Rock intermixed with a crumbling stone and are perhaps 30 feet higher than the Bed of the River, the whole looks as white as cream except in the middle where the black Rock projects a little and the water breaks into many small Rills, We descended down to the Shore by a dangerous passage and ascended by the same after examining every Thing below particularly some heavy Stones and other Indications of a Copper Mine being not far off, upon quitting this Spot we directed our Course for Schenectady & passed some excellent Farms and likewise some poor barren Pine Land yet we saw choice Ground bearing the Jersey or Pitch Pine a Thing to me heretofore unknown, the Course from the Cahoes to Schenectady was nearly West, about six Miles below that Town we are told that the rich Bottoms sell at £35 or £40 p Acre while the Upland will only fetch £3 or thereabouts, they hardly ever plow their Upland the Indian Corn in the Rich Lands is said to produce from 40 to 60 Bushels an Acre altho every Year planted in the same Earth. By the Information recd. Stephen Van Renslaers Manor extends on each Side of the North River 12 Miles below Albany and 12 above by 48 Miles across East & West. Along the Road the Trees are out in full Leaf and the Grass in the Vales several Inches high, Clover and Timothy common to the Country, they use wheeled Plows mostly with 3 Horses abreast & plow and harrow sometimes on a full Trot, a Boy sitting on

one Horse. the Timber in these Parts besides the Two sorts of Pine consists of Blac & White Oak, White and brown Aspen large and small Bilberry, Maple red Oak Hazel Bushes, Ash and Gum together with Butternut and Shellbark Hicory in plenty, Elm and others, the Woods abound in Strawberries, and we find the Apple Trees, Bilberries, Cherries and some others in Blossom as are the wild Plums which are very common here. We were informed by Dr. Stringer at Albany that the Owners of Hardenberghs or the great Patent sell their Lands in Fee at 7/6 per Acre.

Chapter XXII

Among the Hills

A POET was abroad when the Highland hills were named. Dunderberg, first,—what a sonorous mouthful it is!—is equal to all the creatures of history and the creations of romance that can ever be added to it. Cro' Nest has a unique suggestion of untamed crags and the sweep of wings through clinging masses of cloud. Storm King is not quite so good; it is artificial, and one needs hardly to be told that Willis invented the name to take the place of Boterberg, or Butter Hill, so called by the Dutch because it was thought to resemble a huge pat of butter. Then there is Beacon Hill, reminiscent of the fires that blazed to tell the country for miles around that the war was over; and Bull Hill, that has been latinised into Mount Taurus. There used to be a wild bull that terrorised the country back of that hill for many a day, till at last a strong hunting party undertook to hunt him down and slay him. Forced to flee before his pursuers, he made one final, mad rush for the very crest of the hill and plunged out into space, to leave his magnificent body a broken and shapeless mass on

the rocks below and his name as a legacy to the mountain he used to haunt. Sugar-Loaf was so called for the obvious reason that it is, in form, simply an old-fashioned loaf of sugar, of brobdignagian proportions. What Bear Mountain owes its name to we confess that we are unable to say, but it is probable that some early hunter's exploit, or perhaps the prevalence of the tribe of bruin, suggested it.

There is one more of the principal elevations of the Highlands to mention. Mr. Charles M. Skinner, in his delightful *Myths and Legends*, calls it "the aquiline promontory that abuts on the Hudson opposite Dunderberg." There is at its base an opening that, from a distance, resembles nothing so much as an ant-hill entrance, and from near at hand suggests the den of some fabulous monster that issues, with basilisk eye, and flame and smoke, from the bowels of the earth. Really it is a fair compromise between these two extreme estimates, being nothing more nor less than a railway tunnel. The origin of the name of this hill is not a matter of doubt, since it has been satisfactorily explained by the grand arbiter of Hudson River names and legends.

It was not named after the redoubtable saint of the same name, as one might naturally suppose, but was called in honour of that Dutchman of parts, Anthony Van Corlaer, the trumpeter:

It must be known then that the nose of Anthony the trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his



CRO' NEST FROM COLDSPRING

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countenance like a mountain of Golconda, being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter rail of the galley (of Stuyvesant's yacht, in the Highlands), contemplating the glassy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendour from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass—the reflection of which shot straightway down hissing hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel. This huge monster being with infinite labour hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all on board, being accounted of excellent flavor, except about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone—and this, on my veracity, was the first time that sturgeon was ever eaten in these parts by Christian people. When this astonishing miracle came to be known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of Anthony's Nose to a stout promontory in that neighbourhood, and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since.

As an offset to the foregoing, we may quote from Dolph Heyliger's adventures the unequalled description of Highland scenery and a gathering storm:

In the second day of the voyage they came to the highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor of summer heat; the turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountain-side and reverberated along the shores; and if by chance the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues which mocked it from every cliff.

Dolph gazed about him in mute delight and wonder at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right strutted forth the bold promontory of Antony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it, while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms here and there scooped out among the precipices; or at woodlands high in air, nodding over the edge of some beetling bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sunshine.

In the midst of his admiration, Dolph remarked a pile of bright, snowy clouds, peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another and another, each seemingly pushing onwards its predecessor, and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep-blue atmosphere; and now muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard rolling behind the mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creeping up it. The fish-hawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high, dry trees; the crows flew clamorously to the crevices of the rocks, and all nature seemed conscious of the approaching thunder-gust.

The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mountain-tops; their summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops; the wind freshened and curled up the waves; at length it seemed as if the bellying clouds were torn open by the mountain-tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they crashed upon Dunderberg, and rolled up the long defile of the highlands, each headland making a new echo, until old Bull Hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

For a time the scudding rack and mist, and the sheeted rain,



ON THE FACE OF BULL HILL

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almost hid the landscape from the sight. There was a fearful gloom, illumined still more fearfully by the streams of lightning which glittered among the rain-drops. Never had Dolph beheld such an absolute warring of the elements; it seemed as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through this mountain defile, and had brought all the artillery of heaven into action.

The vessel was hurried on by the increasing wind, until she came to where the river makes a sudden bend, the only one in the whole course of its majestic career. Just as they turned the point, a violent flaw of wind came sweeping down a mountain gully, bending the forest before it, and, in a moment, lashing up the river into white froth and foam. The captain saw the danger, and cried out to lower the sail. Before the order could be obeyed, the flaw struck the sloop and threw her on her beam end. This must have been the bend at West Point. Everything now was fright and confusion: the flapping of the sails, the whistling and rushing of the wind, the bawling of the captain and crew, the shrieking of the passengers, all mingled with the rolling and bellowing of the thunder. In the midst of the uproar the sloop righted; at the same time the mainsail shifted, the boom came sweeping the quarter-deck, and Dolph, who was gazing unguardedly at the clouds, found himself, in a moment, floundering in the river.

In the year 1697 the northern boundary of Van Cortlandt's manor was defined as running

unto the north side of a high hill called Anthony's Nose, to a cedar tree which marks the southernmost bound of the land now in the tenure of Mr. Adolphe Philipse; and from the red cedar tree another due easterly line running into the woods twenty English miles.

The "land in the tenure of Mr. Adolphe Philipse," was the tract known as the Philipse patent in the Highlands. Its northern boundary was the southern line of the Beekman patent, "beginning at the north side

of the Highlands." Adolphe Philipse was the son of the lord of the lower manor of Philipsburg, who died in 1702. From him the property descended to his nephew Frederick, who, in 1751, died, leaving the Highland patent to his children, Philip, Susannah, Mary, and Margaret. Margaret died, her share going to the survivors. The first thing these heirs did was to take legal steps to bar the entail imposed by their father. Susannah, who married Beverly Robinson, conveyed her share to William Livingston, who reconveyed it to her husband. It was in his possession up to the time of the Revolution, but was confiscated after the war. The mansion in which Colonel Robinson and his wife lived was known as the Beverly house. It stood at the foot of the Sugar-Loaf Mountain until 1892, when it was destroyed by fire. In this house Arnold had his headquarters. There, with Hamilton and Lafayette, just arrived to announce to the Commander of West Point that Washington was about to visit him, the traitor received the despatch announcing André's capture, and it was here that Washington had the affecting interview with the frantic Mrs. Arnold.

Mary Philipse, who, if her admirers did not (and her portraits did) belie her, was a singularly beautiful woman, was the youngest of Frederick Philips's surviving heirs. She it was who married Roger Morris, at the old Philipse house at Yonkers, and went to live in the brave new mansion that her husband built for her on Richmond Hill. Time, the juggler, sent Morris



"AN OLD FASHIONED LOAF OF SUGAR"
(From a drawing by the Author)

a fugitive to the Beverly house in the Highlands, while Washington made his headquarters at the house on Richmond Hill, and finally sent Robinson and Morris, with all who belonged to them, overseas in exile.

The third share of the Patent, which went to Philip Philipse, was left by him to his sons, of whom only one, Frederick, survived. His daughter, Mary, married Samuel Gouverneur. By them the major part of the estate was sold, only the portion embracing Bull Hill remaining in possession of their heirs.

Chapter XXIII

West Point

THE Military Academy at West Point is so much an object of national pride to-day, that it is a little hard to realise the difficulty that attended its establishment, or the discouraging apathy with which those who saw the necessity of such an institution had to contend. Washington, among other paternal responsibilities, must father the Military Academy, for the plan was his, though its accomplishment was not immediately realised.

Indeed, though Washington, in his annual message in 1793, strongly advised the founding of an academy, the necessity for which had been so forcibly demonstrated during the war, when his trained officers were often chosen from among the ranks of foreign soldiers of fortune, yet the recommendation had little or no effect for several years. Congress displayed its accustomed dilatory spirit. It is true that some inadequate provision for the instruction of a corps of cadets was made during the following year, and spasmodic revivals of the plan occurred at several subsequent dates during the years 1798, 1800, and 1801. The Academy

may properly be said to have begun its existence in 1802; yet from that date till 1811 it lived "at a poor, dying rate," part of the time under the tacit opposition of the Secretary of War, till at the expiration of that period, though the country was then on the eve of a second war with England, there were actually no cadets at West Point.

Not till hostilities had commenced did our dilatory legislators wake to the necessity of prompt and decisive measures for placing the Military Academy on a broad and strong foundation. The number of cadets was fixed, by an act passed in 1812, at two hundred and fifty, while the corps of teachers was increased. Candidates were for the first time examined for admission to the Academy. Provision was also made for the maintenance of the establishment and the proper instruction of the cadets in all branches of military science. To Major Thayer, appointed Superintendent in 1817, the Academy owes more than to any one man for the ground plan of its system of work and the first great impulse towards its present efficiency. He was Superintendent for sixteen years, during which time 570 cadets were graduated,—men who were soon to test the value of their instruction and training under the skies of Mexico, where, in two campaigns, according to General Scott's tribute, "we conquered a great country and peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

In no war that has occurred within the knowledge

of man has such a display of military skill been exhibited by the leaders on both sides, through a series of operations of such magnitude and extending over so long a period of time, as made the American Civil War for ever memorable. We cannot forget that the list of those who won distinction in that deplorable but unavoidable strife, in the Confederate as well as the Federal armies, was mainly from the roster of West Point graduates. McClellan and Jackson, Burnside and Beauregard, Hooker and Pemberton, Sherman and Johnston, Grant and Lee,—the list rolls on. In blue and grey, for conscience sake, they fought a good fight, and fought it better because the old Academy with its training was behind them.

The military post at West Point formerly was distinct from the Academy, and, until 1842, was sometimes under separate command; but at that time Congress very wisely put an end to contentions arising from a conflict of rank and authority between the Commander of the post and the Superintendent of the Academy, by providing that the latter should also command the post.

While the requirements for examination, both for admission and graduation, have increased, and the training has become more thorough and proportionately severe with each decade of the history of "the Point," the superstructure has been reared, as we have already suggested, on the foundation laid by Major Thayer. From the first, the tendency of the Academy



WEST POINT—AFTER 186 PAINTING BY ROBERT WIER
(Here published by courtesy of the Lenox Library)



has been towards a spirit of democracy. Mere birth counts for less here than perhaps in any other university in the world, except our Naval Academy. It is an article of faith among army men that West Point graduates gentlemen, and yet it is conceded that not fifty per cent. of the cadets are born of distinguished or wealthy parents. The majority of the fathers of West Pointers are wage-earners; but their sons, almost without exception, go out after five years of training the finest types of physical manhood that the race has produced, with cultivated minds and polished manners, and a splendid sense of honour. Take a man who can ride, dance, fight, speak the truth in his own and several other languages, and pass a stiff college examination, and you have the kind of man that West Point is turning out by the scores every year.

While the standards of physical, mental, and moral excellence have been rigorously upheld at the Academy, and the instruction and drill have advanced with the progress of the world in science, many of the buildings erected at an earlier day, and still in use, have become antiquated and insufficient. There are more than a hundred and sixty buildings of all sorts. Among the older ones are the north wing of the quadrangle, built previous to 1851, and containing most of the cadet quarters; the cadet mess-hall, erected in 1850, of native granite; and the quaint riding-hall, with its arched roof, that dates from 1855; while the Administration and Academic buildings are more modern.

The former is usually known as headquarters, containing the offices of Superintendent, Adjutant, Quartermaster, etc. Opposite is the Academic building, erected in 1891-95. It is, like the other, of granite, and cost in round figures \$500,000. It forms the south side of the quadrangle, of which the cadet quarters constitute the north and west sides.

The Chapel lies to the north of the Administration and Academic buildings. It was built in 1836, and is decorated within with flags, cannon, and other trophies. Tablets honouring the memory of Washington's generals are placed upon the walls, one alone being remarkable from the fact that the name is erased, leaving only the dates of birth and death. It is that formerly inscribed with the name of Benedict Arnold, who tried to betray West Point to the British enemy. Above the altar is a picture representing War and Peace, painted by Professor Wier, who at one time was instructor in drawing at the Academy.

The Library, a comparatively new and well-equipped building, is the repository for some forty-five thousand volumes. Of this collection, Mr. H. Irving Hancock, in his recent book on West Point, says: "The average annual appropriation of Congress is \$3000—an amount decidedly inadequate to the maintenance of the library of the foremost military academy in the world."

Our space is insufficient for the mention of all the structures devoted to the use of the national school, or even for a description of the notable statues and

monuments that adorn the grounds. But not to be passed over without notice is the classic structure of purest Greek design, in pink granite, that stands on the edge of the plain overlooking the river. It is the Memorial Hall, provided for in the will of General Cullum, and cost above \$250,000. It is a museum of war trophies and memorials, besides containing the large and beautiful Assembly Hall and the Thayer Hall, fitted with a stage and all the accessories of a well-appointed theatre.

The conditions of good work have grown more exacting with every year, till the Academy has been cramped for the lack of modern facilities and equipment. The barracks have been overcrowded and insufficiently furnished with such conveniences as light, water, and heat. The cavalry and artillery drill-room and grounds have proved inadequate to the needs of the school; the lecture-rooms and laboratories are too small, and are constantly overcrowded, and all of the scientific departments are cramped.

To meet the demands that have so obviously grown out of the real needs of the institution, Congress, during May, 1902, voted in confirmation of a bill calling for the appropriation of five million dollars to be expended principally in new buildings and topographical improvements at West Point. The additions when completed will include an extension of the barracks, a new academic building, a power-house, officers' mess hall, chapel, cavalry and artillery barracks and stables,

additions to several of the buildings now in use, and an enlargement of the plain for purposes of cavalry and artillery drill. But it has been wisely considered inadvisable to destroy the old buildings now in use or make any radical changes in their structure or arrangement. They are the witnesses of a hundred years, connected with the names of the nation's heroes, and rich with the traditions of successive generations of brave men. In spite of the fact, or it may be because of the fact, that we are not a soldier people, the sentiment of the nation centres at West Point more really than even at the White House or the Capitol. Perhaps no nation on earth has ever seen a case parallel to that of the United States, that has gone through most of its history without a standing army worthy of mention, yet has persistently trained men (as few men have ever been trained elsewhere) in all the science of war and the practice of manly exercises, to find them in the hour of national stress the nucleus of an army of unexcelled strength. Within the confines of the Military Academy at West Point the United States has concentrated its standing army. Because the knowledge of this fact appeals to our imagination, and also for another reason, that the Academy is the concrete symbol of that altar of patriotism upon which so great a treasure of blood has been offered, it has become to us a place of sacred associations.

We have seen how both of the contending parties in the Revolution recognised the military importance of

the Highlands. The contest for the possession of Forts Clinton and Montgomery was illustrative of the desire of the British to wrest the control of this natural gateway of the river from the Americans, and the resolution of Washington and his generals to maintain, as long as possible, a supremacy upon which so much depended. It is not too much to say that the loss of the Highlands of the Hudson would probably have meant the downfall of the Continental cause. Never but once during that long struggle for freedom did the patriot army temporarily lose this point of vantage: that was when, after the reduction of the forts by Sir Henry Clinton in October, 1777, the *chevaux-de-frise* and other obstructions were cleared away, the Americans hastily evacuated Forts Independence and Constitution, and the British fleet sailed up the river as far as Kingston. It was a destructive progress, but without lasting results, as the surrender of Burgoyne, on the 17th of that month, rendered abortive the plan to co-operate with him from the south.

At the time of this reverse to the American arms, Fort Putnam was not yet completed, and West Point, as we know it, cannot be said to have existed. The four defences already mentioned were all that had then been erected. Fort Constitution was on the island opposite West Point, from which place one of Putnam's numerous chains was stretched. Its insular character can hardly be recognised to-day, as the

marshes between it and the eastern shore of the river have gradually filled up and now appear as meadowland. The old house, about which the home of the Warner sisters was built in the course of years, was of colonial date and was used at one time as headquarters by the commander of the American forces in the Highlands.



WEST POINT IN 1780
(From an old print)

When Arnold was in command of West Point, he made his home in the old "Beverly" house, to which we have had occasion to refer. Beverly Robinson was serving in the British army, with the rank of Colonel; and the State of New York had confiscated his property. The overtures made to Arnold, the negotiations that led to the ruin of Major André, the sad story of the downfall of a man who had proved himself a brave soldier and a competent General, are surely the most familiar details of the War for Independence. Yet,

in spite of repetition, the dramatic incidents of that September morning that saw the confusion of the traitor's plans can never stale. What impulse of chance or Providence led Washington, with Knox and Lafayette, to change his plan of breakfasting with Arnold, baffles conjecture. We only know that the General and his aides turned aside to inspect some fortifications and sent a note to apprise Arnold of the fact, and that in that very hour Colonel Jameson's fatuous letter, informing him of André's capture, was delivered to him as he sat at the breakfast table with his wife.

The mine had exploded beneath Arnold's feet; yet in this awful moment he gave an evidence of that quickness of mind which had won laurels for him when in the path of duty. Controlling the dismay which must have smitten him to the heart, he beckoned Mrs. Arnold from the breakfast table, signifying a wish to speak with her in private. When alone with her in her room up-stairs, he announced in hurried words that he was a ruined man and must instantly fly for his life! Overcome by the shock, she fell senseless to the floor. Without pausing to aid her, he hurried down-stairs, sent the messenger to her assistance, probably to keep him from an interview with the other officers; returned to the breakfast-room and informed his guests that he must haste to West Point to prepare for the reception of the commander-in-chief; and, mounting the horse of the messenger, which stood saddled at the door, galloped down by what is still called Arnold's Path, to the landing-place, where his six-oared barge was moored. Throwing himself into it, he ordered his men to pull out into the middle of the river, and then made down with all speed.

Another hour revealed the treachery, but the traitor was out of reach.

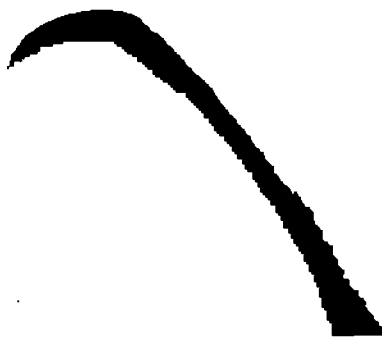


The landing where Arnold kept his barge in readiness for such an emergency as he was finally compelled to face was where a jutting promontory makes out into the river above Anthony's Nose.

The Catholic Institute, formerly a hotel, that forms a conspicuous landmark south of the Point, has been the resting-place for many a distinguished visitor in years gone by. About 1850, Willis wrote to his friend and partner, Morris, as follows:

Within a stone's throw from the portico of the hotel, upon a knoll half hidden with trees, stands one of the most beautiful structures, of its kind, in this country—a stone church, of English rural architecture, built by the painter, Robert Weir. The story of its construction is a touching poem. When Mr. Weir received ten thousand dollars from the government for his picture on the panel of the Capitol, he invested it, untouched, for the benefit of his three children. On the death of these children—all three—soon after, the money reverted to him, but he had a feeling which forbade him to use it. Struck with the favourableness of this knoll under the mountains as a site for a place of worship, much needed by the village nearby, he applied for it to Mr. Cozzens, on whose property it stood, and who at once made a free gift of it for the purpose. The painter's taste and heart were set to work, and with the money left him by his children and contributions from General Scott and others, he erected this simple and beautiful structure, as a memorial of hallowed utility. Its bell for evening service sounded a few minutes ago—the tone selected, apparently, with the taste which governed all, and making sweet music among the mountains that look down upon it.

Willis is so quotable that another excerpt from another letter to his "Dear Morris" may be forgiven.



This time he is writing of "the grey-tailed bird of war" of his section of the nineteenth century:

Speaking of grey coats, I understand, at the Point, that this classic uniform of the military Academy is to be changed to a blue frock. It will be a sensible and embellishing alteration, and the cadets will look more like reasoning adults and less like plover in pantaloons—but what is to become of all the tender memories, "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," which are connected with that uniform only? What belle of other days ever comes back to the Point without looking out upon the Parade from the windows of the hotel and indulging in a dreamy recall of the losing of her heart, *pro tem.*, on her first summer tour, to one of those grey-tailed birds of war? A flirtation with a grey-coat at the Point is in every pretty woman's history, from Maine to Florida. Suppress those tapering swallow-tails! Why, it would be a moulting of the feathers of first loves, which will make a cold shiver throughout the Union. I doubt whether the blue frock, with its similarity to the coats of common mortals, will ever acquire the same mystic irresistibleness which has belonged to that uniform of grey. The blue may be admired, but the pepper-and-salt of other days will be perpetuated in poems.

Upon the rising ground near Fort Clinton, a memorable *fête*, attended by the civil and military officers of high rank in the United States, occurred in 1785. The occasion was the birth of the Dauphin of France, and Washington presided over an assemblage that was bright with the beauty of what Griswold called "the Republican court." With whatever of splendour the resources or the taste of the time could accomplish, the celebration took place, for the gratitude of the lately liberated country towards France was still keen and the desire to do honour to the heir to her throne,

though somewhat at variance with the sentiment of a democratic declaration, was yet strong and spontaneous. Who, at that time of rejoicing and congratulations, could anticipate the horror and mystery that would afterwards surround the fate of this royal infant? History has related the imprisonment of the Dauphin, after the downfall of his ill-fated house, has told of the cruelty of the brutish Simon, and has recorded the prince's death from a scrofulous affection induced by the filth and malnutrition which made his lot more to be pitied than that of the meanest peasant in the land. History, however, asserts this *dénouement* with less assurance since the publication, half a century ago, of the story of the Rev. Eleazer Williams. In 1850, a strong claim was advanced that Mr. Williams, of Green Bay, Wisconsin, an adopted member of an Indian tribe and afterwards a missionary among that people, was none other than Louis XVII., long thought to be dead. There was a curious succession of evidences, sufficient to convince many astute men, in support of this claim, which Mr. Williams himself believed, though he made no attempt to take advantage of his supposed birthright. Our limited space will not permit the discussion of this interesting subject, which the reader will find amply set forth in periodicals of the years 1850-52.

Fort Putnam is one of the most celebrated and, in some respects, the most attractive of the military remains of the Revolutionary period at the Point. It

was built upon a spur six hundred feet above the level of the river, and so situated that it commands an extensive view of the water and of the Highlands on both sides. It is somewhat back of the Point, and, though long since disused by troops, its parapets and several of its ancient casemates are still preserved.

“The spot where Kosciusko dreamed” is still a place where the young man may see visions not less exalted than those of the liberty-loving Pole. Among the mementos of many battle-fields, the trophies of many victories, and reminders of the fame of captains whose lives were gloriously spent for the salvation of the State, the feet of those who in their turn shall lead now tread the daily round of discipline.

Before West Point the river is a lake, across which a miniature ferry-boat plies from Garrison's, upon the eastern shore. From that inconsiderable elevation no inlet or outlet to the placid and beautiful sheet of water is visible. It was here, in a time long past, that Fanny Kemble loved to row her boat, mooring it in some attractive little cove along shore when the heat became burdensome. A brook that flows into the bay north of Garrison's was a favourite haunt of hers, and the cascade that for years had been known as Indian Falls was afterwards rechristened Fanny Kemble's Bath. Only a short distance from this stream and almost directly east of Constitution Island is the house owned by Clara Louise Kellogg. Beyond Cold-spring, with its smoking foundry and wharf, at the

very foot of Bull Hill is Morris's Undercliff. Opposite, old Cro'nest lifts its rugged brow fourteen hundred feet in air. Above them still are Storm King, upon the west, and Breakneck on the east shore, making the upper gate of the Highlands. In that curious journal of a voyage up the Hudson in 1769 which we have the good fortune to publish in this volume, the reader will notice that the name "Broken Neck Hill" appears, and a glance at the camel-like profile of the mountain in question will go far toward convincing one that the later name, "Breakneck," is a corruption of a title that was really descriptive. The name Breakneck might be applied with equal propriety to any of the steep-sided promontories along the rock-wall of the Highlands.

Uninteresting in many respects as Coldspring is to those not immediately concerned in foundry work, it has contributed its share to national military strength, having been for years engaged in the production of ordnance for the United States army and navy.



LOOKING OUT OF THE HIGHLANDS—FROM COLLSERING

Chapter XXIV

The Fisher's Reach

IT is as difficult now to get beyond the Highlands as it was in 1777. Instead of the *chevaux-de-frise*, chains, and fortresses with which Sir Henry Clinton had to contend, we are stayed by the no less imperative challenge of natural beauty, at once majestic and unique; while the imagination carries by assault the heights that are buttressed with historic associations and garrisoned with legions of romantic fancies.

We hear in the thunder that reverberates from crag to crag the echo of long silent artillery; we see in the mists of morning the smoke of British guns, and under the downright rays of noon seem to distinguish the entrenchments of patriotic levies. But when night falls the mysterious significance of nature asserts a sway that is stronger than embattled arms and older than history. Then the passions and the conquests of man are forgotten and the abiding mystery of immemorial hills possesses the soul. The pen of Irving has fixed on an inimitable page the subtle charm of a night in the Highlands:

The moon had just raised her silver horns above the round back of old Bull Hill, and lit up the grey rocks and shagged forests, and glittered on the waving bosom of the river. The night-dew was falling, and the late gloomy mountains began to soften and put on a grey, ærial tint in the dewy light. The hunters stirred the fire, and threw on fresh fuel to qualify the damp of the night-air. They then prepared a bed of branches and dry leaves under a ledge of rocks for Dolph; while Antony Vander Heyden, wrapping himself in a huge coat of skins, stretched himself before the fire. It was some time, however, before Dolph could close his eyes. He lay contemplating the strange scene before him: the wild woods and rocks around; the fire throwing fitful gleams on the faces of the sleeping savages; and the Heer Antony, too, who so singularly, yet vaguely, reminded him of the nightly visitant to the haunted house. Now and then he heard the cry of some animal from the forest; or the hooting of the owl; or the notes of the whippoorwill, which seemed to abound among these solitudes; or the splash of a sturgeon leaping out of the river and falling back full-length on its placid surface.

It is said to have been an old custom among the river skippers to christen new hands by sousing them in the current when near Pollopel's Island, and this was done ostensibly because it was supposed to make the victim immune against the goblins that were well known to haunt every available spot on the river shore, but especially the tree-shaded, bush-grown rock that guards the northern Highland gate. It may be imagined that besides affording protection to the apprentice, the ducking also gratified the love for horse-play that has always distinguished sailors of every degree, and for that reason did not fall into disuse till the popular belief in goblins was well-nigh obsolete.



FOLLOPEL'S ISLAND

Pollopel's has long been considered as a haunted spot, especially infested by the evil spirits that in time of storm fly with the storm through the Highlands. In this particular it resembles the Duyvel's Dans Kamer. Cruger's Island, on the contrary, enjoys the distinction of never having been visited by death, even down to the present day.

Above the Highlands, on the western shore of the river, the northern slope of Storm King declines into a bluff that is broken by numerous ravines, each at some time the bed of a watercourse. It is here that the village of Cornwall, with its many literary associations, pursues the quiet and orderly tenor of life. It was a secluded and almost unknown hamlet till it secured for the trumpeter of its delights a poet and a nature lover.

At Idlewild, now part of Cornwall, the poet settled down to a life of busy idleness. He had been driven back to Eden, to borrow Mr. Roe's phrase, and he proposed to make the most of it. He superintended the laying-out of paths, the building of roads and dams; he cultivated the acquaintance of trees and wild flowers, protected the birds, and evinced a kindly fellowship for the frogs. To many of those who have read Willis's work, no part of it seems more satisfactory than the chatty, personal chronicle of nature happenings, the unforced record of his surroundings, as they appeared in the old *Home Journal*. It is difficult to estimate our indebtedness to him for his

example of appreciation in a field where most of his countrymen were stolidly unappreciative.

Bryant went into the woods with uncovered head and found them cathedrals. His trees were all gothic columns, that ranged themselves in dim, churchly aisles. Autumn was a holy festival, and a pool in the woods was a sort of stoup of holy water. Drake went into the woods to find a background for a fairy tale. But Willis bought a glen with a brook in it, built his dams and bridges, delighted to note that his chestnut fence-posts sprouted, scraped acquaintance with feathered or furry neighbours, and loved his hemlock trees as though they had been human friends. To a generation whose eyes had not been educated to see, and who generally understood that the country was designed by Providence as the place in which to raise corn and potatoes, his letters were a revelation. They were the better for being reportorial rather than philosophical.

If, from some dusty shelf corner, you take down a copy of *Out-Doors at Idlewild*, blow the dust of years from it, and settle yourself to read, you may presently say, "Burroughs would have done this better, or Bradford Torrey that." Very possibly. Please to recollect that Willis did it first.

To-day every man—lawyer, physician, clergyman, hack, storekeeper, or clerk—finds his way at least once a year into the country, where he follows his patron prophet, who has pointed out what he should enjoy and appreciate. The beauties of nature are now as

completely labelled as the trees in Central Park, but half a century ago the man who could write those old letters to the *Home Journal* was a discoverer. Those who attempted at first to follow him went in patent-leather boots; they scrambled in broadcloth over the rocks, and knocked silk hats against the branches; but it was a beginning.

The enchanted glen that has been famous for half a century, under the name of Idlewild, has escaped with marvellous strange fortune the destroying influences that have assailed so many Meccas. The house which the poet owned is to-day unaltered in any essential feature. The present holder of its title-deeds deserves the gratitude of those who have frequent occasion to deplore the demolition of local shrines. He has mine.

My cottage at Idlewild [wrote Willis] is a pretty type of the two lives they live who are wise—the life in full view, which the world thinks all, and the life out of sight, of which the world knows nothing. You see its front porch from the thronged thoroughfares of the Hudson, but the grove behind it overhangs a deep down glen, tracked but by my own tangled paths, and the wild torrent which by turns they avoid and follow.

That description, which might have been written yesterday, has been applicable for nearly fifty years. Other hands trim the lawns and repair the drives; other eyes enjoy the beauty of the successive years of growth and development, but the place is still “Willis's Idlewild,” as though its earlier tenant

—held in mortmain still his old estate.

The drives are probably better kept and the lawns better groomed than they were in the early fifties, and the shade trees are taller and more dense; but one step aside over the edge of the wooded declivity instantly translates the pilgrim into a "land of faery," where the hand of man has not interfered except with the consummate art that conceals art.

From the commencement of the descent the sound of the stream far below comes up through the rustling foliage. The tops of the trees that grow along the bottom of the glen are below the level of the eye, and the crowding companies of birch and hemlock, chestnut and maple, swarm the hillside.

The glen of Idlewild [Willis said] is but a morning's ramble in extent—a kind of Trenton Falls for one—but its stream, falling over a hundred feet within one's own gate, and sometimes a cataract that would bring down a lumber sloop or raft; it has varieties of charm that will at least occupy what loving I have time for.

Step by step in a zigzag course the visitor gets toward that stream that is "sometimes a cataract," and, with every moment the remoteness from human life increases. If it was ever true that "Idlewild is getting fast peopled with the viewless crowd that will make haunted ground of it," the gentle ghosts must have departed with him for whom they first appeared. I could imagine Willis there—Willis and the Irishman who wielded axe and spade at his command; but the people he had conjured into the glen are all gone—

astral bodies and all. However, expectation looked for the obese old toad that used to sit in the middle of the path and moved reluctantly at a stranger's approach, and peered over to see whether the great freshet of 1853 had left any discernible marks on the tree trunks, and hoped with every tread to hear the whirr of frightened quail.

No one—not Willis or any other—could do justice to the beauty of the stream that is the chief charm of the glen. To appreciate its hurryings and haltings, its cascades and pools, its encompassing boulders and bridging tree trunks, one must see and hear it. Far off, in a world that is out of sight, on that level a hundred feet or so above the stream, there are people. A hundred miles could not make their remoteness more complete. The trees are full of singing and calling birds, the banks covered with ferns and wild flowers; the solitude is that of a beautiful wilderness.

What Idlewild was in its prehistoric days we may conjecture from a letter written by its master in February, 1854:

We were fortunate enough to identify yesterday a mysterious inmate of Idlewild, who has been the subject of a great deal of discussion. . . . Summer before last the ox-drag turned up . . . a spirited bust, carved in grey rock. The crown of the head was broken off, but the lower part of the face remained, and the neck and shoulders and the fold of drapery across the breast were still complete. The design was that of a head turned aside with a look of aroused attention, and to me it seemed exceedingly expressive and well conceived.

He goes on to relate how this relic gradually was degraded into a mere hat-rack, until our friend Copway, the Ojibbeway Chief

. . . stopped surprised before the nameless bust on the hat-stand. "What!" he said; "you have an Indian god there?" He looked a little closer, as I told him how we had found it. "It is the god of the winds and the birds," he continued—"Mesa-ba-wa-sin."

Mesa-ba-wa-sin still presides in spirit and fact over the glen, and his altars are everywhere. The wood-thrush and the vireo sing his praises still, and the wake robins are proxies for his redskin worshippers.

There is a pathetic side to the Idlewild days. In many of the cheery, entertaining letters, and increasingly toward the last, there is an acknowledgment of illness. The man who wrote them was nearing the end of life, and he knew it. A consumptive, whose work and pleasure alike were frequently interrupted by the setbacks peculiar to that disease; prevented by weakness from participation in many of the activities of life; feeling the ground slipping from under his feet month by month, Willis uttered no note of despondency or alarm. He was like a swimmer striking out for a receding shore and singing till the water overwhelmed him.

It is meet that there should be an indissoluble connection in the thoughts of readers between his name and that of the little spot of earth that he loved so well and where his last days were spent.



MURDERER'S (NOODNA) CREEK—BY THE RUTTER HILL

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The stream into which Idlewild brook flows and which itself meanders between banks that are a perpetual temptation to the artist, finally finds its way to the Hudson under the trestles of a railroad bridge. That is Moodna, Moodua, or Murderer's Creek. The last and least attractive name is, of course, the one on which a tradition depends—the story of the compassion of a red man, the steadfast loyalty of a woman, and the lust for blood that has seemed at times an uncontrollable instinct with the Indian.

A family named Murdoch lived near the mouth of the stream and frequently welcomed to their cabin an Indian called Naoman, who showed great friendliness towards them. In some way Murdoch had incurred the hatred of the men of Naoman's tribe, who resolved to kill the whole family. The faithful friend managed to impart this news, at the same time obtaining a promise that his action should never be betrayed.

Murdoch and his family stole away at night and took a boat to escape through the Highlands, but when passing Pollopel's Island a canoe put out and gave chase. Murdoch with his rifle succeeded in killing several of the occupants of the canoe, but was finally overcome, and he, with his wife and children, were carried in triumph to the Indian village. The chief demanded of the wife of Murdoch the name of the one who had warned them, threatening her husband and children with instant death if she withheld it; but the heroic woman refused to answer. Then

Naoman stepped forward and acknowledged that he was the guilty one. He was immediately struck down, and the savages, rendered furious by the sight of blood, rushed upon the captives and slew them every one, casting their bodies into the creek.

A small company of German Palatines, by the favour of Queen Anne and under the escort of Governor Lovelace, crossed the ocean in 1709 and settled where is now the city of Newburgh. Directed by their pastor, the able and beloved Kocherthall, they formed a colony which struggled for nearly forty years against the hardships incident to frontier life and the encroachments of incoming neighbours. At last they abandoned the homes they had made, being greatly dissatisfied, and a majority of them migrated to Pennsylvania. Incidentally it may be observed that, in spite of their many noble and sterling qualities, the Palatines seem to have been uncomfortable neighbours, difficult to please and prone to nourish a sense of injury. The attempt to colonise them in the New Forest in England was a failure, the Newburgh experiment was a failure, the settlements at East and West Camps, hereafter to be noticed, were scenes of bewailing and protests against the bad faith of those who had taken them, a band of homeless, penniless exiles, and had spent many thousands of pounds for their transportation and maintenance. For that investment they certainly seemed unwilling to make return.



ACROSS THE HUDSON FROM CORNWALL
(From a drawing by W. J. Wilson)

The few who remained in Newburgh after the exodus of their brethren seem to have been immediately involved in a dispute with their new neighbours, the subject being the possession of the church building. This discussion terminated with the death of the Palatine leader, who was crushed by a falling door.

Among the peculiar features of Newburgh's history is the fact that the "rude forefathers" of that hamlet were not generally Dutchmen. To the German settlement were soon added English, Irish, and Huguenot pioneers.

Though not equal in antiquity to the towns near the mouth of the river, or yet higher up, in the neighbourhood of Albany, Newburgh enjoys the distinction of being the oldest settlement in Orange County. It was shortly followed by the planting of New Windsor, two miles below, that for some time was Newburgh's rival in size and importance.

What the Orange County metropolis lacks in early history is more than made up by the importance of later events. It is to the story of Washington and the Revolution what Camelot was to the Arthurian legends. Here, during the long, gloomy months that preceded the dawn of American independence, the great chief of the Continental army fought and won his greatest battles—fought the growing and just indignation of that army against a dilatory and ungrateful Congress, fought the spectres of want and care, fought the foolish, fond enthusiasm of his own generals when they

clamoured to make him king. In the whole great round of national history there is no incident so heroic as Washington's refusal of the crown that was offered him in the old Hasbrouck house at Newburgh.

From almost the very beginning of the war, both the British and patriot leaders saw the necessity for controlling the river at Newburgh. It was, after the reduction of Fort Washington and the subsequent eruption of British war-vessels into the waters south of the Highlands, the only available ferry for the American troops that were hurried now east, now west, to relieve New England and New Jersey or Pennsylvania in turn, and compensate by their rapidity of movement for the pitiful inadequacy of every division of Washington's army. With that communication broken, that army must have been almost hopelessly crippled.

The American military force in the Revolution consisted of three distinct grades or classes of soldiers: the regulars, known as continentals; the levies, drafted either from militia regiments or from the people; and the militia. The continentals were long-term men, always under arms, commanded by the chief of the army—in a word, professional soldiers. The levies were drawn for a short term, but could be called upon for service outside of their own State as well as in it. They were an inconvenient, not to say exasperating compromise between civilians and soldiers, at critical times nearly always reaching the limit

of their enlistment and going calmly away home, leaving their commander impotent for offence or defence. This seemed to happen whenever a body of levies had been licked into something resembling soldierly shape. As for the militia, its members could only be called upon for three months' consecutive service outside of the State in which they were enlisted. They were called out and disbanded as the exigencies of war demanded, and were nearly as apt to leave a cannon in a ditch as a plough in a furrow. But they were frequently good, serviceable soldiers in spite of the miserable system under which they served, and they sprang, armed, from the soil whenever a pressing occasion presented itself. It was the militia and the levies that enabled the commanding general to throw reinforcements into the scale of battle when his little army of regulars was hard pressed. They were to the British always an unknown quantity, and set calculations at naught. When Gates needed a larger force of men to oppose to Burgoyne, Clinton sent him the farmer-soldiers of Ulster County — men of mingled Dutch and German blood — to complete the auxiliary force.

On the sole occasion upon which the war-ships of the British penetrated the Highlands and for a short time controlled the whole of the navigable part of the Hudson in 1777, their commander held in his hands the destiny of America.

Had Sir Henry Clinton succeeded in establishing a

conjunction with Burgoyne, or in hemming Gates between the force he had brought to bay at Saratoga and the victorious army from the south, the wisest generalship and the most hardy valour would hardly have sufficed to save the American cause.

Even with the foregone defeat of Burgoyne, Clinton must have retired with deep regret, for he could not have been blind to the supreme importance of retaining the mastery that had been won by his expedition against the forts. From a military standpoint, that expedition, though brilliant in execution, was productive of no permanent results. Yet it would have been worth almost any effort or sacrifice to have held the river. Granting the numerical superiority of the Americans on shore, it does not seem impossible that a man of greater genius than Sir Henry Clinton might have maintained an effectual blockade with his fleet upon the river.

Upon the military road of which the Newburgh ferry was so important a feature, not only troops, but waggon-trains and artillery were continually being moved. Most of the material for carrying on the war came through New England, her ports being the only ones then available and was transported by way of Fishkill and Newburgh, and so back of the Highlands on the west shore, and southward.

When, on the 4th of April, 1782, Washington finally established his headquarters in the famous old house that Jonathan Hasbrouck built in 1750, the battle of



NEW BURG AS SEEN FROM FISHKILL AND COLDSPRING ROAD

Yorktown had been fought and the tidings of the surrender of Cornwallis had been received by Lord North "as a bullet in his heart." Rochambeau was now left in command in New Jersey, and the chief settled himself with the army at Newburgh for those last weary months of waiting for the definite establishment of peace. Should the enemy again become actively engaged, the importance of retaining control of the Hudson would not be less than formerly.

The Commander was accompanied by his wife and military family, and lived at Newburgh till the latter part of the succeeding year. The old house, which is in an excellent state of preservation and is used as a repository for military relics, is upon a little plateau commanding a comprehensive view of the river, particularly where it flows between the towering hills that form the northern gateway of the Highlands.

The cottage has six rooms, besides the hall and kitchen. From the small piazza or "stoop" upon the east, the entrance is into a large room, to which six other doors furnish ingress, while the one small window affords a subdued light. There is, on the south side of this room, a noble fireplace, where an ox might have been roasted whole. The visitor, standing upon the hearth, can see the sky through the chimney-top. The walls of the house are of stone, two feet thick, and the hewn rafters are of savoury cedar.

Knox, Greene, Wayne, Hamilton, Steuben, Morris—how the ghosts gather about that old table and train

their soldier wit to gallantry while the wife of their chief presides over the tea urn, or gravely discuss, after her retirement, the matters that have pre-eminency in American history. It was while living at Newburgh that Washington narrowly escaped capture by an envoy of Sir Henry Clinton—at least, so the legend runs. A man named Ettrick lived with his daughter in a secluded valley to the south of headquarters; a place known as the Vale of Avoca. It was at the head of a long, narrow bay, but though only a short distance, as the bird flies, from the Hasbrouck cottage, it could only be reached by the road after making a detour of nearly two miles. Here the chief was in the habit of going upon occasion, and Ettrick had planned to seize him with the aid of several confederates and take him out into the river before the alarm could be given. Fortunately, Ettrick's daughter betrayed her father's plan and preserved the tenor of history.

The condition of the army so soon to be disbanded moved Washington to expressions of emotion that sound strange coming from one whose reserve and self-control were proverbial. His letter to the Secretary of War, wrung from him by his deep sense of the injury sustained by the army through the neglect of Congress, was, from such a pen as his, an epistle of singular intensity.

Under present circumstances, when I see a number of men goaded by a thousand stings of reflections on the past and an-

ticipations of the future about to be turned on the world, forced by penury and by what they call the ingratitude of the public, involved in debt, without one farthing to carry them home, after spending the flower of their days, and many of them their patrimonies, in establishing the freedom of their country, and suffering everything this side death—I repeat it—when I consider these irritating circumstances, without one thing to soothe their feelings or dispel their prospects, I can not avoid apprehending that a train of evils will follow of a very serious and distressing nature. . . . You may rely upon it the patriotism and long-suffering of this army is well-nigh exhausted, and there never was so great a spirit of discontent as at present.

But however vehement his protest on behalf of his long-suffering soldiers, to them his counsels were temperate and charged with lofty dignity. To them he defended the rulers, and pledged his own word that right should be done.

When the paper, drawn up and signed by officers who had stood at his side through the darkest of the conflict, informed this man of kingly nature that they would have him king in name and fact, grief and indignation contended for mastery in his breast.

It is with a mixture of surprise and astonishment [so his answer ran] I have read the sentiments you have submitted for my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrences in the course of the war have given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischief that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. Let me conjure

you, then, as you have regard for your country, for yourself, or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind.

Having, with infinite pains, kept in check the growing discontent of the soldiers on the one side, and the ill-considered adulation of his officers on the other, Washington at last reached the day when the order disbanding the army must be given. It was issued on the 10th of April, 1783, in these terms:

The commander-in-chief orders the cessation of hostilities between the United States of America and the King of Great Britain to be publicly read to-morrow at 12 o'clock at the new building, and the proclamation which will be communicated herewith to be read to-morrow evening at the head of every regiment and corps of the army. After which the chaplains with the several brigades will render thanks to Almighty God for all His mercies, particularly for His overruling the wrath of men to His own glory, and causing the rage of war to cease among the nations.

After noble admonitions addressed to the reason and consciences of the men who had followed him so long, the General proclaimed a day of jubilee and ordered for every man an extra ration of grog. The last act was an illumination on a gigantic scale, the watch-fires on prominent hills blazing from huge stacks of timber to announce the welcome tidings of peace to a country that had trembled so long at the tramp of armies and the roar of cannon.

Newburgh is a State repository for relics pertaining to the Revolution, the war of 1812, and other national conflicts. The house that was so long used as head-

quarters by Washington is the centre of a little park that is open at all times to the public. The old Senate House at Kingston is similarly preserved, and it is becoming yearly more and more a matter of local pride in the various river towns to guard the reminders of an historic past.

Not only is the feeling towards the preservation of old buildings increasing, but thoughtful people are alive to the necessity for vigorous action to protect prominent natural landmarks. To stop the destruction being wrought by the dynamite of the contractor and save the Palisades from ultimate exodus through the jaws of the stone-crusher, the Interstate Park Commission was formed. After a great deal of hard work and no little application of faith and patience, an appropriation of four hundred thousand dollars was secured from the State of New York and fifty thousand from the State of New Jersey, and the result was the establishment of the Palisades Park, which is in charge of the Commission. Back of the Commission is the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, organised first as a local New York association, but now national in its scope. Either directly, or through auxiliary societies, it has become the custodian of public parks founded to preserve historic sites.

Thirty-three acres at Stony Point, covering the field of Wayne's gallant exploit, were purchased by New York State and delivered to the guardianship of the Society for improvement and preservation.

Chapter XXV

Fishkill to Poughkeepsie

FROM Brinkerhoff's historical sketch of Fishkill we learn that here was made the first purchase of land in Dutchess County. The buyers were Francis Rombout and Gulian VerPlanck, and the date of the transfer of their property from the Wappinger Indians was August, 1683. "Gulian VerPlanck died before the English patent was granted by Governor Dongan; Stephanus Van Cortlandt was then joined in it with Rombout, and Jacobus Kipp substituted as the representative of the children of Gulian VerPlanck." The tract contained seventy-six thousand acres in Fishkill and nine thousand more within the limits of the present town of Poughkeepsie.

The position of Fishkill in relation to Newburgh and the ferry brought it into prominence during the War for Independence. Hither flocked many refugees from New York and Long Island, and the place became naturally a repository for military stores. Here, at the VerPlanck house, Baron Steuben had his headquarters; the Legislature held its sessions here before going to Kingston. Here Lafayette lay ill of a fever,

here Enoch Crosby was supposed to have been confined in the church, here Washington came, making the old Brinkerhoff house his resting-place.

Back of Fishkill rises a ridge of lofty hills, still covered with forests in many places, the highest point recently made accessible by the construction of an "incline" railway that is nearly perpendicular. From the summit the view is unsurpassed in extent and variety by any in New York State. From Beacon Hill the huge watch-fires, lighted to give warning of the approach of the enemy or to celebrate the advent of peace, could be seen from the peaks of the Catskills, the rugged tops of the Highlands, the hills of Westchester, or the far-away elevations of Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

On a level plateau at the base of the hills the encampment of the American army was at one time situated; and fortified works, manned by detachments from the camp, were placed upon hills that commanded the approach. Here, after the battle of White Plains, were brought the wounded soldiers, many of whom lie in unidentified graves near the spot. According to the writer quoted above, "Upon one of the hills rising out of this mountain passway very distinct lines of earthworks are still apparent."

Fishkill Landing, Matteawan (so named from an Indian sub-tribe), and Fishkill village are here grouped, as they are in reality, under one name. Along with Revolutionary story there is a later flavour of the

delightful conservative life of old country families, with traditions of wholesome living and hospitality to balance the inborn thrift of a race whose forebears wrested their acres with pain and sweat of brow from the abounding wilderness.

Modern Fishkill is generally known as a place where brick-makers nourish a perennial strike and where hat factories abound. It is stated with authority, however, that the idea of associating bricks with hats did not originate in Fishkill.

Carthage lies about four miles to the north of Fishkill Landing. It was formerly known as Low Point, to distinguish it from the High Point—New Hamburg—two miles above. The latter village lies at the mouth of Wappenger's (or Wappingi's) Creek, so named from the Indians who once owned the land on the east shore from this vicinity south to the island of Manhattan.

From this point is the best view of that projection upon the western shore that has borne from early colonial times the significant name of Jan Dayn's Dons Kamer—the Devil's Dance Chamber. It is a rock, half an acre in extent, an island by courtesy, where formerly the Indians held their pow-wows. Here, with wild savage ceremonies, the imaginative sons of the forest invoked their evil spirits. Under the lead of their medicine-men they worked themselves to a frenzy with violent dances and chanted invocations. According to the belief of the Dutch settlers,



THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE AT POUGHKEEPSIE

the devil appeared here to his votaries and set them on when any particularly atrocious deed was to be accomplished. The crew of Peter Stuyvesant, on passing this place in ascending the river, were "horribly frightened by roystering devils," if we may believe the sober narrative of Knickerbocker. The traditions relating to this miniature island commenced when Hendrick Hudson made his voyage of discovery, and have reached quite to the present day, for there are many young men—not to mention maidens—who would hesitate long before venturing to spend the lonely hours of night in a solitary vigil on the Dans Kamer.

For some reason not yet fathomed the spectre of Kidd rises wherever there is a remarkable rock or cove on the river bank. Kidd's Rock appears on "Kingsland's" Point at Tarrytown, and again in the Highlands. A futile attempt to discover a portion of his treasure in a sunken wreck off the foot of the Dunderberg has already been alluded to, and the Dans Kamer has been the scene of one or more similar endeavours to possess the Spanish gold pieces with which he was supposed to have recklessly planted the shores near which he may have sailed.

But it is necessary to put away the childish things of superstition and credulity before entering a city long devoted to the work of disseminating knowledge. Men that the nation has delighted to honour passed their schooldays at the old Poughkeepsie Collegiate School, that received its charter in 1836. It afterwards

became the Riverview Academy, the change of name corresponding with the removal from College Hill, the old site, to Riverview. The Eastman College, devoted to the work of preparing young men for business, has also been long established and is widely known; but to a great many thousands of educated women all over the world Poughkeepsie means "Vassar."

When Matthew Vassar conceived the idea of doing something of public value with his wealth, he hit at first upon the plan of erecting a monument. It should be a thing to look and wonder at, something to commemorate the most important event in the history of the river, namely, its discovery. He would build a monument to Henry Hudson. Some one suggested Pollopel's Island as the proper location for such a work, and Mr. Vassar, full of the project, announced it in the local papers. To his disappointment no one so much as spoke of it, and he then resolved to give to the world a greater and worthier monument than he at first imagined. So the first college in the world to be devoted exclusively to the higher education of women was founded. It solved in the only practical way a question that had been fruitlessly discussed for years. Through all the ages there had been exceptionally favoured women who had been specially trained, in the way that men were trained, and had left such records of intellectual achievement that the world generally regarded them as peculiar creatures, excessively endowed. There was always, in the minds of the ma-

jority even of educated men, a doubt whether the whole fabric of social life would not go to pieces if women were granted equal intellectual advantages with men, even supposing their brains could stand the strain. To meet such objections the only effectual reply must come in the way of an object-lesson, and this lesson Vassar College has furnished.

It is situated two miles east of the city, on an elevation of several hundred feet, though it is not seen



TOMPKINS' COVE

from the river. To offer here a mere catalogue of its extensive buildings, or such a meagre list of its advantages as our space permits, would serve no purpose. Its fame has gone out through all the world, and the lessons it has taught have not all been included in its regular curriculum of studies.

Matthew Vassar was born in England in 1792 and was brought to America when four years old. He was

consequently sixty-nine years of age when Vassar College was incorporated in 1861.

At the old Huguenot village of New Paltz, on the opposite side of the river from Poughkeepsie, is situated the State Normal School, and here recently a number of young women from Cuba have been preparing for educational work in their own lately liberated land.

Perhaps no writer who has lived on the Hudson has linked so really a generation that has passed with the men of to-day as John Bigelow,—author, editor, man of affairs, representative of his countrymen both at home and abroad. Mr. Bigelow, born in 1817, had taken an active part in the world's work and had made a reputation in letters before many of the men now before the public had seen the light. He was a partner of William Cullen Bryant in the ownership of the New York *Evening Post* in 1849, and was its managing editor till called by Lincoln in 1861 to represent the United States in France. He was afterwards Secretary of State for New York and filled other important offices. A member of the Chamber of Commerce, the biographer of Bryant and of Franklin, trustee under Samuel J. Tilden's will of several million dollars for the proposed New York Public Library, and the editor of Tilden's speeches, Mr. Bigelow's story is one of many and varied activities, and his personality has attracted the friendship of the most distinguished men of his times. He began his life at Malden, N. Y., and

finally retired to his delightful home near the shore of the Hudson.

There is an Indian legend connected with the name of Poughkeepsie, which is said to be derived from the Mohegan word *apo-keep-sinck*—"a safe and pleasant harbour." Between the rocky bluffs called Slange Klippe and Call Rock, the Fall Kill flowed into a bay near which was formed the earliest nucleus of the village. The Indian legend, giving a plausible genesis to the name *apo-keep-sinck*, is to the effect that a Pequod warrior, being captured by some Delawares and condemned to torture, was offered his liberty if he would renounce his own tribe and become a member of theirs. He rejected the proposition

and was bound to a tree for sacrifice, when a shriek from a thicket startled the executioners. A young girl leaped before them and implored his life. She was a captive Pequod, with the turtle on her bosom, and the young chief was her affianced. The Delawares consulted, when suddenly the war-whoop of some fierce Hurons made them snatch their arms for defence. The maiden severed the thongs that bound her lover, but in the deadly conflict that ensued they were separated, and a Huron chief carried off the captive as a trophy. Her affianced conceived a bold design for her rescue, and proceeded immediately to execute it. In the character of a wizard he entered the Huron camp. The maiden was sick, and her captor employed the wizard to prolong her life until he should satisfy his revenge upon Uncas, her uncle, the great chief of the Mohegans. They eluded the vigilance of the Hurons, fled at night, with swift feet, towards the Hudson, and in the darkness shot out upon its bosom, in a light canoe, followed by bloodthirsty pursuers. The strong arm of the young Pequod paddled his beloved one safely to a deep, rocky nook near the mouth of the Winnakee,

concealed her there, and with a few friendly Delawares, whom he had secured by a shout, he fought, conquered, and drove off the Huron warriors. The sheltered nook where the maiden lay was a safe harbour for her and the brave Pequod, and his friends joyfully confirmed its title of *Apo-keep-Sinck*.

Should there be any so skeptical as to question this ingenious tale, he must be allowed to cherish his doubt unchallenged, for, unfortunately, there are no documents by which it may be verified.

It was a long time afterwards, quite near the close of the seventeenth century, that the Dutch settled Poughkeepsie. They not only discovered the little safe harbour, but contrived more than twenty ways to spell it, ultimately choosing the most difficult. Near the spot where the Indians were supposed to have landed, Baltus Van Kleeck built a stone house in the year 1705. This house stood till after the Revolution, and was used by the Legislature of New York after the burning of Kingston. About 1835 it was torn down.

Poughkeepsie was incorporated as a city in 1854. It early became the centre for the trade of Dutchess County, which, it must be confessed, was at first but meagre; but it was also connected by the Dutchess turnpike with Sharon, Conn., and thence with Litchfield, and over this line the stages and market waggons travelled with profitable frequency.

Mr. Joel Benton, long a resident of Poughkeepsie, has written concerning its early history:

In colonial days few were the people here; but they were a bright and stirring handful. It seems as if every man counted

as ten. . . . I suppose it need not now be counted strange that the strong mixture of Dutch and English settlers, with a few Huguenots, which finally made Dutchess County, were not a little divided between Tory and Whig inclinations. Around Poughkeepsie, and in its allied towns stretching between the Hudson River and the Connecticut line, there was much strife. Gov. George Clinton in his day ruled in the midst of much tumult and turbulence; but he held the reins with vigour, in spite of kidnappers or critics. When the British burned Kingston he prorogued the Legislature to Poughkeepsie, which still served as a "safe harbour." As the Revolution progressed, the Tory faction was weakened, either by suppression or surrender.

It was in the Poughkeepsie Court House that, by one vote, after a Homeric battle, the colony of New York consented to become a part of the American Republic, which consent was practically necessary to its existence. . . . Poughkeepsie honoured, in May, 1824, the arrival of Lafayette. . . . Daniel Webster has spoken in her Court House; and Henry Clay, in 1844, when a presidential candidate, stopped for a reception. And it is said that, by a mere accident, she just missed contributing a name to the list of Presidents of the United States. The omitted candidate was Nathaniel P. Talmadge. He could have had the Vice-Presidency, so the story goes, in 1840; but would not take it. If he had accepted it he would have gone into history, not merely as United States Senator from New York and afterwards Governor of Wisconsin Territory, but as President in John Tyler's place.

In 1844, the New York State fair was held here, somewhere east of what is now Hooker Avenue. It was an occasion thought important enough then to be pictured and reported in the London *Illustrated News*. Two years after, the telegraph wires were put up in this city, before they had yet reached the city of New York. Considering the fact that Professor S. F. B. Morse, the telegraph inventor, had his residence here, this incident was not wholly inappropriate.

Professor Morse's home was called Locust Grove, and lay a couple of miles to the south of the city. It

should not be forgotten that before he had made his great reputation as an inventor he was widely known as an artist. To him the American Academy of Design owed its first impulse. It is said that his summer home at Locust Grove was connected by telegraphic wires with all prominent points upon the American continent.

Not far below Locust Grove is the famous ferry where for many years the Milton horse-boat plied to and fro across the river. At the eastern end of the ferry, in the old war times, dwelt the blacksmith and jack-of-all-trades, Theophilus Anthony. There, at his forge, he worked over the mammoth chain that was used to obstruct the river at Fort Montgomery. He gave what assistance he could to the patriot army, and it may well be believed that a strong and willing arm and a good forge found plenty of occupation; but retribution came when Vaughan's ships passed up the river with the torch. The smithy and mill were among the first places to be laid in ashes, and the smith himself was carried a captive to the most detestable prisonship that history has made a record of—the filthy and disease-saturated *Jersey*. Past the middle of the nineteenth century the horse-boats at Milton and Coxsackie ran, the only survivors of an obsolete class.

North of Poughkeepsie the river is spanned by the fragile-looking cantilever bridge, that was commenced in 1873, but abandoned and the work not again resumed till 1886. Three years later it was completed

by the Union Bridge Company. The bridge is over twelve thousand feet long—about two and a half miles—and at the centre is one hundred and sixty-five feet clear above the river. Its cost was over three million dollars. The purpose for which the Poughkeepsie Bridge was built, it was understood, was to place Pennsylvania coal in New England by a direct route, and it was owned and controlled by the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. This arrangement, it was thought, would preclude the possibility of dictation of prices by any intermediate company. But the original purpose was defeated, if not lost sight of, when the ownership of the bridge was acquired by another company.

For seven years past the river at Poughkeepsie has been the scene of one of the gayest and most popular of all the great annual features of college athletics. There the regatta of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association is held every June, and over one of the finest straightaway courses in the world the eager crews from six great universities contend for the championship. The crowds of spectators generally cross the river to Highland Station, where observation trains on the West Shore Road are in waiting to receive them.

Chapter XXVI

Sports and Industries


A BRIEF commentary on riparian pastimes and industries seems to be necessary to complete the story of the river. A reference, at least, to these matters will be permitted, if not demanded, by the reader. One recalls in this connection the famous delivery of a well-known critic concerning a popular book: "If you like this sort of a book, this is the sort of a book you like." If one cares for ice-boating, fishing, and kindred occupations, this is the sort of a subject that he cares for; but, realising that the converse is also true, we frankly re-echo the advice given by Mrs. Stowe, in the preface to a chapter on New England theology, "If the reader is not interested in the subject of this chapter, he is invited to skip it."

We have already spoken of the intercollegiate races that for nearly a decade have enlivened the waters about Poughkeepsie and have drawn each year a multitude of enthusiastic spectators. But it is not only at summer time that the waters offer a field for exciting contests of strength or skill. The upper reaches of the river become in winter the theatre of sports that recall

the tales that are told of the vigorous generation inhabiting that region in old colonial days.

We have read how, in the time of Volckert Douw—recorder, mayor, vice-president of the first Provincial Congress, judge, Indian commissioner, and what not—the ice on the river in front of his house at Wolvenhoek was the race-course upon which the speed of rival horses was matched in many an exciting contest. There the great and fashionable world of Albany and Kingston, we may suppose, entered into that exhilarating pastime with a zest that belonged to a simpler phase of life. It is a trite reflection that the fathers enjoyed their pleasures more heartily, having fewer to enjoy.

There is a story told of a dinner given by Douw to Red Jacket, the Indian chief, at which were present not only a number of his fellow-redskins, but a few prominent white men, with General Schuyler at their head. There was plenty of good cheer, the peace pipe circulated, and it may be that something more exhilarating was not lacking, for after awhile the General and his host became engaged in an eager discussion upon the relative merits of two horses, one the mount upon which Schuyler had ridden from Albany and the other a famous race-horse, Sturgeon, that was the pride of Douw's stable. Of course, the Indian guests pricked up their ears, for an Indian, drunk or sober, loves nothing so well as a horse-race. There seem to have been obstacles enough in the way of a race at that moment. It was night and the sky was overcast, while



from recent rain the ice was in a sloppy condition. But neither white nor red men were inclined to stand at obstacles. At a hint from one of the disputants, red-skin and negro servants in a crowd made for the river, where in a short time they marked and cleared a course across and down stream, lighting the way with torches and lanterns. Peter Van Loan, the overseer, was master of ceremonies, and King Charles, a famous jockey in his day, rode Sturgeon. The bets were large, Schuyler having backed his own horse heavily, and the excitement was intense as the contestants went flying down the course between the rows of flaring lights and shouting spectators. When old Sturgeon came in first, we may hope that Douw concealed his satisfaction and Schuyler his chagrin, since both were true-blue sportsmen of the old school, who could take good or ill fortune and give no sign.

After a century and a half we find that the old spirit has not died out. Still the ice-decked river is the scene of many a winter carnival. Horses of famous pedigrees, sharp-shod and with nerves tingling in an atmosphere like an electric bath, have literally flung distance to the winds over those crystal courses, where, in summer, the boats tack lazily from shore to shore.

Even more exciting than the horse-races are the contests of ice-boats, for which the upper Hudson, especially in the neighbourhood of Tivoli and Hyde Park, is famous. An ice-boat is to an ordinary boat what the Empire State Express is to a way freight. It does not

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sail, it flies, reminding one of the Chinaman's famous description of his first toboggan slide,—“Phwt!!! Walkee back two milee.” At a speed of something approaching a mile a minute, a zero temperature is very much



ICE-BOAT FLEET NEAR HYDE PARK

like a keen-edged sword; it will certainly suggest “a dividing asunder of the joints and marrow,” unless the sailor on that perilous plain has taken the precaution to swathe himself in as many garments as one of Knickerbocker's beswaddled Dutchmen, and is equipped with a circulatory system that can bid defiance to a nipping air.

it only as a matter of military duty. Whether this is or is not true there is no doubt that to most Americans the burning of Kingston has always seemed a wanton act of barbarity on the part of troops flushed with recent victory and unrestrained by authority. The smoke and flame spread consternation among the inhabitants of other villages, and fugitives from the destroyed town sought asylum among the hills and in remote places. The spectacle of Kingston burning must have moved with rage and pity the stout hearts of Putnam and Clinton, on opposite sides of the river, witnesses to a calamity they were powerless to avert.

Clinton had used the utmost dispatch, but was two hours too late to interpose an effort to save the town. It is recorded that he had the spy, he of the silver bullet, brought forward and hanged to the limb of an apple tree in sight of Kingston, an act which we can hardly conceive to have afforded any satisfaction to one of his disposition and character.

At Rhinebeck, Tivoli, and elsewhere the destruction was repeated on a smaller scale. Here a mansion and there a barn or a hay-rick added a flame to the general conflagration. The intention of the enemy was evidently to advance to Albany, which seemed doomed to share the fate of Kingston, and there to effect that conjunction with Burgoyne which was the object of the expedition.

But Burgoyne was in no condition to co-operate with any army. The diversion had come too late. Almost



a tell-tale, sometimes in the form of a flag, that by a simple mechanical arrangement indicates when a fish has been hooked. With a sled to carry his paraphernalia and a cube of frozen salt pork for his luncheon, such a fisherman may skate ten or twelve miles to find a favourable ground, and the fewer his companions the more he is to be congratulated. But usually the professionals are gregarious in their habits, which is necessary from the methods they employ. A long fissure, cut at right angles with the current of the river, admits the insertion of a weighted net, the upper edge of which is secured to transverse sticks above the opening. Such fishing is serious business and not likely to conduce to levity. The lines of the net freeze rigid as steel rods, the icy water soaks the thickest gloves till they are sodden and cold, the very fish that are drawn out of that dark and mysterious current under the ice are congealed—stiff as stakes—the moment they are exposed to the atmosphere, and to handle them is like handling pieces of ice. In the face of these discomforts the winter fisherman, slapping his legs to restore lost circulation, moving stiffly because of the rheumatism contracted last year, or nursing the cracked and bleeding fingers that were frozen last week, is as cheerful a citizen as circumstances will permit; but it is a far cry from the frozen river as he sees it, a field of labour and a scene of drudgery, to the glittering, joyous plain that the well clad and nourished ice-boatman beholds.

As every one knows, the most important fisheries of the Hudson are those where the shad is taken. There has long been a rivalry between Hudson River and Chesapeake shad. New York and Maryland each claiming precedence, and finally agreeing only upon one point—that beside those two there are no others. From the mouth of the river almost to the head of navigation, as soon as winter closes, the boats of the fishermen put out to set the shad poles and get all in readiness for the approaching season. From the vicinity of Fort Lee, Piermont, Clinton, Poughkeepsie, and many another favorable point, they range themselves "in order serviceable" and wait the advent of the vanguard of that numbered host that about the 1st of April begins to move towards the headwaters of the river. The first train sends a power of excitement through the communities of fishers, and the news is telegraphed from New York to Albany. The newspapers tell of the coming of the shad, and the market-men hold them up as it is in their hands upon their nets. At that time a multitude of the passengers returning from the Jersey shore to Manhattan by way of the upper ferries may be seen carrying up stairs or down their passages that great fish on their backs. These are generally males of middling size who have learned the advantage of carrying their shad as their prime stock in the city.

The shad is a fish which has been known since the beginning of time, and is found in vast quantities, in

turning in a few weeks so poor and thin that a proverbial synonym for leanness and poverty is "the last run of shad."

The Fish Commissioners have a shad station at Catskill where the weight and size of the fish taken, the



MENDING NETS AT GARRISON

preponderance of the roe over buck shad, and all other data for statistical reports are carefully noted. Mr. A. N. Cheney, State Fish Culturalist, wrote, in 1895, that:

It is extremely doubtful, under the present law, and present manner of fishing the river, if the Hudson can be considered a self-sustaining shad river. The demand upon it grows with increase of population and improved facilities for shipping shad to a distance. It is not alone among the people living along the river that the shad find a market, but hundreds of miles of railways act as distributing agents and take shad where formerly they were unknown. Since 1882, the United States Fish Commission has made large contributions of shad fry and eggs to the Hudson, and these contributions have been important factors in keeping the supply up to the present figures.


The "contributions" of shad fry for restocking the

river, from all sources, have in fifteen years aggregated probably not less than a hundred million.

Years ago the shad used to run up the river to Baker's Falls, nearly fifty miles above Troy, and the farmers came from distant points to camp at the Falls and catch the fish to salt down. But the building of the Troy dam put a stop to that industry.

The statistics for a recent year, published by the State Fish Commissioners, show that in three thousand five hundred nets over a million shad were caught. During the two months or less that the shad season lasts the fishing stations are scenes of picturesque activity, retaining, perhaps, more suggestion of the old distinctive river life than anything else that we can witness to-day. The toiling groups of roughly clad rivermen, handling and shipping the fish, the midget fleets of clustering boats, and the endless labour of spreading, drying, and repairing the nets, are details of a quaint and fascinating picture. The greatest number of nets operated are at Alpine and Fort Lee on the Jersey shore, and at Nyack and Ossining in New York.

The striped bass, while caught for market, is more of a fish for sportsmen, for he takes only live bait and makes a fight that will cause an angler's blood to leap. This fish is to be found as far as the brackish water runs. In the lower part of the river for many years the practice of fishing for bass in the spring fell into disuse. Only when the water began to be cold in the autumn



did Piscator, equipped with rod and reel and store of shrimp or "shedder," seek some fortunate spot, by bearings which may have been transmitted from an earlier generation, there to make long casts and indulge in large anticipations. But a few years ago some one recollected that in the old days the best time to fish for bass was in the spring. Two or three fish of phenomenal size rewarded the anglers who were hardy enough to brave public opinion, and from that day the striped bass has had a troubled life.

Long ago the Indians found the bays and shallows of the river prolific breeding-grounds for oysters, and some of the tribes are said to have used the bivalves as one of their chief means of sustenance. Their frequent shell heaps, some of them not yet obliterated, bear witness to the favour in which this epicurean morsel was held by the aborigines. During the early years of New York's history, the poorer people depended largely upon the plentiful oyster supply as one of the cheapest varieties of food they could obtain, but now the supply is at best meagre and the oyster industry decadent. Within comparatively recent times it was a common sight to see little fleets of boats, their occupants wielding the long, ungainly rakes with which their spoil was detached from the river-bed and brought aboard; but that spectacle is growing yearly less familiar.

The giant of the upper river for many years was the sturgeon, a monster of uncouth appearance, whose

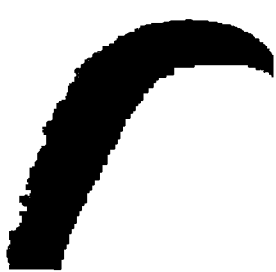
coarse flesh, if properly cooked, is not **unpalatable**. This fish is not extinct, though not nearly as plentiful as formerly, when its consumption at the State capital gave it the popular name of Albany beef. The sturgeon attains a length of five or six and (exceptionally) eight feet, while the weight of a single specimen is said sometimes to exceed four hundred and fifty pounds. When sturgeon were more plentiful than now, they were caught for the oil, that has been esteemed equal to the best sperm. The leap of the sturgeon, immortalised by Drake in *The Culprit Fay*, was a frequent sight a generation ago, and it was worth a day's journey to see that quivering bulk pierce the surface, a living projectile, and, describing a parabola of eight or ten feet, fling a rainbow arch of spray into the sunlight.

The herring have also frequented the waters of the Hudson at intervals, and perch, white-fish, snappers (young bluefish), and a multitude of the smaller fry, are familiar to every American boy who is in training for the Presidency.

Within the past fifteen years the Fish Commissioners have put thousands of salmon and other fry in the river, and occasionally fine specimens of varieties thus introduced have been taken, while it is expected that the future will more than justify the outlay, but in general it is acknowledged that this great volume of water flowing seaward with slow gradations from the freshness of a mountain stream to the saltness of the

ocean is no longer a fisherman's river. One can hardly believe that the schools of fish have been depleted by the industry of the fishermen. By the ordinary process of multiplication, if unchecked by other untoward influences, the supply of fish in such a river must always be in excess of the number caught with hook and line. But there are other pernicious influences, among them the pollution which results from sewage in the vicinity of large towns. There can be little doubt that fish are poisoned by the fouling of the element in which they live. It may be too that the constant accretion of cinders and ashes upon the bed of the channels has prevented the development of those forms of life upon which the fish depend for food. That this view is not entirely fanciful the reader will readily see if he will take paper and pencil, and with such data as he may have at hand calculate the number of steamers that have dumped their ashpans in the river in the past threescore years. A million tons would fall far short of the probable deposit.

The restocking of the waters will only be an efficient remedy in places where the fry will not be subject to the disadvantages we have suggested and others of equal importance. It is well known that many, if not all, of the fish that frequent the Hudson, or any large river, run into the smaller streams to spawn. The practical closing of many such streams by means of dams, where no fish-ways are provided, must of necessity militate greatly against the natural increase.



Under favourable conditions this increase would be enormous. A single female tomcod, for instance, will produce fifty thousand eggs or more. Two hundred and eighty-eight thousand such eggs would just fill a quart measure. But in order to secure the development of even a small percentage of all this embryonic life it is necessary to have undisturbed, fairly pure, and abundant water.

At the hatcheries of the State Commission it has been found that the shad fry, if they are to be raised at all, must never be handled even with the nets that may be used in the rearing of young trout or salmon. The ideal pond for hatching purposes is one that has been dry for months, so that all life in it is destroyed, and then filled by seepage, thus excluding enemies that would otherwise destroy the adolescent shadlings. It will be readily seen that the natural conditions of the Hudson and its tributaries at the present day are not conducive to the increase of delicate fish.



Chapter XXVII

Rondout and Kingston

THE name Rondout signifies a fort or earthwork; it was first applied to the Dutch post near Esopus River, and afterwards to the settled land in the neighbourhood. The word Esopus, it is said, was derived from seepus, a river, and was first given to the Indians dwelling upon the banks of the river that afterwards bore that name. The Indians whose settlements extended through Ulster and Greene counties belonged to the Mingua nation, that Leatherstocking was fond of referring to as Mingos. The Minnesinks, one of the largest clans, were originally dwellers on a minnis, or island, in the upper waters of the Delaware. The Mohegan Indians lived upon the upper shore of the Hudson. Northward of Esopus, on the west shore, the land was claimed by the Mohawks, who ruled the forests as far north as Champlain and through the valley of the Mohawk River. They were to the more peaceable tribes of the south as a hawk is to a heron, being fierce, revengeful, and cruel almost beyond conception. Their occasional forays into the

lands of their neighbours were events to be anticipated with dread and remembered with horror.

Hidden under a modern post-office designation we frequently find half a dozen earlier place-names, as the geologist discovers in a river-bed successive deposits. "I am surprised to find," said a gentleman of an enquiring mind, "that Esopus had at one time a larger trade than Albany; yet I do not find Esopus on my map or on the time-table. Where was it?" Esopus has disappeared from the map, as have Wiltwyck, Atkarkarton, and Rondout, but all these old names, that are folded down and put away, like old garments in camphor and lavender, are covered by the corporate body of Kingston.

Two hundred and fifty years of eventful history belong to this very Dutch borough, where Ten Broeks and Van Gaasbeeks, Schoonmakers and Swartwouts, sat under the spiritual ministrations of Domine Blom, or joined with that excellent and valiant divine in driving away the Indian invaders that occasionally swooped down on the almost defenceless settlement. But truth compels the admission that the first notable proprietor of land at Kingston (or Atkarkarton) was not a Dutchman. This is on the authority of the Rev. I. Megapolensis, the third stated minister of the Collegiate Dutch Church of New York, who, in 1657, wrote:

Thomas Chambers and a few others removed to Atkarkarton or Esopus, an exceedingly beautiful land, in 1652, and began the actual settlement of Ulster County; it was also known among the savages as "the pleasant land."



MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON
(From a drawing by the author)

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END
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This Thomas Chambers, for services rendered the country during Indian troubles, was rewarded in the time of Governor Lovelace by having his house (near Kingston) erected into the Manor of Foxhall. This grant was confirmed by Dongan in 1686. The name of Foxhall subsequently disappeared.

The Dutch church of Kingston had a settled pastor as early as 1660, in which year Domine Hermanus Blom commenced his labours. His salary was payable in wheat, and his accounts for the same are still preserved in the county records. The name Wiltwyck signified the Indian (or wild) district, yet even then the little church, worshipping in a rude building of logs, had a membership of sixteen souls. Two other edifices succeeded each other on the ground where the first one stood, and from the tower of the last the Holland bell, imported in 1794 from Amsterdam, used formerly to ring three times a day to notify the good people of their meal hours. In those far-off days sober and respectable people did things in an orderly and customary way. It required unheard-of temerity to break away from the honoured traditions of a neighbourhood, and breakfast, dine, or sup at unheard-of hours. The church sanctioned the established order and lent its bell for the promotion of sobriety and regular habits. A writer in 1826 notes a modern innovation when he says that "at present the town clock regulates the kitchen."

A custom observed among the fathers of the church

deserves to be kept in remembrance, like a quaint Dutch picture. Between the sounding of the first and last bell for church service the grey-haired sexton hobbled from door to door, carrying an ivory-headed cane, with which he rapped loudly three times and cried, "Church time!" For this he was paid by each householder a yearly fee of two shillings.

Notices of all kinds, whether of funerals, weddings, or christenings, were given to the sexton, who took them to the clerk; and the latter, having a bamboo rod with a split end kept for that very purpose, stuck the paper in the slit and passed it up to the domine, who was perched overhead in a half-globe pulpit, canopied by a sounding board. "The minister wore out of the pulpit a black silk mantle, crooked hat, and a neck-band with linen cambric kerf on his breast: for *cravats* were then *uncommon*."

The first psalm we are informed, "used to be set with moveable figures, suspended in three sides of the pulpit, so that all, as they entered, might prepare for the holy notes." At the end of the service the deacons took the contribution bags, which were fixed on the ends of poles, and made their rounds to collect the coppers of the congregation. It is a significant fact that besides the bag there was an alarm bell on the end of each pole, as though to notify the soundest sleepers that the sermon had come to an end. Tokens, stamped by the church and redeemable at stated times, were received instead of money, which was a scarce

commodity at a time when the government still legalised the payment of "seawant" or wampum for debts. At the communion table church members always wore black, and invariably *stood* to receive the sacrament.

The Kingston church is particularly worthy of notice from the fact that it occupied a unique position, being an independent church as late as 1808. For a century and a half it had rejected the jurisdiction of the General Synod of the Dutch Church in America. The ministers had been called from Europe, and an individual charter was granted in 1719 by the British Crown.

Besides these Dutch and Huguenot settlers, it is said that a few Irish found their way into Kingston at an early day; however that may be, we know that not the least energetic and successful of her citizens to-day may boast of forbears that may have hung their shields in Tara's halls.

In Dr. Miller's *History of New York*, published in London in 1695, there were shown the plans of three places on the Hudson River. New Amsterdam was the first of these in importance; Albany (Fort Orange), the second; and Kingston, third. This same order is preserved to-day. It is a fact to remember that, in expressing her choice for a site for the national capital, New York voted in favour of Kingston.

Ulster County, formed in 1683, lay between Moodna or Murderer's Creek on the south, and Sawyer's, the line dividing from Greene County, on the north. It

borders the west bank of the river and embraced at that time all of the important settlements between the Highlands and Saugerties. The trading post of Rondout, one of the very earliest to be established, antedated the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth by six years. The Indian name, Ponckhockie, is still retained to designate a section of the town.

The Rondout and Esopus settlers were driven away by the Indians prior to 1640, about which time a new attempt to colonise was made. In 1655, there was another exodus of the whites, and then Governor Stuyvesant came in person from New York and staked out ground for a new village, leaving twenty-four soldiers to protect the place. The land chosen was a free gift from the Indians to the "Grand Sachem . . . to grease his feet, as he had undertaken so long and painful a journey."

New Indian troubles arose, owing to a supply of fire-water that some red men received in payment for husking corn for the before-mentioned Thomas Chambers in 1659. One of the recipients, during the revel which followed, fired a gun. A party of white men, who were possibly not too sober themselves, construed the discharge of the firearm to mean the commencement of an attack, upon which they fired upon a party of the Indians, killing several of them. In retaliation the lately peaceable redskins took thirteen prisoners, and, soon gathering a force of five hundred warriors, surrounded the fort, so that no one durst leave it for

three weeks. Crops were burned, cattle slaughtered, and houses destroyed. Finally, a number of captives were put to death by torture. This brought the Governor again to Kingston, but the Indians dispersed before his arrival. A truce was secured, through the intervention of other Indians, and two prisoners were finally restored.

Then, possessed by a fatuous confidence that the enemy had experienced a change of heart, the people of Wiltwyck (Kingston) "left the gates of their fort open day and night." In the summer of 1663, they paid dearly for their temerity. In June of that year, having come to the fort in great numbers, under pretence of trading, the Indians made a sudden attack while most of the men were outside of the walls. Thomas Chambers, whose foolish bestowal of brandy had brought on the original trouble, aided by the militant valour of the Dutch domine, led his companions in such a desperate fight that they succeeded in driving the invaders from the fort, but not before eighteen of the whites had been killed. Forty-two prisoners were carried away by the savages, and all of the newly established farms and bouweries were destroyed.

This foray led to a war which did not end till the Ulster Indians were nearly destroyed. The expedition which concluded the war was led by a man named Krygier, a burgomaster in New Amsterdam. A treaty was made by Stuyvesant with the remnant of the tribe, by the terms of which they abandoned the river

settlements to the Dutch, retaining permission to trade at Rondout "provided but three canoes came at a time, preceded by a flag of truce."

New Paltz was settled by the Huguenots in 1677. Some people of this faith had come to Kingston in 1660 and settled there. Among them was a man named Louis Dubois, whose wife, Catherine, had been one of those captured by the savages. Word came to Dubois by a friendly Indian that the prisoners had been taken to a certain place that he could guide the white men to. He directed them to follow Rondout Creek to the Wallkill and to leave that for a third stream, where the encampment of their enemies would be found. The statement that the Indians intended putting their prisoners to death urged the rescuers to greater haste if possible. Dubois and his companions, guided by the savage, pushed through the wilderness for a distance of twenty-six miles, and though they were burdened with the heavy arms of the period, besides knapsacks and provisions, we do not read that they paused till they were in the neighbourhood of the encampment.

While they were stealing up, making a reconnoissance previous to the attack, Dubois suddenly came across an Indian, who was slain by his sword before he could alarm his companions. The attack was delayed until evening, but the dogs, running at large, betrayed them. The Indians recognised them as "white man's dogs," and fled in consternation, having evidently had enough

of Wiltwyck fighting qualities. Dubois saw his wife fleeing along with the savages and lustily shouted her



RIVER SCENE — CATSKILL

(J. W. Casilear, 1899. From the Stuart Collection, Lenox Library)

name, whereupon she and her companions turned back and were welcomed with great joy by their rescuers.

The discovery had been made none too soon. Catherine Dubois had already been placed on a funeral pyre of wood, preparatory to being burned, and had

evidenced her Christian fortitude by singing hymns that pleased her captors so that they demanded a repetition of them. It was no new thing for them to hear a warrior sing his death-song in the face of his enemies, but for a woman to show such courage may have excited their admiration, and the strange sweetness of the unusual melodies she sang no doubt arrested their attention.

It was the knowledge gained upon this expedition, so the story goes, that led the Huguenots to settle upon the banks of the Wallkill, for which they obtained a deed from the Indians in consideration of forty kettles, the same number of adzes and shirts, seven hundred strings of beads, four quarter-casks of wine, and other goods. This tract, twelve miles in extent, reached from the Hudson River back to the Shawangunk Mountains.

There is an interesting tradition to the effect that the hymn sang by Mrs. Dubois on the occasion just mentioned was the 137th in the Dutch collection, which is translated thus:

By Babel's stream the captives sate
And wept for Zion's hapless fate;
Useless their harps on willows hung
While foes required a sacred song.

The village of New Paltz is a delightful reminiscence, a legacy of old habitations and simple customs, bequeathed by generations of God-fearing folk to our restless time as a salutary reminder of pristine peace

and contentment. But about the old Huguenot village, especially since the establishment of the State Normal School, there has grown a modern town, with modern houses and modern ways.

We admire the sagacity of the French exiles who discovered and appreciated the rare desirability of the Wallkill valley. It is still a region of dairy farms and vineyards—a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of corn and wine. Old Louis Dubois and his compatriots were the fathers of a race that still retain many of the distinguishing characteristics of the exiles who for conscience' sake sought in the wilderness their promised land of liberty. It is said that so fine and free from animosity and greed has been the life of the people of New Paltz that previous to 1873 no lawyer ever found a permanent residence there.

Johannes Nevius and others, in a report to the States-General in 1663, spoke feelingly of

the deplorable massacre and slaughter of the good people of the beautiful and fruitful country of Esopus, recently committed by the barbarians after the premature and, for this state, in this conjuncture of time, wholly unpractical reduction of the military force of this province, which was notoriously and very urgently required to be completed and reinforced.

Among the stories of the early settlers of Ulster County are many harrowing ones of captivity, with an occasional thrilling account of escape or rescue, but in general there is a dreadful sameness in the details. Now it is a Dutch family, now a Huguenot one—

Lefever, Dubois, Schoonmaker, Osterhout, from Wiltwyck or from Murderer's Creek, or the settlements that lay between. Down to the time of the Revolution the out-settlements of this region were much exposed to Indian attack. According to one of the numerous local legends of Ulster County, two men, Andresen and Osterhout, were taken by the Indians, but when within a single day's march of Niagara Andresen managed at night to work one of his arms free and subsequently removed his bonds. Then, with necessary stealthiness and caution, he succeeded in freeing his companion, and falling upon the sleeping Indians they killed all except two squaws, who escaped. Providing themselves with the arms and provisions of their late captors, they undertook the return journey of four or five hundred miles through the woods. Their lives were barely saved by the game they managed to shoot on the way, for weakened by hunger as well as by fatigue, at the end of seventeen days they staggered into their homes, weak but rejoicing at their almost miraculous escape. This occurred in 1776.

The inauguration of George Clinton, the first Governor of the State of New York, was proclaimed at Kingston, then the capital of the State, the election having taken place on the 30th of July, 1777. Only a little more than two months previous to that event, the convention which had drafted the constitution of the new State, adjourned, leaving power in the hands of a Committee of Safety. The Fourth Provincial Con-

gress, which met at White Plains, Westchester County, on the 9th of July, 1776, then accepting the Declaration of Independence, adjourned to Fishkill and subsequently to Kingston. The centennial celebration of Clinton's inauguration, held on July 30, 1877, at Kingston, was necessarily a celebration also of the venerable house in which the deliberations of John Jay and his associates had been held. The previous year, 1876, had been the bi-centennial anniversary of the building of what has been known modernly as the Old Senate House. This building, that has so deep an historic interest, is long and low, constructed of stone and supplemented at a late period of its history by a "linto," or lean-to. It was erected in 1676 by Wessel Ten Broeck, a Westphalian, who, emigrating to America at an early age, was elected *Schopper* at Esopus and was a commissioner chosen to superintend the settlement of the *Nieuw Dorp*, including the villages of Hurley and Marbletown.

Ten Broeck's wife was a daughter of the Rev. Laurentius Van Gaasbeek, by whom he had eight children, who are supposed to be the ancestors of all the Ten Broecks in the country. The well-known Knickerbocker explanation of the derivation of the name of Ten Broeck was not relished by the descendants of that forceful ancestor.

Wessel's wife's name would make a telling title for a Dutch story or poem. Jacomyntie—how it suggests flax-white hair neatly quoiffed under a muslin cap, a

well-filled, trim stomacher laced to the top, quilted petticoats with a neat vision of blue or red yarn stockings showing between it and the polished shoe-buckles. We seem to know that as Jacomyntie Ten Broeck stood in the doorway of that goodly stone house, there was in her round and pleasant face a consciousness of well-stocked larders and fruitful orchards, of cream in the dairy and butter in the crocks, and oily koeks on the ample shelves of the pantry.

At a later day the old house, then one hundred and one years old, sheltered a notable company. There Robert R. Livingston, Pierre Van Cortlandt, Gouverneur Morris, Colonel De Witt, Gansevoort, Scott, Ten Broeck, and others met to deliberate about the form of government to be adopted by New York State. There John Jay presented the draft of the constitution that was afterwards adopted at the old Bogardus Inn, at the corner of Maiden Lane and Fair Street in New York City.

We quote from an article by Miss Margaret Winslow, published in the *New York Observer* in 1883:


Here, from time to time, have come the great men whom Kingston has either received or sent forth into public life. Here General Armstrong, the boy hero of the Revolution, father-in-law of William B. Astor and ex-Secretary of War, lived in 1804, previous to his departure as Minister to the French Court, leaving a small marble fireplace, the first ever seen in Kingston, as a memorial of his residence; and here, last spring, General Arthur, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, bowed his tall head to escape collision with the time-honoured and smoke-begrimed rafters; and here we—the honoured Drs. Van Sant-



voord and Hoes, with the host and the writer—sat and discussed the history of Kingston; its first and second Indian wars, 1659 and 1661, and the burning of the fort, 1663; Stuyvesant's treaty of peace, 1661, at which period the wily savages ceded him the land on which the city now stands, "to grease his feet" in return for the compliment of his visit, on which occasion the renowned warrior changed the Dutch name of Esopus, or Groote Esopus, variously stated to be derived from the Latin fabulist and from a soft place, to Wiltwyck, or Wild man's village. The Dutch regained the town after its capture along with the Swedish possessions east of the Hudson in 1664, holding it, however, only for a very short time, as said one of my informants, adding thereto much of the intermediate history till its consolidation with Rondout and Wilbur into a city in 1872, and the building of the splendid new City Hall and Armory, the latter only just completed.

There are many other buildings and several localities of special interest to those who love the mild antiquities of our brand-new country—the Academy, founded in 1774, in which De Witt Clinton and Thomas De Witt, Edward Livingston, Stephen Van Rensselaer, and Abram Van Vechten received their early education; the stone Court House, built in 1818 upon the site of a much older one; and the First Dutch Church, organised August, 1659, by Rev. Harmanus Blom, sent from Holland as a candidate, and ordained by the Classis of Amsterdam, 1660. The fac-similes of signatures of the fifteen successors of Blom, carefully gathered by the venerable Dr. Hoes, and shown me at the close of our pleasant evening conversation, are sufficient guarantee that, from the first, Esopus—Wiltwyck—Kingston has been in the care of that blessed people "whose God is the Lord."

William Beekman, from whom have sprung all who bear that respected name in the annals of New York, was Sheriff of Kingston up to the departure of Governor Lovelace from the colony, when he returned to New York. His son Henry lived in Kingston, where he became Judge of Ulster County and a member of



Rensselaer's agent, and Stuyvesant declared the title void, ordering that the purchase money be restored, yet making a condition that if those holding such lands would, within six weeks, petition the Director and Council, they might have their holdings confirmed. Of course, this was a crafty effort on the Governor's part to make the too independent patroon of Rensselaerswyck own the authority of the Company's Director at Manhattan. Grants free from dependence upon the Patroon were subsequently given by the powers at Amsterdam.

William Leete Stone, editor at one time of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, wrote regarding the settlement of Catskill, that


its Dutch founders, with characteristic prudence, placed it entirely out of sight from the river, probably to render themselves secure from bombardment by a foreign fleet and from invasion from the armies of the Yankees, which formerly much annoyed our primitive settlements.

The Indians from whom the lands of the early settlers were purchased disappeared entirely from the scene. Their sachem, Mahak-Neminaw, seems to have been a poor sort of a chief, drunken and beggarly. He had a share in the earlier transactions for the transfer of his tribe's patrimony, but when the final sale, which left his people without a habitation on earth, was made, he was not present, and his fellow-tribesmen stipulated that when he appeared he was to receive, as his share of the price, two pieces of duffels and six cans of

rum. Where these earlier inhabitants, whose wigwams occupied the terrace that became the site of old Catskill, betook themselves, is not recorded. The subsequent Indian troubles, which this place shared with other river towns, were due to conflict with other tribes.

The most tragic stories of Indian atrocities are of Revolutionary date. The fierce Mohawks, acting as allies with the British, and aided by Tories who were scattered throughout the country, swooped down upon solitary farmhouses and captured the inmates, taking them by arduous forest ways to Canada, where a reward was paid for each prisoner. It seems almost incredible that a party of twenty or more redskins, with possibly several white men, would undertake a toilsome journey of hundreds of miles, on foot, through a wilderness, where hunger often assailed them, for the sake of one or two miserable farmer captives, usually boys or old men. Yet such was the fact.

One of the best known of local stories is that of the captivity of the Abeels—David Abeel and Anthony his son. These people lived in a house about three miles back of Catskill. The father, who was old, had been an Indian trader and understood the Mohawk tongue. When seated at their noonday meal one Sunday, the family was surprised by the sudden entrance of a number of Indians, led by a white man, painted and disguised, but recognised by the sharp eyes of the old Indian trader, who thoughtlessly called him by name.



“Since you know who I am,” said this man, who was a Tory neighbour of the Abeels, “you will have to come too.” It was not at first the intention of the marauders to take the old man, who was thought too feeble to sustain the fatigue of the long march.

In honour of the holy day both David and Anthony had on their best clothes and finery, and it grieved the thrifty soul of a daughter, who was present, that the silver shoe- and knee-buckles that were the pride of the family should fall into the hands of the enemy, so while the palaver was going on she hid under the table, and, detaching these valuable trinkets, slipped them into her bosom.

Torn from his family, David Abeel made heroic efforts to keep up with his captors, knowing that should he fail to do so he would be put out of the way without hesitation. When the savages learned that he could converse with them in their own language, and had been among their people as a trader, they treated him with consideration. The son was compelled to run the gauntlet, that is, to make what speed he could between two armed files of Indians, whose blows he might escape by dodging. His father warned him that the young men would try to get in his way and impede him. Remembering this caution, he struck the first one who interfered so hard a blow that the Indian fell sprawling among his companions and in the confusion Anthony completed his run without injury.

About the same time Captain Jeremiah Snyder and

his son Elias, of Saugerties, were taken by Tories and Indians while ploughing in a field. They attempted to escape by running, but were captured, and Captain Snyder wounded by a blow from a tomahawk. These captives were conducted by the same general route as that generally taken by marauding bands from Canada—by way of the Delaware, Susquehanna, and Genesee rivers. They were closely guarded by day, and at night a rope, passed around the arms of each and securely tied behind, was stretched to pegs on either side, an Indian sleeping upon each rope. The story of the captivity of these men is a romance, but too long for insertion here. The Snyders and Abeels met in Canada, and afterwards succeeded in making their escape together, subsequently returning to their homes.

The capture of the boy Schermerhorn, known as the "Low Dutch Prisoner," was attended with the horror of murder and arson. The old people with whom he lived, Mr. Strobe and his wife, were tomahawked, and the house rifled of all of value that it contained before it was finally fired. Like the Snyders and Abeels, Schermerhorn finally returned to his home, but not till he had endured almost inconceivable hardships as a captive, and had afterwards been forced to fight in the British army. Upon his enlistment a bounty of forty Spanish dollars (the customary sum) was paid to the Indian who had captured him.

A bounty was paid by the British for scalps, and women and children as well as men furnished these

horrible trophies, which were to the savages a source of income.

Most of the inhabitants of Catskill were ardent "Whigs," as they were called, and the wrath of their scattered Tory neighbours was roused against them. It is recorded that one sixth of the male population of Catskill were in the patriot army, some serving near home and others offering their lives on distant battle-fields.

A man of great influence at that day was Domine Schuneman, whose pastorate of forty years had endeared him to the people to such an extent that he was their leader in things temporal as well as spiritual. Mr. Schuneman was not of Hollandish descent, but had sprung from the German peasant blood of the Palatinate settlement. He, however, was a minister of the Dutch Church, and had been in Holland to complete at Leyden the theological education commenced under Domine Theodorus Frielinghuysen at Albany. His pastorate included Coxsackie as well as Catskill, an arrangement frequently made between neighbouring villages at that day, when congregations were small and ministers few. Schuneman was a strong supporter of the colonial cause, and there is no doubt that to his great influence was due much of the intense patriotism of his neighbours.

In common with other great men, the Catskill Domine was the subject of many anecdotes, some of them amusing. There is a story told of an entry

made in his minute-book, as follows: "Attended the funeral of —— ———; sold my gray mare; all flesh is grass."

When he went abroad to complete his studies he was engaged to the youngest daughter of the wealthy proprietor, Martin Van Bergen. On his return he was so pitted with smallpox that she did not know him, but love was strong enough to overlook the disfigurement and the course of their true love ran smooth. After old Martin's death, the Domine became by inheritance a rich man, and built a splendid house, where he passed the remainder of his days. His funeral was in the good old Dutch manner, a medley of grief and junketing, of piety and punch. Each comer, man or woman, was met at the outset with a glass of rum, and, after a service in Dutch and a long procession on foot (the coffin upon an open bier leading the way), the assembled company returned to the house and, amid clouds of tobacco smoke and deep potations, discussed the merits of the departed pastor and the merits of the last horse sale.

One of the traditionary stories of Catskill is told in Barber and Howe's *Collections*, the author, William Leete Stone, having perhaps added a touch of imagination to the original version of the tale. At an old stone house standing at Cairo, about ten miles to the northward of Catskill, there lived in the early part of the eighteenth century a young man of arbitrary, passionate disposition; one whose passions often rose

beyond control. A young woman, one of the "redemptioners" or white bond-servants of the time, ran away from the service of this man. He pursued her on horseback, and, finally overtaking her, tied her to the tail of his horse, which became frightened and dashed madly among the rocks and stones till the poor victim was killed and her body terribly mutilated. The man was tried for murder and found guilty, but through the influence of his family he escaped punishment, or, rather, the court decreed that he should be hanged when he attained the age of ninety-nine years. In addition to this sentence, he was to present himself annually to the judges when the court was in session, and wear always a cord about his neck as a memorial of his crime. He lived for many years, and continued each year to fulfil the conditions of his sentence. People talked of the silken cord that he wore, and he was shunned and solitary in his life, while spectres of various sorts gathered around his isolated dwelling. Sometimes a female figure would appear alone, then a terrific white horse followed by a ghastly thing in tattered clothes, and again a wraith in a winding-sheet—altogether the neighbourhood of the house became uncanny. The Revolutionary war came and found the criminal an old man; his ninety-ninth year, that had been selected in what seems like grim pleasantry as the date of his execution, came, and he lived on. When over a hundred years of age he fell quietly asleep, and who shall doubt that the crime of his youth was



A GLIMPSE OF THE CATSKILLS, FROM SAUGERIES

expiated by three quarters of a century of punishment.

The details of this story have no doubt been coloured, but there is a foundation in fact. The man in question did tie a servant to a rope, to make her return to his home, from which she had escaped; but he tied the other end of the rope to his own body and was himself dragged to the ground when the horse ran away. He gave himself up to the authorities, who, it is said, acquitted him and let him go free.

The history of Catskill has shown an industrial decline during some years of the past century. The town had a great deal of trade, particularly with Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania, but the building of the Erie Canal and the establishment of the railroads upon the opposite sides of the river served successively to rob it of its advantages of position for trade.

Back of Catskill village, a dozen or more miles away, rise the most impressive peaks on the outer wall of the mountain range that gives it its name. Not as lofty as many of the famous chains that are celebrated by travellers, the Catskills have a rare beauty of their own and are fully worthy of the admiration of the artist or the poet. Irving says:

Of all the scenery of the Hudson, the Kaatskill Mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination. Never shall I forget the effect upon me of the first view of them predominating over a wide extent of country, part wild, woody, and

rugged; part softened away into all the graces of cultivation. As we slowly floated along, I lay on the deck and watched them through a long summer's day; undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere; sometimes seeming to approach, at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance, now burnished by the setting sun, until, in the evening, they printed themselves against the glowing sky in the deep purple of an Italian landscape:

As Kingston cherishes in her hall of fame the name of John Vanderlyn, artist, so Catskill points with pride to Thomas Cole, who, though of English birth, yet for many years, and indeed to the close of his life, lived and worked near that place. He is best known by the *Voyage of Life*, which at the time of its exhibition was considered, perhaps, the most remarkable painting produced in America. Cole had a deeply reverent spirit, evinced no less in the works of his brush than in the poems by which he loved to express his strong appreciation of nature,

Slowly unfolding to the enraptured gaze
Her thousand charms.

Here we may go aside for a short excursion into those enchanted hills where dwelt the old squaw who "made the new moons, and cut up the old ones into stars." Her factory for making clouds is still in operation as she sends them off, "flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers," or "black thunder-storms and drenching rains, to swell the streams and sweep everything away."

In the days of William Kieft, Governor of New

Amsterdam, he, in company with Adrian Vander Donck and others, met the chiefs of the Mohawks in conference and noticed the metallic lustre of certain pigments used by the savages in personal adornment. They procured some of this metal and Johannes de la Montague put it in a crucible. When assayed it produced gold, to the great delight of the Governor and his friends, who managed, upon the arrangement of peace, to send an expedition in search of the source of treasure. The result of the expedition was a bucketful of ore that yielded pleasing results when put to the crucible's test. The rest of the story may be told in Irving's words:

William Kieft now dispatched a confidential agent, one Arent Corsen, to convey a sackful of the precious ore to Holland. Corsen embarked at New Haven in a British vessel bound to England, whence he was to cross to Rotterdam. The ship set sail about Christmas, but never reached port. All on board perished.

In 1647, when the redoubtable Petrus Stuyvesant took command of the New Netherlands, William Kieft embarked on his return to Holland, provided with further specimens of the Catskill Mountain ore, from which he doubtless indulged golden anticipations. A similar fate attended him with that which had befallen his agent. The ship in which he had embarked was cast away, and he and his treasure were swallowed up in the waves.

Here closes the golden legend of the Catskills, but another one of a similar import succeeds. In 1679, about two years after the shipwreck of Wilhelmus Kieft, there was again a rumour of the precious metals in these mountains. Mynheer Brant Arent Van Slechtenhorst, agent of the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck, had purchased, in behalf of the Patroon, a tract of the Catskill lands, and leased it out in farms. A Dutch lass, in the household of one of the farmers, found one day a glittering substance, which,

on being examined, was pronounced silver ore. Brant Van Slechtenhorst forthwith sent his son from Rensselaerswyck to explore the mountains in quest of the supposed mines. The young man put up in the farmer's house, which had recently been erected on the margin of a mountain stream. Scarcely was he housed when a furious storm burst forth on the mountains. The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, the rain came down in cataracts; the stream was suddenly swollen to a furious torrent thirty feet deep; the farmhouse and all its contents were swept away, and it was only by dint of excellent swimming that young Slechtenhorst saved his own life and the lives of his horses. Shortly after this a feud broke out between Peter Stuyvesant and the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck, on account of the right and title to the Catskill Mountains, in the course of which the elder Slechtenhorst was taken captive by the potentate of the New Netherlands, and thrown into prison at New Amsterdam.

We have met with no record of any further attempt to get at the treasures of the Catskills. Adventurers may have been discouraged by the ill-luck which appeared to attend all who meddled with them, as if they were under the guardian keep of the same spirits or goblins who once haunted the mountains and ruled over the weather. That gold and silver ore was actually procured from these mountains in days of yore we have historical evidence to prove; and the recorded word of Adrian Van der Donk, a man of weight, who was an eye-witness. If gold and silver were once to be found there, they must be there at present. It remains to be seen, in these gold-hunting days, whether the quest will be renewed; and some daring adventurer, with a true Californian spirit, will penetrate the mysteries of these mountains, and open a golden region on the borders of the Hudson.

Chapter XXX

Nantucket Quakers and Dutch Fighters

TO celebrate the city of Hudson, judicial seat of Columbia County, requires the pen of Knickerbocker. To the modern mind its reason for being seems as deliciously absurd as anything in the inconsequent adventures of Alice in Wonderland.

A little company of sturdy New England men, from Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and Providence, decided in 1784 that they would found a city. The humour of the proposition lay in the fact that, being mighty in the handling of the harpoon and seasoned with the salt of many seas, they proposed to establish, one hundred and fifteen miles inland from New York, a city devoted to whaling and kindred industries.

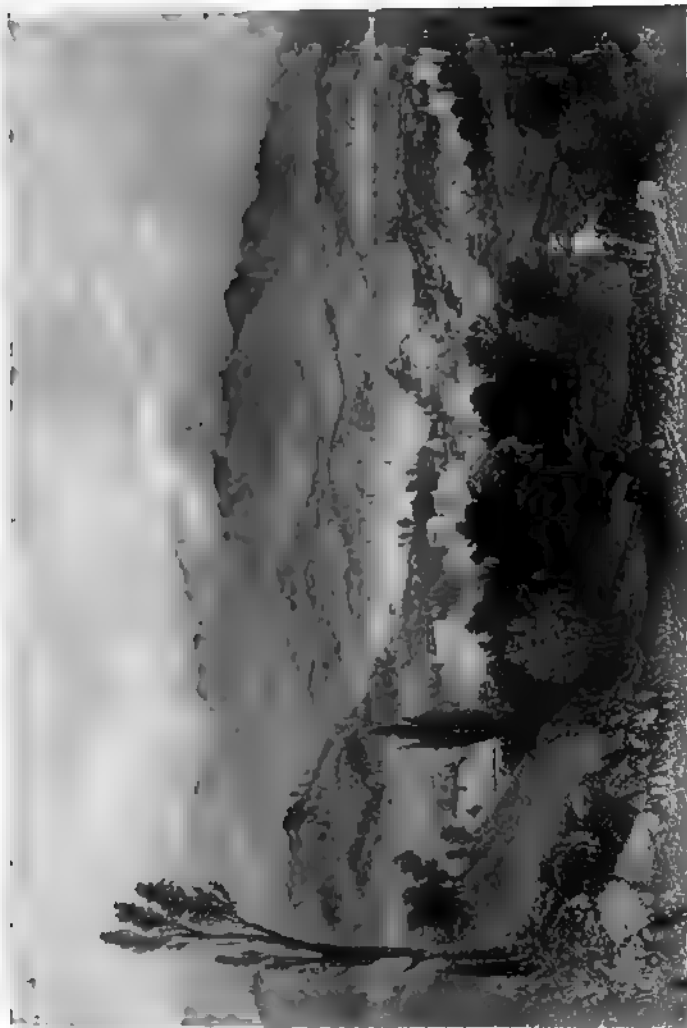
There is no suggestion that these grave humourists ever dreamed of finding whales in the Hudson, though there is a tradition that one mighty cetacean went in search of his ancient antagonists, or for some other reason ascended the waters of the river till he stranded on the Hudson Flats, to the great consternation of the regular navigators from Cocksackie to Saugerties.

There is one strong argument to advance in favour

of the sanity of the proprietors of Hudson. Their plan succeeded. From old Claverack Landing, as the place was at first known, whalers were dispatched and returned reeking with unsavoury sperm. Other vessels brought their merchandise from the ends of the earth to this harbour, so secure against any wind that ever troubled the ocean.

A year after its settlement, Hudson was incorporated as a city. Its growth was phenomenal, only excelled, it is said, by that of Baltimore, and the proprietors waxed wealthy. For the large region of Columbia County it became at once the distributing centre for all manner of merchandise, and after a while manufactures were established and prospered. The names of the proprietors were all familiar along the southern Massachusetts shore. Their leader was Thomas Jenkins of Nantucket; while Marshal Jenkins of Martha's Vineyard, with others of the same surname, appear prominently in early records. Biblical names seemed to abound in the family of Thomas. We find Seth, Lemuel, and Benjamin in the second generation; the first named figuring as mayor. Marshal Jenkins was the grandfather of Major-General William Jenkins Worth, whose feats of arms in Mexico made him a popular hero and whose dust reposes under the granite monument erected to him on Fifth Avenue, New York.

In speculating upon the motives which induced the "thirty New Englanders, mostly Quakers," to choose



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(From an old print)

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this site for their city, it is difficult to believe that mere prudence or a commercial spirit impelled them. It is true that after the troublesome experiences of the war, when their vessels had been captured and destroyed and their liberties menaced by the British enemy, they must have experienced great satisfaction in finding so safe a retreat; but it is also to be believed that to eyes accustomed to the unmitigated sand and unrelieved levels of Cape Cod, the green and fertile billows of the landscape that lies between the river and the "Katzbergs" must have been like a vision of Paradise.

Hudson has attracted several artists of repute—indeed, has been the birthplace of more than one of the school that it was the fashion a few years ago to refer to slightly as "Hudson River." Church and Gifford lead the list of those who have been honoured among American painters.

The first steamboat owned in Hudson was the *Legislature*, built elsewhere, but purchased by a Hudson firm in 1828 for towing purposes. Before that date all of the traffic had depended upon sail propulsion. One can hardly realise to-day how considerable that trade was; for while Hudson is still a place of many factories and some business activity, it no longer holds the prominent rank it once did among the river towns.

Claverack Creek enters the river a short distance north of the old city. Its name is derived from *Klauver Rack*, which is the Dutch for Clover Reach. Athens, a thriving little town that was first named Lunenberg and

afterwards Esperanza, is opposite Hudson connected by ferry to its more opulent *vis-à-vis*.

The high hill to the south of Hudson is Mount Pleasant, and nearer at hand, within the city, Prospect Hill affords an outlook that embraces at once the Hudson River, the Green Mountains, the Luzerne range, and the Catskill Highlands. The whole neighbourhood of the maritime city of the inland waters is hilly and picturesque, while the quiet, tree-shaded streets are marked by a sedate New England air. The names in the directory are mainly those that are familiar since the founders brought with them energy, the conscience, and the thrift that mark the old town. There is to-day a conservatism that distinguishes the manners and public acts of the inland city of this pleasant city; it is, perhaps, a reminiscence of Quaker habits of thought and speech. We may conjecture how rudely this spirit must at first have been shocked by the unguarded humour of a century and a half ago the *Gazette* of 1840 published, in May, the following news item: "White was married to Betsie Harris on Tuesday, 1st. Who was brought sick on Wednesday, and died of three children on Thursday, who all died on Friday and were buried on Saturday." And still the authorities are uncertain whether this astonishment may be classed as a piece of reprehensible conduct or a dispensation of Providence. It will interest the student to learn that at such

period in its civic history, Hudson enjoyed the then rare distinction of publishing a *Gazette* devoted to local affairs.

A few miles south of Hudson, at Linlithgo, is the point where Hudson anchored the *Half-Moon*, and, upon the 17th of September, sent his boats exploring among the islands and shoals of the upper reaches. In an opposite direction is Kinderhook (*Kinder's Hoeck*), where the numerous progeny of the first settler so swarmed about the water's edge when the trading boats went by that the skippers could think of no more appropriate name than this. The present village is not on the river shore, but is reached from Stuyvesant landing. The Kinderhook Creek, a picturesque little stream, finds its way to the Hudson at Columbia-ville, about midway between Stuyvesant and the county seat.

At Kinderhook, in his country seat, Lindenwald, Martin Van Buren kept open house for his political friends. The house was built by Judge William P. Van Ness, the intimate associate of Aaron Burr and his second in the duel which resulted in the death of Alexander Hamilton. Washington Irving was a guest at Lindenwald during one period of which we have record, and not improbably at other times. He is said to have made there the acquaintance of the school-teacher, Jesse Merwin, who is credited with being the original of the character of Ichabod Crane in the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. Referring to this,

Mr. Harrold Van Santvoord, the author of *Halj Holidays*, wrote, in 1898:

After the *Sketch-Book* was published it was feared that the caricature of Ichabod Crane would occasion strained relations between the honest schoolmaster and his friend. It was in a spirit of playful humour, such as that in which Butler burlesqued his host, Sir Samuel Luke, that Irving caricatured Jesse Merwin, and the pedagogue seemed to enjoy the grotesque humour of the portraiture as much as the author himself. In proof of his affection he named one of his sons after his early friend, who is still living, a prosperous farmer in Illinois. The remains of Merwin repose in the village cemetery, not far from the burial plot of Martin Van Buren. A few years ago the plain slab with its simple inscription, at the head of the grave, was replaced by a neat monument, and residents of the village take pride in exhibiting to strangers the grave of Ichabod Crane.

Coxsackie station, on the east side of the river, communicates by ferry with the village of that name upon the opposite bank. The Iroquois Indians called that part of the shore by the descriptive name of Cut Banks (*Kuxakee*), because along there the current made a marked depression. The older portion of the town lies well back from the water, having been built along the line of the post-road.

Schodack means a place of fire, or fire-plain. Before there was any settlement at this point the site was so called because there was the ancient place for the council fires of the Mohegans. Opposite Schodack are the considerable towns of New Baltimore and Coeymans.

One of the most attractive of rural towns is Castleton, a place of pleasant houses and shaded streets, of

thrifty gardens and trim orchards, with its main thoroughfare running nearly parallel with the river, but a short distance away. Near by are those cliffs where the eternal fires of the redskins burned, and where ruled chief Aepgin, who sold his land, "from Beerin Island to Smack's Island," to the representative of the Patroon Van Rensselaer.

Beerin, Bearn, or Bear Island, as it has been variously called, is a little above Castleton and near the west bank of the stream. It is from various causes one of the best known of the many islands that diversify the river from Coxsackie north to the head of navigation. It enjoys the distinction of being the birthplace of the first white child born to any of the early settlers upon the Hudson, and was also the fortified place that was so great a bone of contention between the powers of the lower and those of the upper river.

Irving, in one of his maddest moods, with a refreshing disregard for historical accuracy, told the story of Bearn Island, "showing the rise of the great Van Rensselaer dynasty and the first seeds of the Helderberg war." Regardless of the fact that the first Van Rensselaer is not known to have visited in person his lordly estate in the New World, the author of *Knickerbocker* describes his coming and appearance. It was in the time of Walter the Doubter:

Now so it happened that one day as that most dubious of governors and his burgermeesters were smoking and pondering over the affairs of the province, they were roused by the report

of a cannon. Sallying forth, they beheld a **strange vessel** at anchor in the bay. It was unquestionably of **Dutch build**, broad-bottomed and high pooped, and bore the **flag of their High Mightinesses** at the mast-head.

After a while a boat put off for land, and a **stranger** stepped on shore, a lofty, lordly kind of man, tall and dry, with a meagre face, furnished with huge moustaches. He was clad in **Flemish doublet and hose**, and an insufferably tall hat, with a **cocktail feather**. Such was the patroon Killian Van Renselaer, who had come out from Holland to found a colony or patroonship on a great tract of wild land, granted to him by their **High Mightinesses**, the **Lords States General**, in the upper regions of the Hudson.

Killian Van Rensselaer was a nine days' wonder in New Amsterdam; for he carried a high head, looked down upon the portly, short-legged burgomasters, and owned no allegiance to the governor himself; boasting that he held his patroonship directly from the **Lords States General**.

He did not tarry long (in the little city that he actually never visited, and where he would have disdained to beat up recruits for his colony, which the reader knows actually antedated that of New Amsterdam), but pushed on up the river, from whence reports of his doings were brought to the ears of the jealous Governor.

At length tidings came that the patroon of Rensselaerswyk had extended his usurpations along the river, beyond the limits granted him by their High Mightinesses: that he had even seized upon a rocky island in the Hudson, commonly known by the name of Bearn or Bear's Island, where he was erecting a fortress to be called by the lofty name of Rensselaerstein.

Wouter Van Twiller was roused by this intelligence. After consulting with his burgomasters, he dispatched a letter to the patroon of Rensselaerswyk, demanding by what right he had seized upon this island, which lay beyond the bounds of his patroonship. The answer of Killian Van Rensselaer was in his own

lordly style, "*By wapen recht!*" that is to say, by the right of arms, or, in common parlance, by club-law. This answer plunged the worthy Wouter into one of the deepest doubts he encountered in the whole course of his administration; but while he doubted, the lordly Killian went on to complete his sturdy little castellum of Rensselaerstein. This done, he garrisoned it with a number of his tenants from the Helderberg, a mountain region, famous for the hardest heads and hardest fists in the province. Nicholas Koorn, his faithful squire, accustomed to strut at his heels, wear his cast-off clothes, and imitate his lofty bearing, was established in this post as wacht meester. His duty it was to keep an eye on the river, and oblige every vessel that passed, unless on the service of their High Mightinesses, the Lords States General of Holland, to strike its flag, lower its peak, and pay toll to the lord of Rensselaerstein.

William Kieft—"William the Testy"—succeeded Walter the Doubter, and still the affair of Bearn Island was unsettled, that is to say, unsettled to any liking but that of the patroon. The irritable soul of the Governor, we are informed, winced at the very name of Rensselaerstein.

Now it came to pass, that on a fine sunny day the Company's yacht, the *Half-Moon*, having been on one of its stated visits to Fort Aurania, was quietly tiding it down the Hudson; the commander, Govert Lockerman, a veteran Dutch skipper of few words but great bottom, was seated on the high poop, quietly smoking his pipe, under the shadow of the proud flag of Orange, when, on arriving abreast of Bearn Island, he was saluted by a stentorian voice from the shore, "Lower thy flag, and be d——d to thee!"

Govert Lockerman, without taking his pipe out of his mouth, turned up his eye from under his broad-brimmed hat to see who hailed him thus discourteously. There, on the ramparts of the fort, stood Nicholas Koorn, armed to the teeth, flourishing a

brass-hilted sword, while a steeple-crowned hat and cock's-feather, formerly worn by Killian Van Rensselaer himself, gave an inexpressible loftiness to his demeanour.

Govert Lockerman eyed the warrior from top to toe, but was not to be dismayed. Taking the pipe slowly out of his mouth, "To whom should I lower my flag?" demanded he.

"To the high and mighty Killian Van Rensselaer, the lord of Rensselaerstein!" was the reply.

"I lower it to none but the Prince of Orange, and my masters the Lords States General." So saying he resumed his pipe, and smoked with an air of dogged determination.

Bang! went a gun from the fortress; the ball cut both sail and rigging. Govert Lockerman said nothing, but smoked the more doggedly.

Bang! went another gun, the shot whistling close astern.

"Fire and be d——d," cried Govert Lockerman, cramming a new charge of tobacco in his pipe and smoking with still increasing vehemence.

Bang! went a third gun. The shot passed over his head, tearing a hole in the "princely flag of Orange." This was the hardest trial of all for the pride and patience of Govert Lockerman: he maintained a smothered, though swelling silence, but his smothered rage might be perceived by the short, vehement puffs of smoke he emitted from his pipe as he slowly floated out of shot and out of sight of Bearn Island. In fact, he never gave vent to his passion until he got fairly among the Highlands of the Hudson; when he let fly a whole volley of Dutch oaths, which are said to linger to this very day among the echoes of the Dunderberg, and to give particular effect to the thunderstorms in that neighbourhood.

How William the Testy took the news of this outrage, how he sent Lockerman back on a mission that failed because the honest envoy could not understand certain cabalistic signs made by the commander of the fort (which consisted of waving all the fingers of the right hand, the while the thumb pointed to the nose),

and how the whole quarrel finally simmered down and died out, are told in the same racy fashion, and the narrative is altogether more vivid and more easy to remember and believe than many a sober page of history.

The sober page of history relates that the Dutch built their first fort on the Hudson in 1614 upon an island at the mouth of Norman's Kill, and named the island Kasteel, or Castle, from which Castleton derives its name. An actual altercation between the Director at New Amsterdam and the patroon's agent at Rensselaerswyck furnished the basis for Irving's lively sketch.

The low bar that for many years impeded navigation in the neighbourhood of Castleton, together with numerous other flats and obstructions, led to the construction, by the Government, in 1868, of dykes to protect the channel, which has been deepened by dredging as far as the State dam at Troy.

Near Castleton flows the delightful stream known as Mourdener's Kill, or Creek. Its legend is a dreadful story of Indian cruelty. A girl, captured by the savages, was tied by them to a horse, that was then lashed into frenzy and dashed away, dragging the victim till life had long been extinct.

Chapter XXXI

An Old Dutch Town

LEAVING out of our reckoning the Frenchmen who are supposed to have built a "castle" on the site about the year 1540, Albany is one of the oldest settlements made by white men in America. Its only rivals in age are Jamestown and one or two of the Spanish towns of the far south. The genesis of its history will be found in the little trading station called Fort Orange, which was established in 1614. The hardiness of the pioneers who gained this foothold in the remote wilderness may only be estimated when we recall the fact that the nearest neighbours of their own blood were more than three thousand miles distant and that the ocean lay between.

The story of the tenure of that outpost may best be told in the words of a petition

of the Patroon and Co-directors of the Colonie called Rensselaers-Wyck, situate along the North river in New Netherland, to the effect that the Freedoms which were granted to whomsoever should plant any Colonies in New Netherland being drawn up and made public in print in the year 1630, by the Assembly of the Nineteen of the Incorporated West India Company; Kiliaen



WINTER TWILIGHT NEAR ALBANY
(From painting by G. A. Boughden, in Lenox Library. By permission)

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van Rensselaer did, in the same year 1630, purchase from the owners and proprietors, and them paid for a certain parcel of land, extending up the river South and North off from Fort Orange unto a little besouth of Moeneminnes Castle; and the land called Semesseeck lying on the East bank opposite Castle Island, up unto the aforesaid fort. Item, from Petanoch the millstream North unto Negagonse, in extent about three leagues, with all the timber, appendices and dependencies thereof. And, accordingly, being entered into possession of said lands, he had there, at his great cost, established a considerable Colonie and from time to time so improved it that a village or hamlet was founded there, first called de Fuyck, afterwards Beverswyck and now Willemstadt, whereabouts the aforesaid Fort Orange was formerly built. That said Rensselaer and afterwards the Petitioners, had also exercised there High, Middle and Low Jurisdiction, and accordingly appointed the necessary officers and Magistrates and enjoyed all the Freedoms, Rights and Privileges which were granted by said Company and you, High and Mighty, to him Rensselaer and other Patroons of Colonies; that afterwards, the aforementioned West India Company's Director had indeed disquieted the Petitioners in the possession of the aforesaid hamlet or village, leaving in the meanwhile the Petitioners only in the possession of the remainder of their aforesaid Colonie.

That in the year 1664, New Netherland and consequently the Colonie aforesaid fell and remained in the hands of his Majesty the King of Great Britain, when the name of Albany was given to the aforesaid Fort Orange which is situate in the Petitioners' aforesaid Colonie Rensselaerswyck, with said Colonie and other lands lying thereabout, until they were again recovered by their High Mightinesses' glorious arms.

The first patroon of Rensselaerswyck has been the William the Conqueror of Dutch New York. All ancient families trace their descent from him, and poor indeed is the upstart who cannot claim him for an ancestor.

In the days when that "great, armed, mercantile monopoly," as Mrs. Lamb called the West India Company, was exploring and exploiting distant countries, was making alliances with something of the assumption of independent sovereignty, and commissioning its admirals for foreign conquest, a member of its governing body, one of the all-powerful Nineteen, was Kiliaen Van Rensselaer.

He was a pearl merchant, wealthy and well born, who sent over several of his own ships with agents to select territory for him. Three tracts of land were chosen, one in Delaware, one in New Jersey (at Pavonia), and the third in the immediate neighbourhood of Fort Orange.


The last-named tract became in time the site of several thriving cities and villages, among which Albany, Troy, and Lansingburg are the most important. Under the act of 1629, styled a "Charter of Freedoms and exemptions," Van Rensselaer secured his title as patroon and proceeded to send colonists to settle his land. Previous to that time the settlers had been traders, but not colonists.

The early history of Beverwyck, or Albany, does not furnish us with any of the thrilling stories of Indian cruelty and Dutch retaliation that we read in the chronicles of New Amsterdam. While the settlers near the mouth of the river suffered from the arrow and the tomahawk, their brethren a hundred and forty miles to the north were serenely planting, building, and rais-

ing families. The scriptural injunction to be fruitful and multiply was not neglected, and as every child was expected to set out a sapling to mark its birthday, in course of time the town became a vernal bower.

There was something very modern in the way that Van Rensselaer built up his domain. While other colonies were either maintaining an apathetic silence or else complaining bitterly of the hardships of their lot and the difficulty of sustaining life without aid from the company or government that planted them, the long reports of the great advantages and rich fertility of Rensselaerswyck stirred the imagination of many a seventeenth-century Boer. Other ships might bring provisions and encouragement for those already on the ground, but those of our patroon brought colonists, with implements for the farm, the forest, and the mill. The documents that have been preserved would put to shame most modern advertisers.

Of course, the growth of the up-river colony could not be effected without rousing the jealous opposition of the Company's director at New Amsterdam. The patroon's director, Van Slechtenhorst, if he did not exceed the original patent, at least stretched it to its uttermost limit. The fortification of Bearn Island, undertaken with a view to controlling the commerce of the river, called forth a most energetic protest from Stuyvesant. With singleness of purpose he gave his undivided attention to reducing this "government within a government," and finally succeeded in tem-



porarily separating the village of Beverwyck from the manor of Rensselaerswyck. But though the Company had backed the Governor in his action, the States-General, before whom the matter was finally brought, decided that Fort Orange stood within the limits of the patroon's estate, while the corporation did not own a foot of land in that part of the country.

The second patroon, also a non-resident, was Johannes Van Rensselaer, whose half-brother, Jan Baptist, succeeded Van Slechtenhorst as agent. Johannes visited his possessions on one or two occasions, but returned to Holland. It was not till the third proprietor of this princely estate came to his own that the people of Rensselaerswyck enjoyed the novelty of having their landlord make his home among them.

There is not space to go into the genealogical records of this great family, or to note the marriages by which it became allied with all of the leading men of the colony. The Van Cortlandts, Schuylers, Livingstons, Nicollses, Wattses, and others were thus connected, and formed an aristocracy about which cluster the traditions of a day that is dead. Writing of the pomp and circumstance attending the movements of the Van Rensselaer chief, Mrs. Lamb, the historian, says:

To many of the present generation a simple sketch of the style of life of these old feudal chieftains would read like a veritable romance. Upon the Van Rensselaer manor there were at one period several thousand tenants, and their gatherings were similar to those of the old Scottish clans. When a lord of the manor died, these people swarmed about the manor-house to do honour

at the funeral. They regarded the head of the family with reverence, a feeling shared by the whole country. The manor-house was well peopled with negro slaves. The manor always had its representative in the assembly; and whenever it was announced in New York that the patroon was coming to the city by land, the day he was expected crowds would turn out to see him drive through Broadway with his coach and four as if he were a prince of the blood. An actual glimpse of the Van Rensselaer estate, in its old-time grandeur, would unfold as much to astonish the progressive New Yorkers of to-day as the patroons of colonial memory would be lost in wonder and amazement could they but be with us long enough to cross the Brooklyn Bridge!

The great Van Rensselaer manor-house, long considered the most palatial dwelling in the New World, and noted for the princely character of its entertainments, was built by Stephen, the fourth patroon. His wife was Catherine, the daughter of Philip Livingston, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Their son, born in New York City, was the fifth and last patroon, known in later life as General Stephen Van Rensselaer. He was not only a lordly gentleman, living according to all the traditions of his house, but was also a thorough republican, enlisted heart and soul in the cause of American liberty. No man in the country staked more for conscience sake than he, for he willingly relinquished the power and pomp that had been the vital atmosphere of his house for generations, to accept the doctrine of the equality of man.

During the War of 1812 the last patroon received at the hands of Governor Tompkins, his political

adversary, a commission to command a large body of militia. He stipulated that his assistant in command should be Solomon Van Rensselaer, the son of his uncle Kilian, and at that time Adjutant-General of the State. This Solomon had proved himself upon several occasions to be a brave and dashing soldier; but the most entertaining of all the stories told of his adventures is the one that describes his marriage to his cousin, Harriet Van Rensselaer.

For some reason, long forgotten, the prospective bridegroom had failed to win the favour of his aunt, the young lady's mother, who emphatically refused her consent to the marriage. She was not one whose will was lightly disregarded in her household. Mistress Harriet, we may well believe, was in despair and would, no doubt, have wept her pretty eyes out if she had not received secret comfort and encouragement from her father, who was proud of his handsome and valiant nephew, and promised to assist the lovers in spite of maternal opposition.

Having formed this insurrectionary resolve, but doubting, evidently, his ability to cope openly with a power to which he was no stranger, Van Rensselaer set about accomplishing his purpose without unnecessary publicity. One autumn day, while Madame his wife was enjoying her after-dinner nap in the library, he gathered the young people and their witnesses in an adjoining room and smuggled in the minister to marry them. The deep and regular respirations from the

library were an immediate assurance of safety, so without delay or noise the vows were made and the customary blessing pronounced. But just as the knot was firmly tied and the arch-conspirator was gleefully shaking hands with the domine, while the bride, half frightened, was clinging to the bridegroom and receiving the



VAN RENSSELAER MANOR-HOUSE, 1765

congratulations of the witnesses, the sounds from the library suddenly ceased. Madame Van Rensselaer was waking. It is not difficult to be brave before or after a crisis. The thing that is really hard is to display moral heroism at the very moment of surprise or danger. If Van Rensselaer had had time to consider this he would, no doubt, have stayed and faced the situation, but as it was, no one paused to consider. Out of a back window they fled, the bride and the bridegroom, the witnesses and the domine—even Van Rensselaer

père himself. In a panic they escaped, like boys from an orchard when they hear the gardener coming, and never halted till they were out of sight from that side of the house; then the domine tried to look dignified again, the witnesses smoothed down their ruffled plumage, the uncle slapped his nephew and new-made son-in-law on the back and swore that never had there been such a wedding in Albany before, while the bride did not know whether to laugh or cry.

The generations of the Van Rensselaers have lured us on, to the neglect of the little city that was incorporated in 1686, after the claims laid by the patroon had been finally settled by formal sale of his feudal rights to Governor Dongan. Philip Schuyler, the head of another ancient family, was the first mayor of the future capital of New York. Under the Dongan charter the limits of the city were included in an area of one mile upon the river and three and a half miles westward. It was not only the centre of social life and the metropolis of trade, but also the home of religious authority. When the Dutch church was organised there in 1640, it was the only one on the northern part of the river that had a regular ministry, and until after 1700 there was no settled domine north of Esopus except the pastors at Albany and Schenectady.

The early ministers at Albany were Domines Megapolensis, Schaats, Dellijs, Lydius, Van Driessen, Van Schie, Frelinghuysen, Westerloo, and Johnson. Megapolensis, "the pious and well learned," was the first

domine located in Albany. He arrived in 1642, and the church that was erected for his use stood back of the fort on what is still called Church Street. The use of this building was discontinued in 1656, when the congregation moved to another edifice, occupying the intersection of State Street and Broadway. This house was occupied till 1806, when it was torn down, its bells, furniture, and some of the materials being used in a new edifice.

Early in the eighteenth century the Dutch church owned all of the city west of Broadway and south of Beaver Street. It was then and for long afterwards known as the Pasture; indeed, the name is not unheard to-day, even as the leather district in Manhattan is still called the Swamp. The streets that intersect the Pasture bear the names of the old Dutch domines, Westerloo, Lydius, etc.

When one stands upon some eminence—as the tower of the Capitol—and looks out over the city at its numerous churches and imposing cathedrals, he wonders whether Domine Megapolensis would be able to discover amid all those labyrinths of brick and stone the place where he expounded in Low Dutch the principles of Calvinism to a congregation of hardy pioneers.

The houses of the olden time, a few of which have been spared for the instruction of the present generation, were part dwelling, part store; for the founders of our proudest families were never ashamed of the means by which they won their wealth, and it was

customary for a merchant to couple under one roof his residence and place of business. The lofts were then commonly storehouses, and furs formed the largest and most valuable portion of their contents. Let us see who these men of strong character and abundant common-sense were in the old days, when honest men were not afraid or ashamed to be "in trade." A list of the freeholders of Albany for the year 1701 includes the names of Philip and David Schuyler, Wessel Ten Broeck, Albert Rijckman, Gerrit Teunise, Johannes Glen, Harmensen, Robert Livingston, Henry Van Dyke, Van Ness, Van Slyk, Van Epps, Van Allen, Van Voorst, Philipse, and about two hundred and fifty others. It should be a matter for congratulation that back of the proudest aristocracy of New York we find "the nobility of labour, the long pedigree of toil." Mrs. Grant, the "American Lady," whose memoirs are classic, says: "The very idea of being ashamed of anything that was neither vicious nor indecent never entered the head of an Albanian."

Theirs must have been an almost ideally peaceable life, neither too laborious nor given up to repose, but preserving always the happy medium. They cultivated their gardens—*paas bloomtjes* and cabbages, no doubt, cheek by jowl, like the parlour and the counting-house. The wilderness around Pearl and Jonkers and Handlers Streets blossomed with May roses and tulips, and the vernal procession swept up to the gates of winter, like an army with banners; though at the very

doors of the settlers the wolf, actual as well as metaphorical, was ready to howl when the snow began to fly, and the deer came from the forest to browse impartially upon tulips and cabbages, and any intermission in the daily fight against the encroaching wilderness meant a backsliding into original cussedness.

One fact should be recorded to the everlasting credit of the Albanians of a century and a half ago. They had a court-house, it is true,—a room upon the second floor of a house within the fort,—but Vander Donck, the first and at that time the only lawyer of the place, was not permitted to practice, *as there was no one to oppose him*. The *Schepen* heard and decided, without haste or delay, upon the few cases that were brought before him, ruling by a code as simple and effectual as that of Solomon.

From the pages of Dolph Heyliger we may borrow a vivid picture of the Albany of that day:

On their arrival at Albany, the sight of Dolph's companion seemed to cause universal satisfaction. Many were the greetings at the river-side, and the salutations in the streets; the dogs bounded before him; the boys whooped as he passed; everybody seemed to know Antony Vander Heyden. Dolph followed on in silence, admiring the neatness of this worthy burgh; for in those days Albany was in all its glory, and inhabited almost exclusively by the descendants of the original Dutch settlers, not having as yet been discovered and colonised by the restless people of New England. Everything was quiet and orderly; everything was conducted calmly and leisurely; no hurry, no bustle, no struggling and scrambling for existence. The grass grew about the unpaved streets, and relieved the eye by its refreshing verdure. Tall sycamores or pendent willows shaded

the houses, with caterpillars swinging, in long silken strings, from their branches; or moths, fluttering about like coxcombs, in joy at their gay transformation. The houses were built in the old Dutch style, with the gable-ends towards the street. The thrifty housewife was seated on a bench before her door, in close-crimped cap, bright-flowered gown, and white apron, busily employed in knitting. The husband smoked his pipe on the opposite bench; and the little pet negro girl, seated on the step at her mistress's feet, was industriously plying her needle. The swallows sported about the eaves, or skimmed along the streets, and brought back some rich booty for their clamorous young; and the little house-keeping wren flew in and out of a Liliputian house, or an old hat nailed against the wall. The cows were coming home, lowing through the streets, to be milked at their owner's door; and if, perchance, there were any loiterers, some negro urchin, with a long goad, was gently urging them homewards.

In Gorham A. Worth's *Recollections of Albany*, published first in 1849, there is a description of an old Albany house, that of Balthazar Lydius, who died about the beginning of the nineteenth century:

This old gentleman, if tradition may be relied upon, was something of a lion in his day. He was unusually tall, raw-boned, and of a most forbidding aspect—singular in his habits and eccentric in his character—but independent, honest, and gruff as a bear. He occupied, at the commencement of the present [nineteenth] century, the old and somewhat mysterious-looking mansion then standing at the southeast corner of North Pearl and State streets, and was, of course, *next door neighbour, in an easterly line, to the old elm tree on the corner*. Its position admitted *two* front gables, and two front gables it had; thus rivaling, if not excelling, in architectural dignity the celebrated mansion of the Vander Heyden family. One front rested on Pearl, the other on State. Each had its full complement of *outside* decorative adjuncts—namely, long spouts for the eaves, little benches at the door, iron figures on the wall, and a rooster on the gable head.

In a footnote the editor adds this precious bit of information regarding this house:

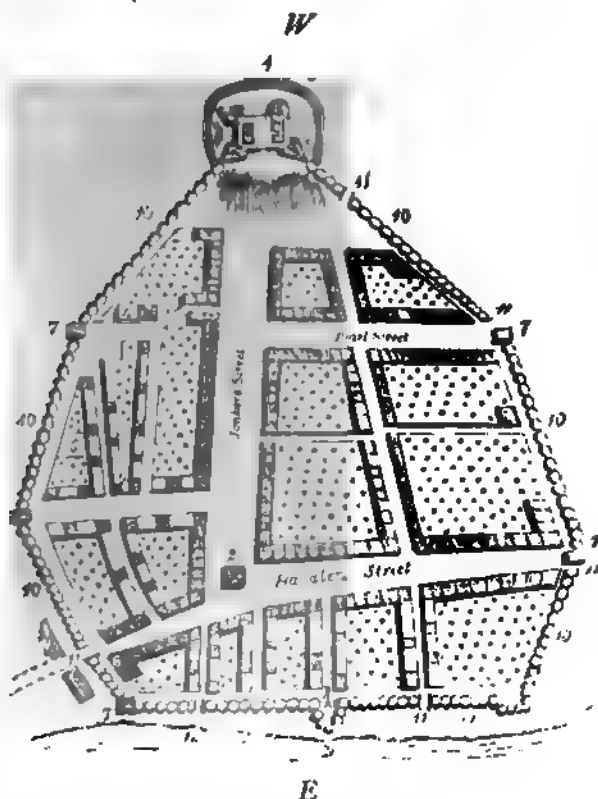
It is said to have been imported from Holland, bricks, wood-work, tiles, and ornamental irons, with which it was profusely adorned, expressly for the use of the Rev. Gideon Schaets, who came over in 1652. It is said that the materials arrived simultaneously with the pulpit and the old church bell in 1657. It is supposed to have been the oldest brick building in America at the time it was demolished in 1833 to make room for the present Apothecary's Hall. . . . The Pearl Street door is said to have been used only for the egress of the dead. The orgies of a Dutch funeral are fast receding from the memory of the living. Few remain who have witnessed them. The records of the church show the expenses of the funerals of church paupers two hundred years ago in rum, beer, tobacco, pipes, etc.

Mr. Worth mentions Lydius Street as having been named for the venerable gentleman he described, but the editor corrects him:

The street was named in honour of Rev. John Lydius (ancestor of Balthazar), who preached here from 1700 to 1709. It was the camp ground of the British armies in the French and Indian wars. The ancient church pasture, which came into the possession of the Dutch Church in 1668, was laid out into lots in 1791, and sold at auction. The streets were named after the domines or ministers of that church. Beginning with Lydius Street on the north, then Westerlo, Bassett, Nucella, and Johnson running parallel with it. Among those running north and south were Dellijs (pronounced Dallius and now so written), from Rev. Godfrey Dell, who came over in 1683; Frelinghuysen and Van Schee.

The reference to the "funeral orgies" of the Albanian Dutch is not fanciful. The *dood-fest*, or dead feast, was an established custom. Every burgher kept in his

cellar a cask of wine, spiced, for that particular occasion when, he having gone the way of all flesh, his friends and neighbours should assemble to sustain their



PLAN OF ALBANY, 1665

grief with feasting and drinking. The table was loaded with such delicacies as *oily-kocks*, *dood-kocks*, *rolletjes* and *bolletjes*, *hoojdkaas* and *worst*, with many another toothsome concoction, while wine and beer flowed plentifully. And the women, who occupied a separate

chamber from their men folk, sipped their burnt wine and discussed the viands and their neighbours. If any one went home sober from a *dood-fest* it was not considered a mark of special virtue.

But there were livelier festivals than those incident to the taking-off of honest and considerate burghers. Many an odd custom marked the keeping of such holidays as *Keestijd* (Christmas), *Nieuwjaarsdag*, *Paaschdag* (Easter), and *Pinxterfeest*. Christmas, to be sure, was not held in great esteem, for New Year's day was the occasion upon which St. Nicholas and his vrouw, Molly Grietje, visited the faithful.

About the fireplaces of the old Albany houses, on New Year's eve, the children stood a-row and sang the time-honoured verses:

Santa Klaus, goedt heilig man!
Knopyebest van Amsterdam,
Van Amsterdam aan Spanje,
Van Spanje aan Orange,
En brang deze kindjes eenige graps.

The old custom of making New Year's calls has continued down to our own day, dying hard after more than two centuries of use.

Pinxter was the negroes' festival, and celebrated by the slaves under the leadership of the "Pinxter King" with wildest mummeries. They paraded in grotesque costumes through the streets, varying their march with uncouth dances and accompanying them with their own songs. The last of these parades took place in 1822.

It is hard to get away from the thread of homely yet delightful life that winds in and out between the landmarks of Albany's history and the biographies of her many eminent men. We listen to the eloquence of Jay or Livingston, but with an ear open to catch the crooning of a cradle-song, somewhere within a gable-ended dwelling, over whose sanded floor some Schuyler, or Beekman, or Van Dyke has taken his first tottering steps in infancy.

How many a small morsel of Dutch humanity, nestling his flaxen poll on his mother's arm, has closed his blue eyes to the music of

Trip a trop a troontjes,
De varkens in de boontjes,
De koetjes in de klaver,
De paarden in de haver,
De eenjes in de waterplas,
De kalf in de lang gras,
So groot mijn kleine poppetje was.

Varkens are pigs; boontjes, as every one must know, is the Dutch equivalent for bean vines; and koetjes for cows. Klaver needs translation no more than lang gras, or kalf. Paarden are horses, eenjes, ducks; a haver is an oat-field; and, of course, a waterplas is a pond—and then, "So great my little poppet was," a conclusion illogical but dear. What a lullaby that was commencing:

Sleep, baby, sleep,
In the fields runs a sheep,
A sheep with four white feet.

Only the baby of Saugerties or Kingston or Albany would have ruminated over the broader vowels of

Slaap, kindje, slaap,
Daar buiten loopt een schaap;
Een schaap met vier witte voetjes.

To this day the English-speaking mother talks to her little one about his "footies." Is it possibly an echo of "voetjes"? But listen to the stamp and swagger and hustle that is compressed into four lines here:

Daar komt hij! Een snoeshaan geweldig gestampfen!
Een beest hij gebrullen! Een mansheeld gezwollen;
Een openlijk bloodard! Het maakt neen vershil;
Het ware Jan van Spanje zonder zijn bril.

To the industry of Mr. Benjamin Myer Brink, the historian of Saugerties, is due the collection of about thirty of the ballads and folk-songs of the Dutch forefathers of Hudson River folks from which we have borrowed the above verses and would gladly appropriate more if we had space. There are songs for nearly all the simple occasions of life,—some for the cradle, some for the churn-dasher, others for the social gathering. Catches, riddles, and homilies follow in all their quaint orthography. They should have a separate volume, with music and illuminations.

Old Albany was the fountain-head of the Knickerbocker race, though they who spell it in this corrupt way do but deny the original, which was Knickkerbakker; that is to say, a baker of *knickers*, or marbles. Some have claimed that *knicknacks*, such as *oily-koeks*,

doed-koeks, and *nieuwjaarskoeks*, rather than the trifling *knicker*, stood sponsor to that Dutchest of titles, and that the first Knickerbocker of eminence was Volckert Jan Pietersen Van Amsterdam, whose name was too long for even the patience of his neighbours, who shortened it to *Bass*—that is to say, *Boss*. If this etymology be correct, *Boss Knickerbakker Volckert Jan Pietersen Van Amsterdam* seems to be entitled to a monument or other memorial, broad enough to bear the full inscription of his name.

An ancient Albany tradition is that of the witch who visited his shop on New Year's eve and demanded of *Bass Jan* a dozen New Year's cookies. She threw a piece of wampum or seaweed on the counter, and watched the baker sharply as he counted out twelve of the cakes.

"Thirteen," she said. "I want thirteen: here are only twelve."

"You said a dozen and twelve are a dozen," shouted *Bass*.

"I tell you I want one more," screamed the hag.

Bass counted to the door, then to the Deputy and got the thirteenth. He pulled grumpy people in the line with him.

The witch went away, cursing the baker with her children, and her words were not empty ones. As she returned to the town that year *Bass* and his poor wife *Mattie* lived no more. For a year everything went wrong. The harvest failed, the neighbours fell

out, the trade fell off. It was a bad season and the rotund baker and his wife shrank perceptibly.

Then New Year's eve came again, and while Baas stood behind his counter and thought gloomily of his changed condition, suddenly the hag stood before him once more.

"I want a dozen New Year's cookies," she said.

One look Baas gave her, then silently counted out thirteen of the fragrant cakes.

"I see that you have learned your lesson," said the witch. "Remember then that henceforth thirteen shall be a baker's dozen, and all will prosper with you."

The idea that this transaction should be considered in any way typical of the union of the thirteen States that was to come is held by many Albanians to be naught but superstitious nonsense.

For very many years Albany was altogether a trading city. Its inhabitants took what measures they could to prevent the intrusion of aliens, and, in order to secure the cream of the traffic in peltries, the merchants sent runners into the wilderness to intercept Indians who might carry their goods to other markets. They owned a fleet of vessels, upon which all, or nearly all, of the carrying trade of the city was done. They have been charged with unfairness and craft in their dealings with the savages, but this animadversion seems to be abundantly refuted by the fact that the Indians were not only at peace but very friendly with the Albanians through the troubled years when other

colonists lived in daily terror of the torch and the tomahawk.

Money was scarce, and the use of seawant was legalised. Six white beads or three black ones were accepted as the equivalent of one penny (*stuyver*). A beaver-skin had also a recognised standard value in exchange, and beaver-skins were used in payment of debts, rents, etc.

Two of the principal streets of modern Albany, State Street and Broadway, were known in the English colonial time as King and Court Streets, and in Dutch days as Jonker (Young Gentleman) and Handelaer Streets. A part of Broadway used to be called North Market, and, still earlier, Brewers Street.

At first merchandise used to be conveyed to the vessels in skiffs and afterwards wharves were built for the convenience of shippers.

At the time of the Revolution three or four Albany men stand out prominently in national annals. Gansevoort, President of the Convention that adopted the first constitution of the State, lived in the old homestead of the Gansevoort family that stood upon the ground afterwards occupied by Stanwix Hall. Philip Schuyler, Philip Livingston, and George Clinton were the leaders of the party that secured New York State to the Union. The latter, as we have already noted, was not only the first Governor of the State, but was also an officer of ability and courage, whose service in the Continental army was of untold value. Philip Liv-

ington was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Philip Schuyler, the son of an old and honoured race, was a man not only of intense patriotism and splendid personal character, but of rare ability.

The great influence which General Schuyler possessed with the Indians, though often neutralised by the Johnsons, yet in a great measure pacified and kept in check the Mohawks during the Revolution. To him was given the task of watching Governor Tryon on the south, the British and Indian force under Colonel Guy Johnson at the west, and the enemy that menaced the northern frontier. He led the advance upon Quebec until forced by illness to resign his command to the unfortunate Montgomery. His was the labour of provisioning the posts upon Lake Champlain. In fact, there was hardly a man in the American army, with the exception of the Commander-in-chief, upon whom rested so many and varied responsibilities, and who could so combine skill, forethought, and energy with an almost boundless patience.

To meet the army of Burgoyne, which, in 1777, advanced from Canada to effect a union with Sir Henry Clinton, Schuyler used not only the means at hand, but pledged his private fortune for the equipment of his forces. He made the preparations that enabled Gates to win a signal victory over Burgoyne at Saratoga, yet retired without complaint and permitted one who constantly tried to undermine him to enjoy the honours of that victory.

Schuyler's property had been destroyed and his house at Schuylersville burned by Burgoyne, yet after the latter's fall, when he had been brought a prisoner to Albany, it was at the Schuyler house that he found entertainment for himself and his family; and it is said that the noble hospitality of his host moved him to



SCHUYLER MANSION, 1700

tears. Baroness Reidesel and Lady Harriet Ackland were among those who accompanied the vanquished British General, and the former has left on record an eulogium upon the character and generosity of her entertainer.

There have been three Schuyler houses that have lasted until the present day to puzzle the searcher after landmarks. The home of General Philip Schuyler has

been thus described by Frederic G. Mather in an article written for the *Magazine of American History* in 1884:

The Albany of the Revolution was still a stockaded city. To the northward were "the flats," to the southward were "the pastures," where the city herdsmen cared for the cattle and drove them home at night. At a distance of half a mile from the stockade, and just beyond the pastures, stood the mansion of General Schuyler. It was of honest brick throughout, and not, like most of the city houses, a wooden structure with a veneered front of bricks "brought from Holland." To-day the walls and the oaken window-sills show no reason why they might not last for centuries to come, unless the onward march of business shall demand the destruction of the relic. So long as it lasts, the Schuyler mansion stands as a link between the past and the present.

An effort to capture General Schuyler at his home was made at one time by a band of Tories and Indians, who surrounded the house and forced an entrance before the inmates could effect their escape. When the latter had reached the upper floor, Mrs. Schuyler discovered that her infant, Catherine, had been left in a room upon the lower floor and would have returned for it if the General had not forcibly detained her. The savages and their allies were now in the house, pillaging the dining-room of the rich plate it contained.

Unobserved in the turmoil, Margaret, one of General Schuyler's daughters, slipped away and rescued the infant, though she narrowly missed death from a tomahawk thrown by one of the Indians as she was ascending the stairs. A Tory, taking her for one of the servants, called out, "Wench, where is your master?"—

"Gone to alarm the town," was the ready answer. Schuyler, hearing this, acted upon the hint, and, putting his head out of a window, called as though to a large body of men, to surround the house and capture the rascals; upon which the invaders fled, but, unfortunately, took the plate with them.

Alexander Hamilton married Elizabeth Schuyler, and was counted by the General as one of his dearest friends. When Aaron Burr came first to practise in Albany he was befriended by Schuyler, to whom, through Hamilton, he was destined to deal one of the gravest blows he could endure.

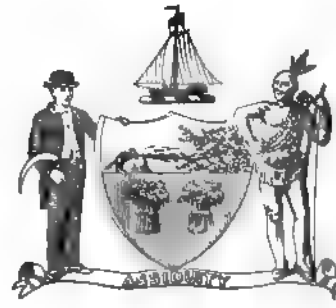
Among the chief of those interested in the construction of the great waterway which we moderns know as the Erie Canal, but which to the wiseacres and wits of that day was familiar as Clinton's Ditch, Schuyler made, in company with Clinton and one or two others, a long horseback journey over the course now followed by the canal.

The names of those that Albany delights to honour are legion. We have mentioned but a few of them, and those with a brevity for which the scope and variety of the subject-matter of this book must be the excuse.

After the Revolution, in 1797, Albany was made the permanent State capital of New York, and its importance from a political point of view drew to it many men of ability and reputation; but its growth in population was not rapid until after the advent of the steamboat and the completion of the Erie Canal, which has

its terminus at the northern end of the city. During the years 1797 and 1848 two wide-spread fires did a great deal of damage.

The city has four or five miles of water-front, and for several hundred feet back from the river the ground is low and nearly level, so that when the water rises by reason of an ice-dam or from some other cause, it frequently overflows the lower streets, and in former years wrought great havoc at times. There are still living those who can recall how, during one spring freshet, a schooner floated in from the river and was found, when the waters had subsided, high and dry on State Street.



SEAL OF ALBANY

As a curious anti-climax to the feudal system under which the people of Rensselaerwyk lived prior to the War for Independence, there occurred in the early half of the nineteenth century an agitation known as the anti-rent war, that stirred Albany and the surrounding country for many years.

This trouble was the result of a persistent effort on the part of the heirs of the Van Rensselaer estate to collect rents which they claimed as their due upon property formerly a part of that domain. The tenants as persistently resisted, denying the claim. When the sheriff and his posse attempted to enforce an order in

favour of the landlords a riot ensued. This experience was several times repeated, and the militia was called into service to quell what bid fair to be an insurrection. In many respects this trouble formed a parallel to those disturbances that have marked the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland. In a mock-heroic poem of ninety-three cantos, written after the style of *Hudibras*, and published anonymously in 1855, H. R. Schoolcraft apotheosised the heroes of the anti-rent war, and pictures, among other things, the tarring and feathering of the sheriff.

The anti-rent trouble was finally settled, in 1852, by the State, which issued titles in fee simple to those in actual possession of the disputed property.

Other feuds marked the middle period in Albany's history, the transition stage between a somewhat overgrown village and the city of a hundred thousand inhabitants. For instance, there was the great battle on State Street, in which the principal actors were John Tayler and General Solomon Van Rensselaer, a number of lesser combatants participating. The fray occurred in 1807, and was occasioned by some caustic resolutions presented at a Republican meeting and aimed at General Van Rensselaer and his fellow Federalists. Mr. Elisha Jenkins was the secretary of the meeting, and as he walked the next day on State Street the angry General overtook and caned him. Later in the day the Governor and the General met, almost in front of the former's house, and the civil officer took

the other severely to task for his assault upon Mr. Jenkins. In a moment the two irate partisans had squared off for an encounter in which every one within sight or hearing seems to have taken a hand. Dr. Cooper and Mr. Frank Bloodgood, both connections of the Governor, were in the thick of the fracas, the last-named dealing a blow from behind that completely felled Van Rensselaer. Even Tayler's daughter, Mrs. Cooper, was numbered among the combatants. When the opposing forces were at last separated, the parties began to think of legal redress for the hurts they had received, and a number of lawsuits was the outcome of the matter. It is interesting to note how impartially the arbitrators in the case—Simeon de Witt, James Kane, and John Van Schaick—distributed the damages for assault:

Jenkins against Van Rensselaer	\$2500
Van Rensselaer against Tayler	300
Van Rensselaer against Cooper	500
Van Rensselaer against Bloodgood	3700

From which it appears that the General, who commenced the affray, had his wounds salved to the extent of two thousand dollars, net.

A perpetual warfare was waged, something over half a century ago, between the juvenile portion of the community residing on the hill (Arbor Hill being particularly meant) and those who lived under the hill. They had no dealings with each other except for war-like encounters, and woe to any urchin who was found

alone by those of the opposing camp. How this deep and long-continued animosity commenced history does not relate, but many an old Albanian will recollect the encounters that took place between the "hillers" and their adversaries, and recall, perhaps, the names of leaders more famous in their generation than any Schuyler or Clinton who ever guided the councils of the State.

Mr. Gorham A. Worth, already quoted in this chapter, has given a list of the men who seemed to him most prominent in the city at that time. They were George Clinton; John Tayler, who was Lieutenant-Governor of the State and acting in Governor Tompkins's place after the latter's election to the Vice-Presidency; Ambrose Spenser, Attorney-General and Judge of the Supreme Court; James Kent; Chancellor Lansing; Abraham Van Vechten; John V. Henry; John Woodworth; Thomas Tillotson, Secretary of State in 1801-07; Abraham G. Lansing; Elisha Jenkins, a merchant, of the Hudson family of that name; Edmond Charles Genet; and Solomon Southwick, editor of the *Albany Register*. This, it will be understood, is only a very partial list of the Albany celebrities of the time, yet it furnishes a clue to the character and standing of the men who constituted the better element of society at the State capital two generations ago.

We have spoken of the level strip of low land bordering the river for several miles. Back of this rise, almost abruptly, four hills, separated by ravines and

attaining a height of from two to three hundred feet. Prospect Hill is the highest of these. There are many narrow streets, paved as of old with cobblestones, to remind us of a former day; but there are also some noble thoroughfares, chief among them being State Street, which is accounted one of the broadest streets in the country, and was, until quite recently, only second to Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

The chief object that challenges the attention from State Street, and, indeed, the principal attraction of Albany to strangers, is, of course, the Capitol. Its architectural beauty and commanding position conspire to render it one of the most imposing buildings in the world. The effect of the steep approach is augmented by the pyramidal tiers of steps, up which a regiment might pass with unbroken ranks. The structure is of Maine granite, built in the style of the French renaissance, and is surmounted by a tower and dome, from which the eye may sweep over sixty miles of country to rest upon the blue profiles of the Catskills, or follow the windings of the river, or return to trace the streets that are spread like a map at our feet.

There is the City Hall, that was built in 1882, carrying in the spirit of its architectural design a suggestion of the Hollandish origin of the city. There are the two cathedrals—one to the north and the other southward—and numerous churches that testify to the religious sentiment still animating the descendants and successors of those who nodded to the preaching of Domine

Megapolensis. There are the four libraries, the numerous educational institutions, the Dudley Observatory that was opened with such a flourish of trumpets in 1856, the numerous houses of a public character, and the residences of prominent citizens of the past and the present. On the outskirts of the town hangs a cloud of smoke from its blast-furnaces and factories, and at its wharves are the great lumber yards that contribute to its industry.

The Capitol was commenced in 1881 and completed at a cost to the State of twenty-one million dollars, and is of such noble proportions that its mere bulk alone is impressive. The main structure is three hundred by four hundred feet on the floor plan, with walls that rise one hundred and eight feet from water-table to cornice. It contains chambers ample for all the departments and business of the government, besides housing the magnificent State Library, with its one hundred and fifty thousand volumes and its collection of priceless manuscripts and documents relative to the history of the State.

In these few notes upon the history and the legends of a fascinating old city we have hardly opened the subject. The records are so full and rich, the traditions so abundant and so varied, that it is with deep regret and the sense of a pleasant task left uncompleted that the chronicler closes this chapter.

Albany has, within comparatively a short time, taken a new start, and in public improvements and new

buildings, as well as in a marked increase in business, gives evidence of having commenced with the new century a new epoch in its life. Among the causes suggested for the rapid increase in population is an improved water supply. New life has been infused into a formerly inactive chamber of commerce, and whereas a few years ago business enterprise was in many quarters somewhat conspicuous by its absence, now there is evidence of more stirring activity. The first change in Albany's life occurred when the New England element came in and began to mingle with the Dutch and "the dogs began to bark in broken English." The second period ended with the appearance of the river steamboat; the third seems to have given place to a fourth, the cause or causes yet unknown.

Chapter XXXII

Above Tide-Water

TROY and the Trojans were primarily of New England origin, and this difference in blood has perhaps been the cause of not a little of the lack of affiliation between the city that rests on Mount Ida and Mount Olympus and its neighbour of Dutch descent, six miles to the south.



ALONG THE RIVER BELOW TROY

Troy is the capital of Rensselaer County, the head of tide-water in the Hudson, the site of the State dam and of various manufacturing concerns. It is a busy place and owes much of its prosperity to the Erie, Hudson, and Champlain canals. Its shipping is considerable, and, with the neighbouring towns of Cohoes, Lansingburg, etc., its population reaches about the figure at which the census fixes that of Albany.

Its first proprietor was one Vander Heyden, who re-

ceived it from the Patroon Van Rensselaer in 1720. About 1787 the site of the future city was laid out in town lots. At West Troy—or Watervliet—in 1813, the United States Government purchased ground upon which was established an arsenal, near the present east bank of the Erie Canal. Several widely known educational establishments add interest to a city that is not devoid of beauty, though lacking the charm of many a Hudson River town.

For many years the Poestenkill and Wynant's Kill, which enter the river at this place, have furnished a great deal of the water-power for the local mills. The largest of the Hudson's tributaries, the Mohawk, adds its volume to our river a few miles above Troy.

The course of the Hudson above tide-water may be briefly outlined here. Its north branch rises in Indian Pass, at the foot of Mount McIntyre, in the Adirondacks; and the east branch has its source in the lake called "Tear of the Clouds," above which rises Mount Tahawas, fifty-four hundred feet in height. The stream takes in, first, the Boreas River and the Schroon, and fifteen miles north of Saratoga receives the water of the Sacandaga. South of that the Battenkill is added to it, and, between the Battenkill and the Mohawk, the Walloomsac. It will be noticed that these streams, with two exceptions, have Indian names, and this recalls the prophecy of a dying chief, who, while chanting his death-song, surrounded by his enemies, foretold the disappearance of his race, but

promised that the streams should retain the Indian names, to keep his people in remembrance for ever.

In his admirable *Reminiscences of Saratoga*, Mr. William L. Stone quotes the "Interesting narrative of a visit to the 'High Rock Spring' in 1789, a little more than twenty years after Sir William Johnson's visit . . . taken down from the lips of Mrs. Dwight, by



LOOKING DOWN RIVER, NEAR TROY

her son, the Hon. Theodore Dwight." This account of the condition of Saratoga and the route thither is so graphic that our only apology in making the following excerpts is that we cannot quote it entire:

Our party originally consisted of five, three gentlemen and two ladies, who travelled with two gigs (then called chairs) and a saddle-horse.

From Hartford, where I resided, our party proceeded westward, and some idea of the fashions may be formed from the dress of one of the ladies, who wore a black beaver with a sugar-loaf crown eight or nine inches high, called a steeple-crown, wound round with black and red tassels. Habits having gone out of fashion, the dress was of London smoke broadcloth, buttoned down in front, and at the side with twenty-four gilt buttons, about the size of a half dollar. Large waists and stays were the fashion and the shoes were extremely sharp-toed and high-heeled, ornamented with large paste buckles at the instep.

. . . We hardly met any one on this part of the way, except an old man with a long, white beard, who looked like a palmer on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and his wife, who was as ugly as one of Shakespeare's old crones. . . . After three days we reached Hudson, where a gentleman who had come to attend a ball joined our party, sending a message home for clothes; and, although he did not receive them and had only his dancing dress, persisted in proceeding with us. He mounted his horse therefore in a suit of white broadcloth, with powdered hair, small clothes, and white silk stockings.

Could anything be more delightful than this instantaneous photograph of a beau of a hundred and thirteen years ago, whose abounding spirits and love of adventure were not to be held in check by such trifles as white broadcloth, powdered hair, and silk small-clothes? But to continue:

While at Hudson it was determined to go directly to Saratoga, the efficacy of the water being much celebrated as well as the curious round and hollow rock from which it flowed. Hudson was a flourishing village, although it had been settled but about seven years, by people from Nantucket and Rhode Island.

In the afternoon the prospect of a storm made us hasten our gait and we tarried over night at an old Dutch house, which, notwithstanding the uncouth aspect of a fireplace without jambs, was a welcome retreat from the weather. Early in the morning we proceeded and reached Albany at breakfast-time. The old Dutch church, with its pointed roof and great window of painted glass, stood at that time at the foot of State Street.

At Troy, where we took tea, there were only a dozen houses, the place having been settled only three years before by people from Killingworth, Saybrook, and other towns in Connecticut. Lansingburg was an older and more considerable town, containing more than a hundred houses, and inhabited principally by emigrants from the same State. The tavern was a very good one, but the inhabitants were so hospitable to our party that the

time was spent almost entirely in private houses. After a delay of two nights and a day we proceeded on our journey. Crossing the Hudson to Waterford by a ferry, we went back as far as the Mohawk to see the Cohoes falls, of which we had a fine view from the northern bank, riding along the brow of the precipice in going and returning.

On the road to the Mohawk we met a party of some of the most respectable citizens of Albany — among whom was the patroon Van Rensselaer—in a common country waggon without a cover, with straw under their feet and wooden chairs for seats. Two gentlemen on horseback, in their company, finding that we were going to Saratoga, offered to accompany us to the scene of the battle of Behm's Heights, and thither we proceeded after visiting Cohoes.

We dined in the house which was General Burgoyne's headquarters in 1777 and one of the females who attended us was there during the battle.

Mr. Stone, in a footnote, corrects this statement, averring that General Burgoyne's headquarters were "on high ground, the present [1875] farm of Mr. Wilbur." But the account of Mrs. Dwight is circumstantial.

She [the woman referred to] informed us of many particulars, and showed us a spot upon the floor, which was stained with the blood of General Frazer, who, she added, when brought in mortally wounded, was laid upon the very table at which we were seated. During the funeral, she also stated, the American troops, who had got into the rear of the British on the opposite side of the river, and had been firing over the house, on discovering the cause of the procession up the steep hill, where Frazer had requested to be interred, not only ceased firing, but played a dead march in complement to his memory.

On leaving the battleground for Saratoga Lake . . . the country we had to pass over, after leaving the Hudson, was very uninviting and almost uninhabited. The road lay through a



ON THE HUDSON ABOVE TROY
(From an old print)

forest and was formed of logs [The road cut by General Schuyler in 1783.] We travelled till late in the afternoon before we reached a house, to which we had been directed for our lodging. It stood in a solitary place in an opening of the dark forest, and had so comfortless an appearance that, without approaching to take a nearer view, or alighting, we determined to proceed farther. . . . One of the gentlemen rode up to take a nearer view. Standing up in his saddle, he peeped into a square hole which served as a window, but had no glass or shutter, and found the floor the bare earth, with scarcely any furniture to be seen. Nothing remained but to proceed and make our way to the Spring as fast as possible, for we knew of no human habitation nearer. We were for a time extremely dispirited, until the gentleman who had joined us at Hudson came forward (still in his ball dress) and endeavoured to encourage us, saying that if we would but trust to his guidance he doubted not that he should be able to conduct us safely and speedily to a more comfortable habitation. This raised our hopes, and we followed him cheerfully, though the day was now at its close and the forest seemed thicker and darker than before. When the last light had disappeared, and we found ourselves in the deepest gloom, our guide confessed that he had encouraged us to keep us from despair, and as to any knowledge of the road, he had never been there before in his life.

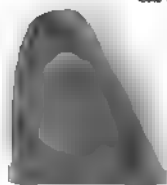
One would give much to have seen this cheerful "gentleman from Hudson" at that moment:

He . . . dismounted, tied his horse behind our chair, and taking the bridle of our own began to lead him on, groping his way as well as he was able, stepping into one mud hole after another, without regard to his silk stockings, sometimes up to his beauish knee buckles. At length one of the gentlemen declared that a sound which we had heard for some time at a distance could not be the howl of a wolf, but must be the barking of a wolf dog, and indicated that the habitation of his master was not very far off, proposing at the same time to go in search of

it. . . . We found our way to a log house, containing but one room and destitute of everything except hospitable inhabitants . . . there was no lamp or candles, light being supplied by pine knots stuck in crevices in the walls. The conversation of the family proved that wild beasts were very numerous and bold in the surrounding forests and that they sometimes, when hungry, approached the house. . . . On reaching the springs at Saratoga we found but three habitations and those but poor log houses, on the high bank of the meadow, where is now the eastern side of the street on the ridge near the Round Rock. This was the only spring then visited. The log cabins were almost full of strangers, among whom were several ladies and gentlemen from Albany, and we found it almost impossible to obtain accommodations even for two nights. . . . The neighbourhood of the Spring, like all the country we had seen for many miles, was a perfect forest.

The earliest advertising that Saratoga Springs seems to have received was through those recruits from different parts of the country who, having been called together to dispute the advance of Burgoyne and his army, became, when again dispersed to their homes, the propagandists of exaggerated tales of the wonderful fertility of the region.

The Saratoga Springs of modern ken, having developed in three quarters of a century to one of the greatest watering-places on earth, with all the attractions that wealth and fashion can add to great natural advantages, cannot be described in such a work as this. The tale of its splendour is bewildering, the roll of those who have added to its gaiety, overwhelming. A list of those who have lodged in its great hostelries, or drank of its waters, would, perhaps, include a majority



of the famous people who have lived during the past half-century.

The peculiar virtues of the waters of Saratoga were long known to the Indians, who, in 1767, revealed them as a mark of special friendship to Sir William



CONGRESS SPRING IN 1820

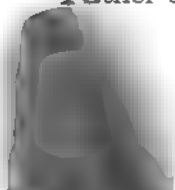
Johnson. Johnson, wounded at the battle of Lake George, twelve years before, was subject to recurring attacks of illness due to that injury. The Mohawks, who held him in greater esteem probably than any other white man ever won from them, carried him through the forest to the "High Rock," and with solemn ceremonies laid him in the healing pool. His letter to his friend, General Philip Schuyler, is interesting:

My Dear Schuyler [he wrote], I have just returned from a visit to a most amazing Spring, which has almost effected my cure; and I have sent to Doctor Stringer, of New York, to come up and analyse it.

The fact seems to have been that Sir William, having reached the spring on a litter, carried on the shoulders of his Mohawk friends, was so far restored that he accomplished part of his return journey to Schenectady on foot.

In 1783, General Schuyler, who had not forgotten the letter of his quondam friend, though the sad events of the war had cut him off from intimacy with the Johnsons, made a road through the woods from his estate at Schuylersville to the spring, and, taking his family there, encamped for several weeks.

The same year, General Washington, being distracted by the long idleness of his waiting at Newburgh, undertook a brief tour of the northern and western part of the State, to study particularly the topography of the country and its battle-fields. During that tour he visited the springs in company with Governor Clinton and Alexander Hamilton. An amusing anecdote is preserved of one Tom Conner, who was standing by his cabin door, axe in hand, when Washington and his party rode by. Reining his horse, the chief courteously asked to be directed to the High Rock. Having given the required direction, Tom went on with his wood-chopping, and was presently surprised by the return of the party, when Washington asked for further directions. Tom looked at him but a moment and then burst forth, "I tell you, turn back and take the first right-hand path into the woods and stick to it. Any darned fool would know the way." What the Father of his Country replied has not been recorded.



Repeated reference has been made to the battle of Saratoga, and its great importance in relation to American history can hardly be overestimated. It should not be forgotten that Sir Edward Creasy, the English military writer, has numbered this among the fifteen decisive battles of the world.

Burgoyne started from Canada towards Albany with a reasonable expectation of uniting his forces with those of Clinton and keeping open a direct line of communication from New York to the St. Lawrence. But he was harassed by the New Hampshire levies and checked at every step of the way by the obstructions that the forethought and activity of Schuyler had reared. The American army, organised by Schuyler and transferred to Gates for reasons political, had been reinforced by two brigades from the Highlands, besides a force of artillery and Morgan's efficient corps of riflemen, sent by Washington. Gates's army numbered about ten thousand men, many of them militia or levies. It must not be understood, however, that the New York or Connecticut troops of this description were necessarily raw recruits. On the contrary, it was one of the peculiarities of the American army that its numbers alternately swelled and dwindled as occasion demanded. In two years' time both the militia and the levies may have been called out on several occasions under the stress of circumstances, returning to their farms and villages in the intervals between active campaigns.

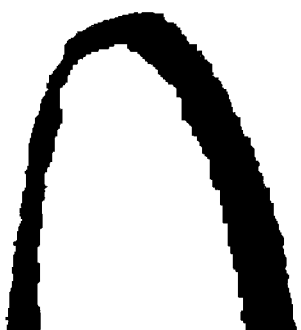
While Gates was being thus reinforced, General

Schuyler, having retired to Albany, was receiving deputations of Indian chiefs and exerting his great influence to secure their services as scouts, thus materially aiding the forces in the field. One is compelled to admire the greatness of soul of this man, who refused to permit the cavalier treatment accorded him by Gates, or the apparent neglect of higher powers, to interrupt the efficiency of his service or chill the ardour of his patriotism.

Burgoyne, having gathered in what forces he could from Skenesborough and other posts, reached the Hudson and constructed a bridge by which to cross from the east to the west bank of the river. Meanwhile, a lookout upon Willard's Mountain, on the east shore, watched his movements and reported them to the American commander. We have some hints of the gloomy anticipation with which the British commander found himself face to face with the American army. He knew that the posts in his rear had been retaken by the Americans. The defeat of St. Leger at Fort Schuyler had been disheartening; now the frequent desertions from his army depleted his force of fighting men.

On the 13th and 14th of September he crossed the river on his bridge of boats, landing upon the plain near the mouth of Fishkill Creek, afterwards Schuylerville, about five miles north of the American position.

The arrangement of the opposing forces on the 19th was similar, each resting—right and left respectively—



upon the river, whence the lines stretched at right angles with the stream and parallel to each other, westward, across the hills. Burgoyne's left wing, on the flats near the river, consisted of the artillery. The General-in-chief commanded the centre and right in person.

The American right, opposite the British artillery and extending over the low hills and flats near the river, was under the immediate command of General Gates. The left, that included Livingston's, Van Cortlandt's, Hale's, Scannel's, and Cilley's regiments, the Connecticut militia, and Morgan's famous sharpshooters, was on the heights three quarters of a mile from the river, under command of the impetuous Benedict Arnold.

Arnold, together with Thaddeus Kosciusko, the Polish engineer, had selected Bemis Heights as the theatre of battle and laid out fortifications there.

Having, on the 18th, advanced slowly to within two miles of General Gates's position, Burgoyne rested over night and prepared for an attack upon the morning of the 19th. The plan, in brief, was to make a demonstration with Canadians and Indians threatening the American centre, while the grenadiers and light infantry, under Frazer, on the left of Gates's position, and the British left-wing, under Philips and Reidesel, were to move simultaneously and by a circuitous route to gain the American rear. Burgoyne himself was with the British right.

Gates received advice of the advance of the enemy upon his left, but made no movement in response to repeated appeals, until about noon Arnold succeeded in getting permission to order Morgan and Dearborn out. Arnold in person followed this party with another detachment and was soon engaged with General Frazer's superior force. Gates refused the reinforcements applied for by Arnold, and the latter, finding Frazer's position too strong for him, by a sudden movement attempted to flank his adversary, with the result that he soon found himself in conflict with the main line of the British advance.

Unperturbed by the numbers opposed to him, he attacked with his inferior force, advancing so impetuously that he nearly broke the British line and compelled Philips and Reidesel to hasten to the support of Burgoyne.

Grudgingly reinforcements were then given to Arnold, and he continued for four hours a spirited action with the whole of the British right, though his force at no time exceeded three thousand, or, as some have said, twenty-five hundred men. Both Reidesel and Burgoyne afterwards described this battle as having been fought with great obstinacy and valour, the fire having been unusually fierce and well sustained.

Burgoyne, though he could claim no decisive advantage, having indeed been repulsed and thwarted by the Americans, yet remained in possession of his ground and proceeded to strengthen his position. His situa-

tion was sufficiently grave. From almost every quarter came discouraging news, the one exception being the arrival of a messenger with a dispatch from Sir Henry Clinton, informing him of the projected expedition up the Hudson and proposed co-operation with the northern army. In reply to this communication Burgoyne urged Clinton to hasten, and promised to endeavour to wait for him until the 12th of October. But, either made impatient by the desertions that were rapidly reducing his army, or rendered bold by the apparent disinclination of the superior American force to oppose him, or swayed from his purpose by the councils of his officers, he determined, upon the 7th of October, "to make a grand movement on the left of the American camp, to discover whether he could force a passage, should it be necessary to advance, or dislodge it from its position, should he have to retreat."

Hidden by the intervening forest, with fifteen hundred picked troops formed within a mile of the American left, the British commander dispatched a reconnoitring party to gain the rear of Gates's position and feign an attack to cover the actual assault. But through the watchfulness of the Americans this plan resulted in a complete failure. A counter-plan of attack was arranged by which Morgan, with his riflemen, was to win the hills on Burgoyne's right, while the New York and New Hampshire troops, under General Poor, with a part of Learned's brigade, were to make

a vigorous attack upon the Hessian artillery and grenadiers on the left.

The New Yorkers, with their New Hampshire comrades, did magnificent work that day. The Hessian gunners, serving their artillery with the precision and



THE RAPIDS BELOW GLENS FALLS

effectiveness of well-trained veterans, were amazed to see the Americans advance without hesitation in the face of a rain of grape-shot. The grenadiers, unused to meeting opponents who could stand before them, found it impossible to meet this impetuous onslaught. The guns were taken and retaken, both sides fighting stubbornly, till at last the Americans drove their

opponents from the position, turning upon them their own artillery. No doubt a great deal of the valour and determination shown by the attacking party was due to the presence of Arnold, who, though without a command, owing to a recent quarrel with General Gates, yet took the lead to which his position as ranking officer in the field entitled him, and displayed such mad courage that one historian at least has gravely charged him with being intoxicated upon that occasion. In this connection, Irving very justly remarks that "Arnold needed only his own irritated pride and the smell of gunpowder to rouse him to acts of madness."

While this action was in progress, in another part of the field General Frazer was trying to make a stand against Morgan and his sharpshooters, but received at last a mortal wound. His corps fell back in confusion.

Overcome at all points, Burgoyne made an effort to save his camp. This and a subsequent effort to cross the river in the face of an American battery on the eastern shore, were equally unsuccessful. He made repeated efforts to withdraw, only to find that the way was completely blocked in every direction, and at length, upon the 17th of October, articles of capitulation were signed and the great battle was finished. It was a strange coincidence that brought to Burgoyne's camp, between the agreement for capitulation and the signing of the articles, news from Sir Henry Clinton, announcing that he had reduced the forts in the

Highlands and was advancing to the relief of the vanquished army.

The course of the river for a number of miles above Saratoga is a succession of falls and rapids of great natural beauty, though now often concealed or disfigured by a multitude of mills. It is hard to realise that Fort Edward, for example, has hidden away, beneath the evidences of modern industry and thrift, an early history that is full of romance and derring-do.



ON THE RIVER BETWEEN GLENS FALLS AND SANDY HILL

(From a drawing by W. G. Wilson)

First of all, it was granted to Domine Delliuss of Albany, who transferred his title to his successor in the church, John Lydius, the latter building there a trading house. Then a fort was erected on the spot, and in honour of the Lieutenant-Governor of New York it was named Nicholson. Next it was rebuilt and called Fort Lyman by one of Sir William Johnson's subordinates, but the commander soon rechristened it Edward. It was a place of great importance during

the French and Indian wars, and was at that time the scene of the well-known exploit of Israel Putnam, when he stood upon the roof of the powder magazine and fought, single-handed, the fire that consumed the structure next to it. Here, too, it was that the mur-



THE BRIDGE AT GLENS FALLS

der of Jennie McCrea, by some of Burgoyne's Indian allies, gave Gates a telling argument, with which not a few wavering partisans were turned against the British cause.

With Fort Edward, as with nearly all of the upper river towns, the possession of one of the most magnifi-

cent water-powers in the world has decided the direction of its activity.

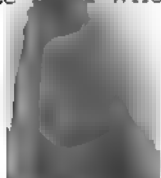
Glens Falls, eighteen miles above Saratoga, was once known as Wing's Falls, and long before that the Indians gave it a name of their own. As usual, the



A LOG JAM ON THE UPPER HUDSON

Indians' name was the only one of the three that was neither stupid nor commonplace. They called it *Che-pou-tuc*, which, being interpreted, means "a hard place to get around "

Wing was simply the name of an unimaginative white man who used to own the Falls, and knew no



better name for them than his own. The transfer of name from Wing to Glen was the price of a dinner at the tavern. Glen paid for the dinner, and then posted all the roads around with handbills announcing the change of title. The place is now a busy town of about ten thousand inhabitants, or about one third of the total population of Warren County. It also has a water-power of great value, and, besides the features of natural beauty which even the ubiquitous mills cannot entirely conceal, it has a notable aggregation and variety of "works." Here are the marble works, where the black marble, native to the place, is prepared for market; the gun works, sewing-machine works, lime works, and a legion more. But if the average citizen was to be suddenly asked to name the staple product of Glens Falls and neighbouring river towns, he would be apt to answer, "wood-pulp." Wood-pulp is turning a great many factory wheels to-day, as it is feeding a great many thousand printing-presses, and it has made the paper mills of the upper Hudson the scene of a great industry.

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It is time "this tale should have an ending." Already it has run beyond the limits that the author assigned for his work; yet he leaves it with reluctance, conscious most of all of its many omissions.

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